McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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THE CAUSE AND CURE *of* EXCESSIVE CRIME

in America

By **S. S. McCLURE**

The Shenandoah Disaster and

FUTURE AIRSHIPS

By

Lieut.-Commander TINKER, U. S. N.

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NEW SERIES VOL. 2, No. 1 FOUNDED 1893 WHOLE No. 37

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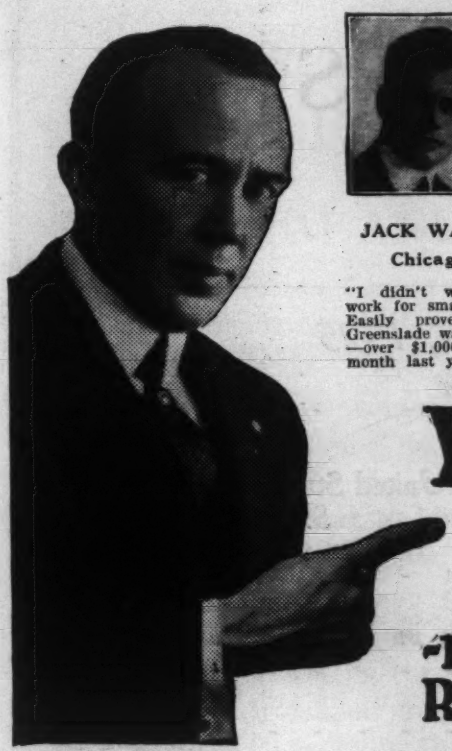

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But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power, I'LL PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too.

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Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a MASTER SALESMAN.

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Address .....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

NEW SERIES
VOL. II. NO. 1

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER
377

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

Contents for November, 1925

Frontispiece - 8
From Just Below the Snow

The Cause and Cure of Excessive Crime in the United States - - - *S. S. McClure* 9

Chapter I—Forty Years of Lawlessness - - - - - - - - 13

Chapter II—Lowest Depths of Infamy in Western Civilization - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 21

Chapter III—What is Democracy? - - - - - - - - - 29

The Perpetuation of our Political Institutions - - *Abraham Lincoln* 32
A Study of the Effect of Lawlessness and Lynching, Including Burning People Alive—a Very Remarkable Prophecy

Red Sage - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Esther Clark Hill* 36
A poem

The Princess of Yan - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 37
A poem

Leviathans of the Skies - - - - - - *Clifford A. Tinker, U. S. N.* 38
In the Light of the Shenandoah Disaster

The Life of Judge Gary - - - - - - - - - - *Ida M. Tarbell* 59
Chapter VIII—Roosevelt and Gary

Just Below the Snow - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Clem Yore* 77
The Weird Enchantment of Timber-line

(Contents Page continued on page 4)

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It Is a Real Privilege to Announce

THE DECEMBER McCLURE'S

BARNUM AND THE CEMETERY FAIR

This is another of Harvey W. Root's intimate, humorous and surprizing stories of one of the most interesting men the United States ever produced—P. T. Barmum, the showman.

Barnum "promoted" a little cemetery fair in Bridgeport. Had Barnum not taken it in hand, it might have cleared a $500 profit for the cemetery association. But Barmum, by methods peculiar to himself, managed it so well that he turned in a profit of $11,000.

The Bridgeport Standard remarked sadly, after it was over—"Mr. Barnum observed Saturday evening that the fair discussion was, after all, only intended as an advertisement of the fair. That means that this paper donated advertising worth $500 to it, in the news columns. So far as we are concerned, it is probably the best advertised show on earth ....."

A PASSION PLAY OF THE WILD SOD

By Elmer T. Peterson

There is a sheep barn at Lindsborg, Kansas, where 130 renditions of Handel's *Messiah* have been given during 43 consecutive years.

"Lindsborg began to sing *The Messiah* when the town was only a trading post, and the Indians were stalking about in their blankets and beaded moccasins."

TWO MEN WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE

A Short Story of Unusual Distinction

By Nell Hanson

"In my experience, the work of a man's brain and his life do not always tally." A man spoke with a sneer.

In this instance, they did.

There Will Be Other Articles and Stories of Which McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *Can Boast.*

Contents of McClure's Magazine for November, 1925

(*Continued from page 2*)

The Spell of Cold - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 89
A Poem

The Armistice at the Front - - - - - - *George F. Milton, Jr.* 90
Illustrated by Henry O'Connor

Dikkon's Dog - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Dorothy Lundt* 94
A Story

The Elfin Hills - - - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 99
A Poem

Kings, Princes and Governors - - - - - - - - *Ernest Brooks* 100
The Official Photographer at the Front

A Girl, a Horse and a Flag - - - - - - - - *Herman Bernstein* 112
A True Adventure

Night Piece - - - - - - - - - - - *Seosamh MacCathmhaoil* 119
A Poem

A Question of Identity - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Sapper* 120
A Story

Wild Geese - - - - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 128
A Poem

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

A Child's Journey with Dickens - - - *Kate Douglas Wiggin* 129

The Bo-Tree of Anuradhapura - - - - - - *Joseph Kaye* 136

To-Day - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Thomas Carlyle* 138
A Poem

Poems - - - - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 139
Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

He Saved the Levee - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 146

Public Contributions for Railroads - - - - - - *H. C. Andrews* 148
Financial Article

Send a postcard today for "The Kids in our Street."

Gee Whiz!

how the kids clamor for a ROLLS RACER

It was designed and built to stand the strain of boy-wear. The body is of maple bolted solidly together. Wheels are double disk type with heavy roller bearings and balloon tires to insure smooth riding quality. Brakes are designed to work by hand and bring the coaster to a stop in 10 feet on the steepest hills, a positive assurance of safety.

You can get a Rolls Racer for your boy from your regular dealer.—If he hasn't it in stock, send us his name and we will see that you are given immediate service.

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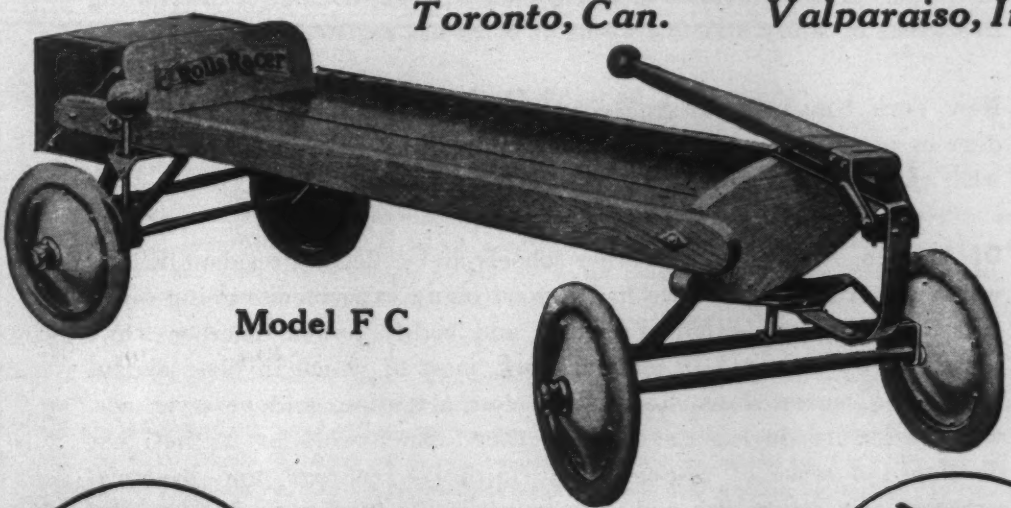
Toronto, Can. Valparaiso, Ind.



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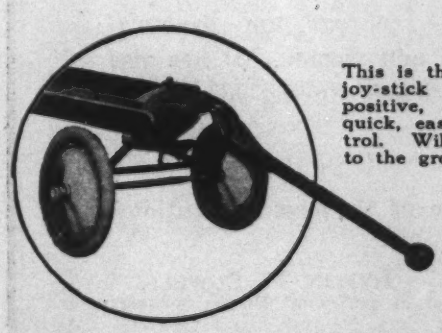
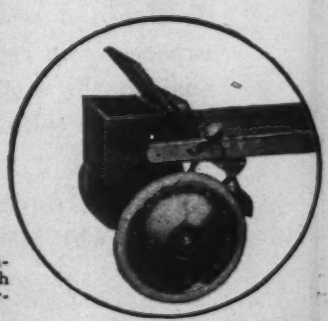


This is the airplane joy-stick control—positive, lightning quick, easy to control. Will not fall to the ground.



Showing semi-flexible construction on rear axle, with railway type of interchangeable brake.

The Educational Department

THE COMMON AIM

Now that the schools are well into another year, the crisis of last summer appears smaller.

Schools and colleges are converging toward a common point—to make of all schooling a unity, to ensure that any break between school and college shall be averted and to identify the word "cultural" with what President Morgan of Antioch calls "general human value."

Since I wrote the October word evidences have increased that schools and colleges are working this year as never before to make "generalists" and to leave to professional schools the training of "specialists."

Practical adjustment to real life is emerging as the aim of education in the large. Antioch's now successful small city experiment of alternating five weeks of study and five weeks of work has registered.

New York University's large city plan of opening its courses and its degrees to morning, afternoon, and evening students is achieving somewhat the same purpose.

Of Antioch, New York, and other schools and colleges President Eliot's words are true: "We have had a good many experiments going on in regard to the acquisition of mental and bodily power together while the student is engaged in manual work, most of which involves skilful use of the senses, close observation, close attention, and perseverance, with no leisure during the working time. Such work at Antioch has developed a sense of responsibility, initiative, courage, and practical experience in estimating and influencing men and women. It has also enabled the student to test, by actual experience, during his college course, the calling to which he is inclined."

All this is rapidly becoming the common aim of the best institutions. That is why McClure's is for them.

LYMAN P. POWELL.

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"The School that Develops Initiative."
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Tel. 2173 Ring 1-4

IN these autumn days the choice of exactly the right school for your child, whether now, next winter, or even next autumn, is of importance. Those you now see—and will later see—in McClure's cover a considerable range, practical as well as conventional. In addition McClure's Educational Department can give special information to meet special needs. That is why a letter or a call is always welcome.

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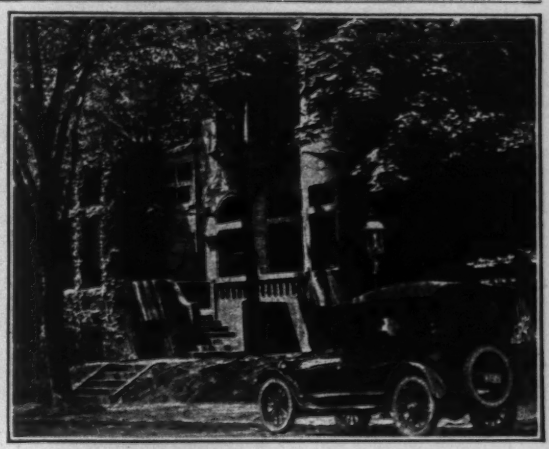

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SERVICE FIRST

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No trouble is too great to take. We can tell you what the difference is between school life north and south, east and west. We can tell you how the school atmosphere differs among schools. We can tell you what the total expense is apt to be when all the incidentals are taken into account. We can tell you which schools lay stress on precise preparation for college, which for life. We can tell you where to send children who may not be exactly backward but who need speeding up in their intellectual life.

To fill out and mail to us this coupon might help us to help you:

Name of child..... Address.....

What can be paid..... In what definite section.....

Is preparation desired for college or for life.....

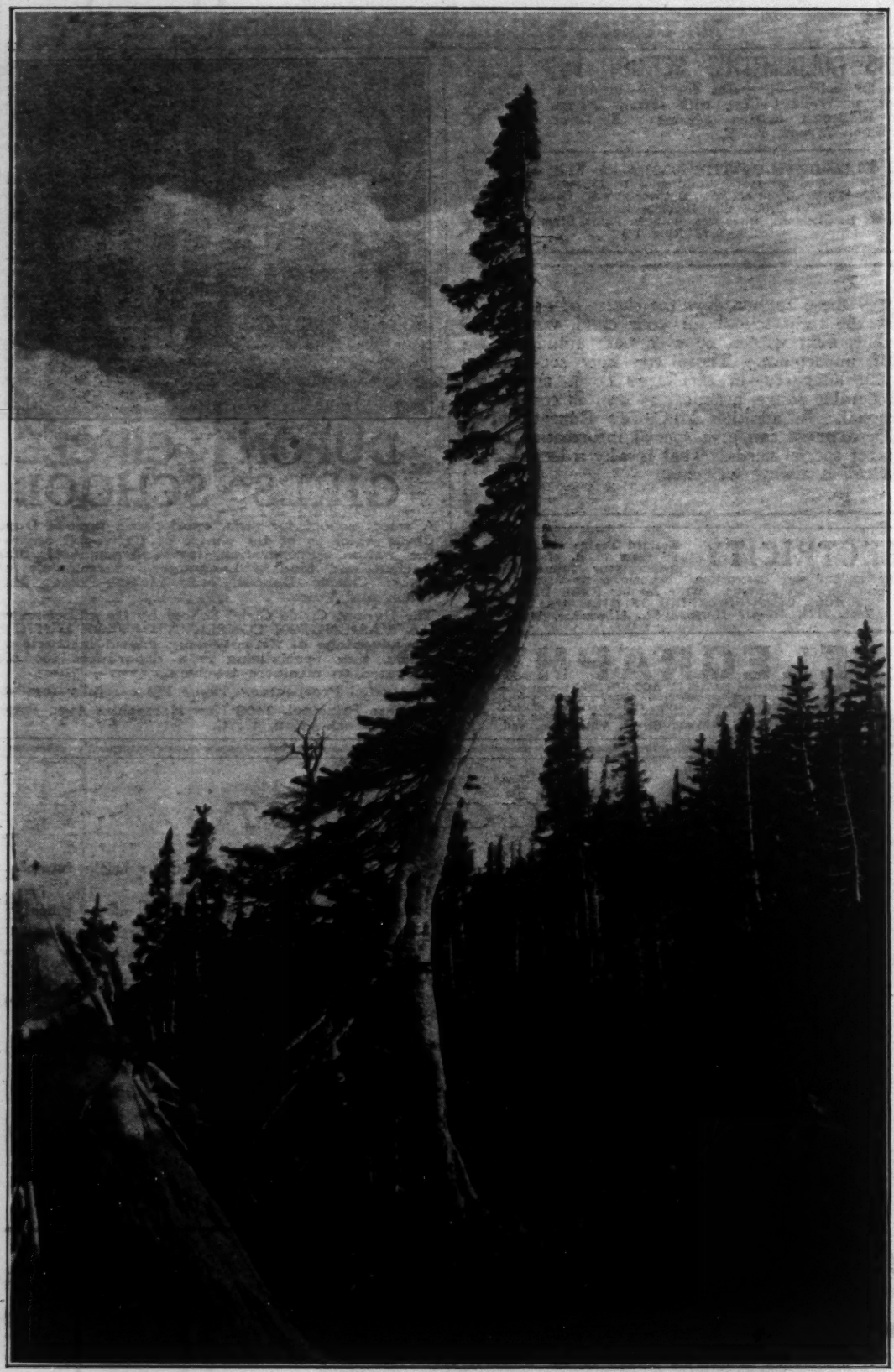

Photo by Enos A. Mills

From *Just Below the Snow*

"The tree endures."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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THE CAUSE AND CURE OF EXCESSIVE CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES

By S. S. McCLURE

I PROPOSE to show clearly just why lawlessness in the United States far exceeds what we would naturally expect from the general character of our people, and I shall show also the only way in which we can possibly reduce the present extraordinary amount of crime to reasonable proportions. All other methods will fail. Certain palliative measures may be taken which will afford slight and temporary improvement, but unless the method here set forth is employed universally and without modification the United States will continue to be that nation of the world in which life and property are least secure, and in which, above all others, government fails to obtain the primary guarantees of civilization.

Our failure in government results from a fault so simple, so obvious and so easily cured, and the correcting principle which must be applied is so axiomatic and self-evident, so absolutely an expression of sound common sense, that it is almost impossible to make people see this fault. I am attempting the impossible task of proving that two and two make four.

The only successful method whereby a mass of people, hundreds, thousands or millions, can organize to carry on a common enterprise, is to appoint a committee, subject to definite terms of service and to certain policies described in charters or constitutions, which will appoint permanent and qualified officials, who in turn will employ qualified experts to carry on the common enterprise. This is the method of business organization used by all corporations the world over, and by the leading civilized nations in organizing their governments. The exceptions are mainly the United States, and the nations of the American continent south of the United States who have imitated the method of organization used by the people of the United States.

For the purpose of simplifying the discussion I shall consider only the United States, and the nations of northwestern Europe, and Japan.

In these nations all corporate enterprises—and all governments, excepting government in the United States—follow the simple formula familiar to us in corporations, whose appointments, by the stockholders, consist of a committee called a board of directors, who are subject to the control of certain well-defined policies, elected for definite terms, subject in general to the stockholders, and who create and supervise the great body of officials, experts, and other employees who carry on the business owned and controlled by the body of incorporated stockholders.

The railroads of the United States furnish an understandable illustration of this method of organizing a government.

The English people organize their national government by using this identical method. The people elect a committee called Parliament, and just as the stockholders of a corporation elect no one but the directors, so the English people in organizing their national government elect no one but

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Erl.

members of Parliament, to whom, subject to the unwritten constitution of England, is intrusted the exercise of full authority to serve the purpose of government for the people of England. In the same way the inhabitants of an English city elect a committee called the council, and do not appoint other officials of any kind. The council carries on just like a board of directors. Fundamentaly and identically the national and city governments of the other nations of northwestern Europe organize their governments in the same way.

There is no other method whereby a mass of people can obtain at once both expert service and control.

In a symposium in a Scranton publication called *Trained Men,* many inventors gave their views as to important new inventions.

Hudson Maxim claimed:

"The greatest invention yet to be made is one which will be of the greatest service. It is a method of government whereby the common people may be self-governing and at the same time be prevented from committing political and social suicide through enfranchised ignorance and avarice."

Now, if Mr. Maxim, a man of commanding intellectual ability and vast experience, did not know that such a discovery had not only been made but was in almost universal use in the principal civilized nations, it is not strange that people in general in our nation are ignorant of this simple principle.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who is not only President Emeritus of Harvard University but Citizen Preeminent of the United States, in a paper entitled *One Remedy for Municipal Misgovernment,* says:

"Before municipal government can be set right in the United States, municipal service must be made a life-career for self-respecting young Americans: that is, it must be made attractive to well-trained young men to enter it as they enter any other profession or business, meaning to stay in it, to learn it thoroughly, and to win advancement in it by their fidelity and ability.

"To enforce this principle, to indicate this one necessary direction of all reform movements has been my modest object in this paper. Cities must conform in their administrative methods to the standard of intelligence and morality which is maintained by other trustees and large business agencies in the same communities."

Could anything be plainer and simpler and more easily achieved?

There are several nations in which is fully realized what Dr. Eliot says must come to pass before municipal government in the United States can be set right.

The New York *World* (July 31, 1925) says, in an editorial entitled *Our National Disgrace:*

"Richard Washburn Child, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post,* begins this week a series of articles dealing with crime. The picture he draws is a terrible indictment of the United States. It is an indictment of the United States, and the United States alone, for he shows that other countries in all parts of the earth have dealt with crime, and dealt with it successfully.

"From his evidence there can be only one dismal conclusion: that the present appalling prevalence of crime is peculiar to America.

"But there is one thing we can do. We can have an end of theorizing and pat remedies, and copy methods whereby success has been attained. Europe has attained success; why cannot we put our pride in our pocket, find out how Europe does it, and do likewise? As a body for assembling the essential information, the National Crime Commission, proposed by Governor Smith, Judge Gary, Mr. Child and others, would seem to be excellent. By placing before the country information about methods that will work, and warning of methods that will not, it might accomplish surprizing things. At least it would seem to be worth a trial."

Again, August 4th, 1925, the New York *World* says editorially:

"Consider the significance of the dispatch from Chicago which told about murders. The murder rate there for the current year is a little more than one a day. Last year there were 347 murders, the year before that 270, and so on. The rate in proportion to population is thirteen times that of Canada and twenty-eight times that of London.

"What are we going to do about it? Are we going to argue and theorize about it while the guns bang day and

night? Or are we going to be practical, go to London, where success has been attained, find out what to do, and do it?"

And on August 6th, the *World* continues:

"Again, by a speech from the British Home Secretary, we have driven home to us how badly England has us beaten in dealing with crime.

"How does England do it? That is something we had better get our minds on, and quickly. They succeed, we fail. Things have reached too critical a stage for us to be ashamed to copy methods of proven success."

What would our National Crime Commission find in Europe?

They would find in England the best method for electing a national government, and in Germany they would find the best method for electing a city government.

Let us take the city of Frankfort.

First the election. Once in six years, the voters go to the polls in their respective wards. There are no printed tickets; every man makes his own ticket. Of course in most cases there will be some outstanding figure in favor with the voters; probably the councilman already in office will command the most support. Then within eight days the voters go again to the polls and vote for a choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes. There are no political parties, and no other electoral activity preceding these two pollings; the ultimate ticket contains two names, or if there are two councilmen from the ward, four names. This simple election happens once in six years.

When the newly elected councilman takes his place with his fellow councilmen, his experience is very much like that when a man becomes a member of a board of directors of a railroad. That is, he finds the entire personnel that carries on the government fully organized.

The mayor of Frankfort, when I knew him in 1910, was serving his second twelve-year term. He had been chosen out of all Germany as mayor. All other municipal officials and experts at Frankfort had been selected in the same way. Every man and woman employed in carrying on the government of the city of Frankfort had precisely the status and outlook that a similar employee has, for example, on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The National Crime Commission under the presidency of Judge Gary, composed of members as intelligent as Judge Gary, would find on inquiry that the people of Northwestern Europe have solved the problem expressed by Professor William Bennett Munro (Professor of Municipal Government in Harvard University) who says, in *Current Problems in Citizenship,* (Macmillan) page 187:

"To combine good government with popular government is no easy task. To let the people rule and at the same time make sure that capable men are chosen to carry on the technical branches of government—that is one of the most difficult problems in any democracy."

This is precisely the problem of every business corporation in the United States. The problem of government under democracy, that is, the task of organization, is to be found in the cities of Northwestern Europe and in all corporations the world over. And the method of solving it is everywhere identical. The people whose interests are involved appoint a committee, as I have explained.

Experience in organization on a large scale is new. The corporation is a modern instrument of industry. The phenomena of organization in democracy have never before been studied. There are few subjects more worth a thorough study.

It is sometimes claimed that certain advantages come from weakness in government, and the great developments in the United States are cited as proof of the profit in not being under a strong government. There has, however, never been an instance in history of a people who had a feeble government, for government always occupies the strongest seat of power in any political entity. If the legal government, organized by the people, is feeble, then there always exists by its side an illegal government that does the actual work of governing. People are always governed by the strongest forces in their political entity. We may call it Tammany Hall, whatever that means;

we may call it Wall Street, whatever that means. But always people are governed by a strong government; and if this strong government is not the legal government, not only is it strong but it is often cruel and predatory, and it is generally accompanied by a vast increase in the crime and unhappiness of the people. A people can have their own government, they can control themselves under a beneficent government, or else they may be ruled by an illegal government, maleficent but supremely strong. There is not a possibility of any political entity in the world ever having a government less strong than the most powerful element in the community. As long as laws are made by those who are largely incompetent and frequently corruptible, and enforced by those who are frequently incompetent and sometimes corruptible, then the forces of nature such as fire, the laws of gravity, indeed all forces of nature, will bring suffering upon human beings. Laws are meant to protect the people from the effect of the forces of nature and the forces of powerful and predatory individuals. The loss of life by fire in American cities is many times greater than the loss of life by fire in European cities.

The laws of nature and of human nature are inevitable.

Incompetency in government brings greater suffering to the people than incompetency in any other field. There is no other business so difficult as the business of government. There is no business in which aptitude, ability and trained expertness are so important; no business that should be so attractive to young men. It should get for its administration the cream of the young men of the nation, and this is possible only if the opportunities for careers in the business of government are at least equal to those in civil life.

Professor Beard in his book, *American Government and Politics*, gives on page 467 the following incident:

"'I believe the voters of this commonwealth are competent to elect their treasurer,' exclaimed a member of the Kentucky Convention of 1890, when it was proposed to give the governor the power to appoint that officer; 'I know fully well that they are able to elect a governor—I loathe in the deepest recesses of my heart any effort whatever that will go in the direction of taking from the people of Kentucky the right to choose their own officers.'"

Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore is famous. Would any one receiving medical treatment there prefer to have the hospital under control of the voters of Baltimore, with power to elect the superintendent and leading surgeons and nurses? Would any one claim that the people of Baltimore are competent to elect their own surgeons?

Government of city, county and state is the only business in which we fail. With our unparalleled genius for organization we should have the finest government in the world. It is the only business in this country which is carried on in absolute disregard of the teachings of universal human experience. The bulk of the City Charters of the United States consist of the most absurd and unworkable provisions; there is more downright idiocy and absurdity in this collection of printed matter than can be found elsewhere in the whole realm of print.

It is said that "it is not the form of government that counts, but the men that administer it. Put good and able men into office and you can have good government under any system."

This assertion assumes that there are several systems possible. There are only two. First, the system under which the people elect only a board of directors; second, the system whereby the people elect executives, experts, judges, etc. History affords no example of a government that administers exact justice, that affords adequate protection to life and property, which has departed in any way from the first system.

A most curious thing is the blindness of the American people to the organization of good government, when we have so many living illustrations of it before us.

If thousands of people gather together to carry out a common purpose, without reflection, inevitably and naturally, they appoint a committee; to do so is as natural as breathing. All corporations the world over and all civilized nations, excepting the United States, employ this identical method.

Professor Munro of Harvard says in

Martin Tabert—a boy of seventeen from North Dakota, who was arrested for riding on a freight train and sold into slavery; with official sanction he was flogged to death in Florida, dying, February 1, 1922. A year later the New York World revealed the disgrace of the barbarous State of Florida.

Current Problems in Citizenship, page 187:

"To combine good government with popular government is no easy task. To let the people rule and at the same time make sure that capable men are chosen to carry on the technical branches of government—that is one of the most difficult problems in any democracy."

Why? It is true that perfection is not in human nature, and yet the problem Professor Munro sets forth is solved to a very satisfactory extent by many nations and many corporations.

Chapter 1

Forty Years of Lawlessness

1. Murder

"The defenses of society against criminals have broken down. The impunity with which crimes of violence are committed is a disgrace to the country." President Eliot, December 16th, 1908.

The clearest indication of the weak-

ness of governments in the United States is their failure to protect human life from murderers. The most accurate authority on the statistics of murder in this country is Dr. F. L. Hoffman, who has taken great pains to collect the facts about murder. He says:

"A point has been reached in our national life where no one is safe anywhere at any time. Murders are committed with fiendish cruelty and often with superhuman ingenuity which baffles the authorities and defeats the ends of justice."

Murder and War

During the last forty years, the number of people murdered in the United States equals the number of soldiers who were killed and who died of their wounds on all the battlefields of all the wars fought by the United States, from the War of the Revolution to the Spanish-American War, including the total losses on the battlefields of both Northern and Southern Armies in the Civil War.

In the *Spectator* for May 21st, 1925, Mr. Hoffman says: "There is no question of doubt but that the annual toll of murder now exceeds 11,000."

During the last fifteen years, the murder rate in the United States has been between 80 and 100 per hundred thousand. In Japan, Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, New Zealand, Holland, Switzerland and Norway, the murder rate runs from 3 to 9 per hundred thousand. There are few nations in Europe where it exceeds 10 per hundred thousand. Australia has about one-fifth the murder rate of the United States.

It is impossible to get accurate statistics for the last forty years. The Chicago *Tribune* published each year the number of homicides in the United States reported in the newspapers. The following is the *Tribune's* report for the years 1881-1908:

1881.....	1,266	1888.....	2,184
1882.....	1,467	1889.....	3,567
1883.....	1,697	1890.....	4,290
1884.....	1,465	1891.....	5,906
1885.....	1,808	1892.....	6,791
1886.....	1,499	1893.....	6,615
1887.....	2,335	1894.....	9,800
1895.....	10,500	1902.....	8,834
1896.....	10,652	1903.....	8,976
1897.....	9,520	1904.....	8,482
1898.....	7,840	1905.....	9,212
1899.....	6,225	1906.....	9,360
1900.....	8,275	1907.....	8,712
1901.....	7,852	1908.....	8,952

This makes a total of homicides reported in the newspapers for the twenty-eight years from 1881 to 1908 of 174,082; assuming that only half of these are murders, we estimate murders at 87,041.

We can get a more correct estimate for the years 1909-1925. Taking 8,000 murders a year as the average for these seventeen years, we have 136,000, which added to 87,041 makes a total of 223,041 for the years 1881-1925 inclusive.

The total number of soldiers killed, and those who died of their wounds, in the Civil War, 1861-1865—both North and South—was 182,483.

2. Lynching

During the thirty-nine years from 1885 to 1923 the number of persons lynched was 4,182; of these 3,146 were negroes and 1,036, nearly one-fourth, were whites.

Every state in the Union except four has had one or more lynchings in the thirty-nine years, the exceptions being Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont.

Under date of February, 1920, an extraordinary document was published by The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, entitled, *An Appeal to the Conscience of the Civilized World,* and sent to the influential people of all countries. It was particularly concerned with the lynchings of 1919, during which eighty-four persons were lynched, six whites and seventy-eight negroes. Eleven of the negroes were publicly burned alive. These are the names, dates and places:

BURNED ALIVE AT THE STAKE IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1919

Name	*Date*	*Place*
Bragg Williams	Jan. 20	Hillsboro, Tex.
Bud Johnson	Mar. 14	Pace, Fla.
Lloyd Clay	May 14	Vicksburg, Miss.
Frank Livingston	May 21	Eldorado, Ark.
John Hartfield	June 26	Ellisville, Miss.
Obe Cox	Sept. 10	Oglethorpe Co., Ga.

Name	*Date*	*Place*
Will Brown	Sept. 28	Omaha, Neb.
Jack Gordon	Oct. 7	Lincolnton, Ga.
Will Brown	Oct. 7	Lincolnton, Ga.
Paul Jones	Nov. 3	Macon, Ga.
Jordan Jameson	Nov. 11	Magnolia, Ark.

I have no record of the number of people burned alive by mobs in the United States during the last forty years.

The only case I have found where a white man was lynched by burning was at Lake Charles, Louisiana. Here is the Associated Press dispatch. (The year is missing on my clipping.)

BURNED ALIVE BY ENEMIES

Louisiana Planter Did Not Live to Tell Names of His Torturers

"James Perkins, a planter, was tied to a tree last night and burned alive by his enemies.

"Perkins was found in the pine thicket near his home, a few miles from here, late last night by a party of searchers. He was unconscious and apparently dead from burns that had seared his whole body.

"He was taken home and for an instant he revived. He refused to tell the names of the men who had burned him, declaring he would live to avenge his own treatment. He became unconscious again, but just before he died he revived and attempted to tell the names of his persecutors.

"From evidence discovered about Perkins's death-pyre, it appears he was captured by his enemies and bound to a tree in the thicket. Then his clothes were saturated with oil and a flame applied. Before the green ropes were burned Perkins had sustained fatal injury.

"Some time ago Perkins had trouble with squatters. Parish officers expect to make arrests among them. Perkins was well known in western Louisiana and eastern Texas. He had big land holdings and was wealthy."

The burning alive of victims of mob violence is generally attended with circumstances of the most extraordinary horror.

Here is a description of a typical lynching from the Chattanooga *Daily Times* of February 13, 1918:

TORTURED AND THEN BURNED

Estill Springs Scene of Blood-Curdling Lynching—Jim McIlherron, Negro, Executed by Masked Men

Thousands of Men, Women and Children Witness Proceedings, Many Crying for the Negro's Blood—Slayer of Rodgers and Tigert Captured Tuesday

"Jim McIlherron, the negro who shot and killed Pierce Rodgers and Jesse Tigert, two white men, at Estill Springs last Friday, and wounded Frank Tigert, was tortured with a red-hot crowbar and then burned to death here to-night at 7:40 by twelve masked men. A crowd of approximately 2,000 persons, among whom were women and children, witnessed the burning.

"The captors proceeded to a spot about a quarter of a mile from the railroad station and prepared the death fire. The crowd followed and remained throughout the proceedings. The negro was led to a hickory tree, to which they chained him. After securing him to the tree a fire was laid. A short distance away another fire was kindled, and into it was put an iron bar to heat.

"When the bar became red-hot a member of the mob jabbed it toward the negro's body. Crazed with fright, the black grabbed hold of it, and as it was pulled through his hands the atmosphere was filled with the odor of burning flesh. This was the first time the murderer gave evidence of his will being broken. Scream after scream rent the air. As the hot iron was applied to various parts of his body, his yells and cries for mercy could be heard in the town.

"After torturing the negro several minutes, one of the masked men poured coal oil on his feet and trousers and applied a match to the pyre. As the flames rose, enveloping the black's body, he begged that he be shot. Yells of derision greeted his request. The angry flames consumed his clothing and little blue blazes shot upward from his burning hair before he lost consciousness."

Women and Girls Lynched 1885–1923

Negro Women and Girls Lynched, 68
White Women and Girls Lynched, 17

The lynching of women and girls occurred in the following states:

Alabama	Nebraska
Arkansas	North Carolina
Florida	Oklahoma
Georgia	South Carolina
Kentucky	Tennessee
Louisiana	Texas
Mississippi	Virginia

A pregnant woman was lynched in Georgia under circumstances too horrible to print in a magazine.

The World's Work for September, 1925, has an article showing the decline of lynching. In this article is the story of what happened to a traveling salesman in Williamston, North Carolina. The following extracts give the facts:

"A traveling salesman, Joseph A. Needleman, had visited Williamston in the course of business. There he met a young woman clerk, with whom he took a 'joy-ride' at night. Nearly a week later, he was arrested at Williamston and held without bail on a charge of rape.

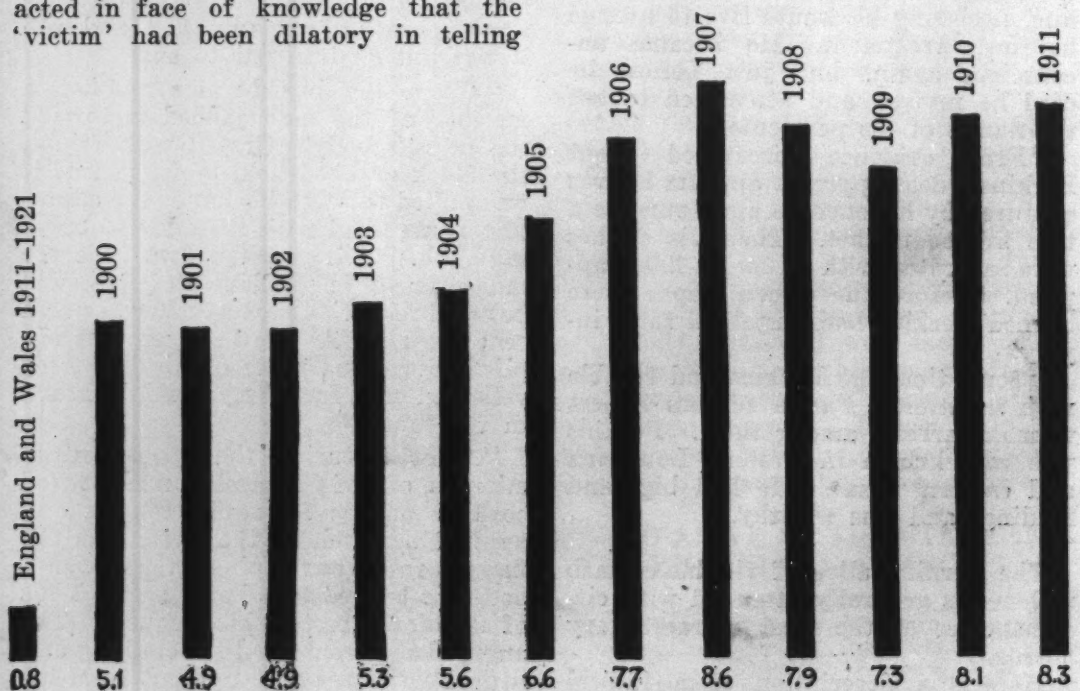
"In the case of Needleman, the mob acted in face of knowledge that the 'victim' had been dilatory in telling her story and that, since the alleged felony, she had been seen in amicable conversation with her alleged ravisher.

What Happened to Needleman

"Needleman was seized in the unprotected jail, carried to an automobile, and taken into the country. There he was given his choice of death or mutilation. He elected to live. How the young Hebrew, abandoned, walked several miles to Williamston in search of medical aid; how he lay in a hospital at the point of death and in an antemortem statement identified several of his assailants; his recovery and the subsequent trial with its sensational disclosures, are matters which have been fully covered in the newspapers."

The indictment against Needleman was quashed. This story is told in *The World's Work*, because the guilty parties were tried and punished, the ringleader getting thirty years in prison and the others shorter sentences. The result of the trial discouraged lynching in North Carolina.

Civilization is protected by a very fragile barrier from the darkest ages. The moment the reign of law is suspended, men engage in cruelties. Such



The rate of murder per 100,000 population in England and Wales

suspension of the reign of law often accompanies the outbreak of war. I made a first-hand study of the German atrocities in Belgium, and am able to say from direct knowledge that the Germans were guilty of cruelties just as terrible as anything we find in the forty years' study of crime in the United States.

In an address on *The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions,* by Abraham Lincoln, delivered more than eighty-eight years ago, in discussing lynchings he said:

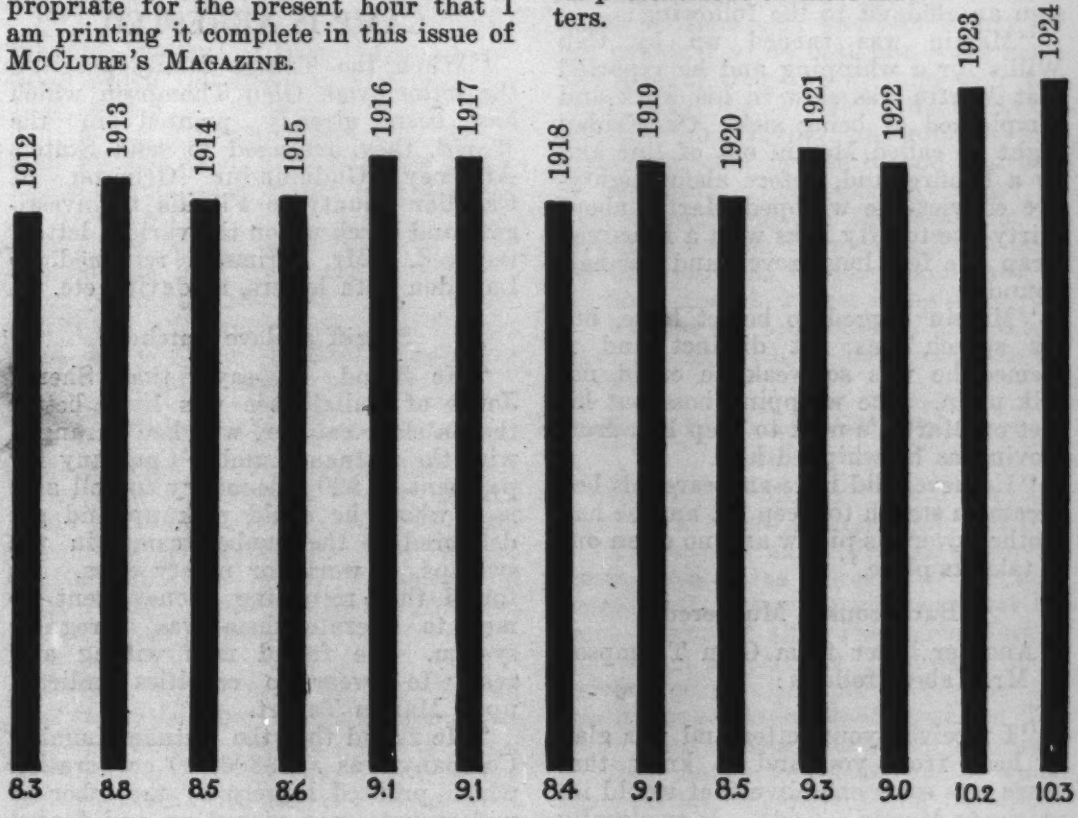
"And not only so: the innocent, those who have ever set their faces against violations of law in every shape, alike with the guilty, fall victims to the ravages of mob law: and thus it goes on, step by step, till the walls erected for the defense of the persons and property of individuals are trodden down and disregarded."

This very remarkable speech of Lincoln's is little known. It is more timely to-day than when delivered. It deals with lawlessness and it is so appropriate for the present hour that I am printing it complete in this issue of McClure's Magazine.

3. The Cruelties of Peonage

A report of the Federal Grand Jury at Montgomery made an arraignment of the horrible conditions of peonage in Alabama. This report, dealing with the situation several years ago, showed ninety-nine indictments against some prominent farmers, planters and justices of the peace in Tallapoosa and Coosa Counties. It showed that seventy-five victims had been held in peonage in these two counties alone, and revealed a horrible condition of affairs; that the victims were the subjects of conspiracies on the part of those who were indicted, and that in most instances they were worked under guard, locked up at night and cruelly whipped and beaten.

Judge Jones, in discharging the jury, spoke the highest words of commendation for their faithful adherence to their duties. The jury was composed of the best men in the district, all Southern men, and, it is said, was unanimous in its presentment of these matters.



and in twenty-eight American cities, from 1900 *to* 1924.

Peonage in Florida in 1922

By mere chance, a year and a half ago, the horrors of peonage in the state of Florida were revealed when the torture and death of a young Dakota boy was accidentally discovered. He had been sentenced to peonage and after the most terrible tortures and cruelties was beaten so that he died February 1st, 1922.

In February, 1923, more than a year later, the New York *World* sent one of its best men, Samuel D. McCoy, to investigate the case of this boy, Martin Tabert, seventeen years old, who was arrested for riding on a freight train. The following statements concerning the inquiry into the death of Martin Tabert are from the New York *World.*

On March 30th, 1923, the *World* published a letter from a fellow peon dated August 25th, 1922:

"Dear Mr. Tabert:

"Speaking of Martin's case only, and not mentioning any other of our many tortures, I would be willing to sign an affidavit to the following:

"Martin was turned up by Cap Willis for a whipping and he reported that Martin was slow in his work and complained of being sick. On Friday night he called Martin out of line and by a bonfire, and, before about eighty-five convicts he whipped Martin about thirty-five to fifty licks with a four-inch strap five feet long, seven and one-half pounds.

"Martin begged to be let loose, but his speech was not distinct and it seemed he was so weak he could not talk plain. The whipping boss put his feet on Martin's neck to keep him from moving as he whipped him.

"He never did have any care, his bed became a stench to sleep by, and he had frothed over his pillow and no clean one to take its place."

Barbarously Murdered

Another letter from Glen Thompson to Mr. Tabert follows:

"I received your letter and was glad to hear from you and to know that there was some one alive that would investigate Martin's death. It was really a horrible death. Yes, I was there in prison and know all about it. I seen every bit of it. I was standing about seven feet from where the whipping boss whipped Martin. He was absolutely killed from unlawful whipping."

"Since last August," said the New York *World* on March 30th, "the members of the Tabert family have been busy writing letters to persons whose names were given them in letters from others. Through this correspondence they have secured a mass of testimony from men in many states, and all tell substantially the same story.

"In all of the letters the writers state that the hours of labor were long; that the men were driven like beasts to the well-nigh impossible tasks assigned; and that they were fed the cheapest, poorest rations which could be obtained; and that, bad as it was, the amount of food was insufficient."

From the New York *World* of March 31st, 1923:

WIELDER OF DEATH WHIP IN FLORIDA PEONAGE LUMBER CAMP IS ARRESTED

"When the Tabert family received the letter from Glen Thompson which has been already printed in the *World,* they arranged to send State's Attorney Gudmundur Grimson of Cavalier County to Florida to investigate and check up on the various letters received. Mr. Grimson returned to Langdon with letters, affidavits, etc.

Sheriff a Slave Catcher

"He found, he says, that Sheriff Jones of Tallahassee was little better than a slave catcher, who had arranged with the Putnam Lumber Company for payment of $20 side-money for all able men whom he could pick up and get delivered to the lumber camp in the swamps, to work for ninety days. He found that returning money sent to men to liberate them was a regular system. He found men willing and ready to swear to cruelties inflicted upon Martin Tabert.

"He found that the Putnam Lumber Company was an $800,000 corporation which profited largely by the labor of unfortunate men picked up and forced into their custody through trivial violations of the laws of the State of Flor-

ida; that a corrupt understanding and agreement existed between said sheriff and said lumber company, to the effect that the sheriff should endeavor to obtain the arrest and conviction of men for pretended or petty offenses, to the end that when convicted they might be leased to said lumber company, and that for each convict so obtained from the custody of said sheriff he should receive a cash compensation; and that said Tabert was a victim of such conspiracy."

From the New York *World* of April 1st, 1923:

PEONAGE MURDER IS CONFIRMED BY FORMER PRISONERS IN FLORIDA CAMP

"Chief among the witnesses was J. B. Burch, who took over as warden the camp of the Putnam Lumber Company a few days after Tabert died, February 1st, 1922.

"He wrote from Perry, Florida, August 28th:

"'I am in receipt of your letter of the 20th instant. I took charge of the camp which you speak of February 26, 1922, and I understand that the warden, a Mr. Higgenbotham had beat a man by the name of Martin to death. I also found some of the men skinned up by the strap.

"'From what they told me they treated the men very cruel before I went there and also after I left there. I will get all information possible and send to you for I think something should be done about such things.'"

Horrible Working Conditions

Then came a letter from John Gardener, now a private in Battery F, 4th Field Artillery, U. S. Army. Gardener was fellow prisoner with Tabert in Florida. His letter, written from Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, reads as follows:

"When I first came to here Martin was at the Lumber Company about the 5th of January Martin was in frail health then and getting worse every day. Martin with the rest of us went to work every morning about four o'clock got on a flat car and rode about fifteen miles through the swamps and then got off and walked several miles wading water up to our hips and there was hardly any of us that had any shoes that was fit to wear and wading through the poison swamp water made running sores all over us.

"One day Martin was working beside me we was in water above our hips shoveling mud to make a grade to lay the track on. Martin would get dizzy and fall down and could not work verry mutch and Cap. Higgenbotham whipped him two times that day and almost every night when he came in from work he would get whipped.

Left Unconscious

"After supper we was lined up before we went in the stockade and several men was picked out and whipped of which Martin was one. He laid Martin down beside the fire pulled down his pants and his shirt up, and hit him about fifty times and told him to get up but Martin was so weak he could not get up quick enough so he laid down again and was hit about a hundred times and was told to get up but couldn't so he beat him some more and several times he hit him over the head with the handle 'Black Anty' and left him laying unconscious and some of us carried him in and laid him on his bunk. The next day when he was coming out of the stockade to breakfast he was delirous and was talking to himself so he was taken back to his bunk and as we got in he died.

"I could not tell you half of the terrible things that happened down there."

Particularly Cruel Nature of Peonage in Florida

Samuel D. McCoy wrote in the New York *World* of April 4th, 1923:

"Those who know Florida's convict leasing system as it really is are surprized that these circumstances ever became known at all. The brutal fact is that when a prisoner is leased to a private corporation in this state the law no longer knows that he exists. The county authorities who leased him have set their hands to a document in which they pledge themselves not to interfere with the company's human property in any way. The counties are not

required to report that information to the state.

"The leasing of county prisoners to private contractors for labor is in control of the Board of County Commissioners. In each of the state's sixty-one counties the board may exercise this right at its discretion, holding them in jail or putting them to work on the county roads, or leasing them to private concerns in the same county or in other counties."

When the *World* correspondent repeated a statement of a leading citizen of Jacksonville, that there was very little peonage in recent years, to a member of the Florida Legislature, he laughed. "Maybe so," he commented, "but the lumber companies are still anxious to get convict labor, and for a very good reason—the fact that 'free' labor can't be hired for love or money to do the work the convicts are forced to do. The Putnam Lumber Company had advertised for men in vain. They needed men badly for that work. And the only way they could get them was by leasing the county prisoners."

But the money he got for delivering his prisoners to the Sheriff of Taylor County, who then turned them over to the lumber company, was not the only amount Sheriff Jones pocketed. The Putnam Lumber Company paid "Jim Bob" a certain sum for each prisoner he delivered under the leasing contract —an arrangement solely between Sheriff Jones and the lumber company. Common report is that he got $20 a head.

Here we have a partial revelation of how government officials in many states enslave men and connive at their tortures.

Expenditures in a Minneapolis Gambling Joint
Accounts Nov. 18 to 25

Nov. 18	Mayor Ames	$500 00
	Gardner	50 00
	Norbeck	50 00
	Chief Ames	20 00
	Wood	1 00
	Kerosene Oil	25
	Orrin	25 00
	Net of Joint	$646 25

Receipts
Cash Account Nov. 18 to 25

Monday	$533 00
Tuesday	269 00
Wednesday	622 50
Thursday	575 50
Friday	321 00
Saturday	352 00
Sunday	45 00
	$2718 00
45% Steerers Bid	$1123 10
Bal. Joint	$1491 90
	$646 25
Bal. to cost	$848 65

What Flogging Is Like

An eye witness described a case of flogging in the following graphic terms: "As they bared the prisoner's back the officials spoke in half whispers, but as soon as the subject was strapped to the frame, with arms and feet spread wide, one called out with startling loudness, 'Fifteen lashes!' Immediately the flagellator stepped forward, whirled the knotted thongs once around his head and brought them whistling down across the white shoulders. The stroke was dealt with a precision of long practise, and the victim, taken by surprize, caught his breath with a gasp and strained desperately at the unreleasing bonds, the muscles of his shoulders and arms quivering convulsively in the effort to free his limbs and get one solacing writhe under the sudden, unavoidable, tormenting sting. Failing this the wretch threw his head and screeched forth the pent and raging resentment of his body, with an intonation hideous, heart-piercing and unforgetable. The sound was comparable to nothing else in nature; it expressed all that is meant by despair and agony.

"The other strokes followed in orderly mechanical sequence, and I watched them every one. At each stroke the tortured wretch howled anew, but above his screams could be heard the shouts of the man whose duty it was to count the strokes and—between—the vicious 'sing' of the lash and its gruesome 'splash' upon the welted flesh. At the ninth stroke the doctor ordered the hangman to vary the directions of his blows. He did so, after staying to run his fingers through the clotted lashes and to flick the gouted blood from them upon the floor. The last five strokes were punctuated only by deep, rhythmic sobs from the victim, who now seemed to be numbed and stupefied by pain.

"When it was finished, they covered up his face and body and took him quickly away to the hospital."

During the last forty years thousands of men and boys in the United States have suffered the tortures described above.

Chapter II

Lowest Depths of Infamy in Western Civilization
A Study of the Years 1890–1910

The huge number of murders in the United States is an indication of corrupt and inefficient government. Murder is not an end in itself. It is a by-product of evil forces. By 1890 murders were from six to ten times in proportion to population what they were in other countries.

The most terrible period in American history, and in fact in all modern history, are the years between 1890 and 1910.

The lid was taken off by legislative investigations and grand jury reports and by other forms of legal action in New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco and other cities. The Federal Government also made a white slave investigation, the results of which were published in December, 1909.

The character of the city governments of this period is best illustrated by giving summaries and extracts from grand jury findings and from other official sources.

1. The Infamy of San Francisco

The blackmailing Mayor of San Francisco was part owner of a house of prostitution. There follows a summary of the report of the Andrews Grand Jury:

"When Mayor Schmitz came before the voters of San Francisco as a candidate for re-election in the fall of 1905, it was perfectly well known to the reading and thinking people of the city that Ruef, the Mayor and members of the municipal boards were blackmailers, extortioners and thieves. It had been clearly shown by the Andrews Grand Jury, as well as by investigations by the press, that the administration made a business of selling immunity to gamblers, prize-fight promoters and keepers of brothels; that the great house of prostitution at 620 Jackson Street was virtually a municipal institution; that the police were giving protection to notorious criminals and taking money therefor; that the municipal boards were blackmailing law-breakers and compelling honest men to pay tribute; that the work of the city was given to dishonest contractors who divided their illegal profits with the officials who permitted them to steal; and that, with the exception of the Board of Supervisors, every branch of the city government was shamelessly and almost defiantly corrupt.

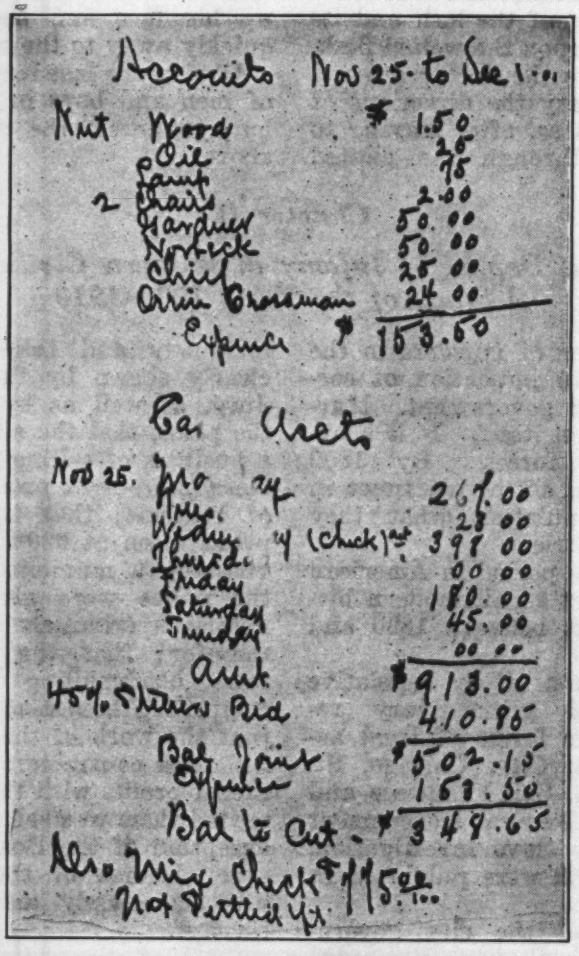
"All of the saloon-keepers, brothel proprietors, prize-fight promoters, pool-sellers and gamblers worked enthusiastically for Mayor Schmitz because he permitted them to violate law and gave them a "wide-open" town. Ruef and the Mayor at that very time were sharing in the profits of notorious brothels. From the French restaurants and two houses of prostitution, the gamblers of Chinatown, pool-sellers and the Prize-Fight Trust, Ruef and the Mayor received, or were to receive, annually more than a quarter of a million dollars.

"But this was the revenue from only a part of the field that they were exploiting.

How the Judges Thwarted the Efforts of Honest Officers

"Honest officers and men of the police force tried at first to do their duty; but the Police Commissioners, under the influence or direction of Ruef, interfered with their efforts to close illegal and immoral resorts; the police-court judges, allowing themselves to be swayed by selfish political considerations, released the prisoners whom they arrested."*

The report of the Andrews Grand Jury shows that the gamblers of Chinatown were shielded for nine months by an injunction issued by Judge Carroll Cook of the Superior Court; that the house of ill fame at 1129 Dupont Street was protected for more than two years in the same way and by the same judicial officer; and that Judge Cook and Judge Hebbard restrained the police from interfering with eight houses of prostitution on Belden Street and with the great brothel on Jackson Street, popularly known as the "Municipal Crib." Judge Cook, furthermore, granted 169 writs of habeas corpus for the release of persons whom the police had arrested on criminal charges. (Report of the Andrews Grand Jury, pp. 154–156.)


Accounts Nov 25 to Dec 1...
Nut Wood $ 1.50
Oil 25
Lamp 75
2 Chairs 2.00
Gardner 50.00
Norbeck 50.00
Chief 25.00
Orrin Crossman 24.00
Expense $ 153.50
Cash Assets
Nov 25. Friday 267.00
Tues. 23.00
Wednesday (check) 398.00
Thursday 00.00
Friday 180.00
Saturday 45.00
Sunday 00.00
Amt $913.00
45% Stevens Bid 410.85
Bal Joint $502.15
Expense 153.50
Bal to Cut $348.65
Also Mix Check $775.00/100
Not Settled yet

Fac-simile of the first page of the "Big Mitt Ledger," an account kept by a swindler of the dealings of his "joint" with city officials, showing first payments made to Mayor Ames of Minneapolis and to his brother, the Chief of Police, and detectives. This book figured in trials and newspaper reports of the exposure, but was "lost"; and its whereabouts was the mystery of the proceedings.

How Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef Established a House of Prostitution

In 1904 Joseph Michel, Joseph Alexander and George Maxwell (at one time secretary of the Fire Department) conceived the idea of opening a big house of prostitution in Chinatown and running it under secret protection, if not under the auspices of the municipal administration. After making a partnership arrangement with Schmitz and Ruef, they purchased an old three-story Chinese opium-joint on Jackson Street, which was known to frequenters of the Barbary Coast as the "Palace Hotel." As the building was not adapted to their purposes and as it would cost a great deal to tear it down, they had it condemned by the Board of Health as "unsanitary," and then got the Board of Public Works to demolish it and remove it at the city's expense. Upon the site thus obtained they erected, at a cost of $100,000, a large brick building containing one hundred and forty-four two-room apartments colloquially known as "cribs." They

* Police Captain Mooney, for example, presented to the courts fifty-seven cases of saloon-keepers who were illegally maintaining side entrances for women, but he was able to get only one conviction.

then filled these cribs with dissolute women, provided the establishment with a restaurant and bar for the entertainment of prospective clients, and opened a house of prostitution which eventually became known as the "Municipal Crib"—a name given to it on account of the interest taken in it and the protection given to it by the municipal authorities.

The women who occupied the cribs paid rent at the rate of thirty-five dollars a week for each apartment, and the gross receipts of the house, including the earnings of its inmates, were probably not less than $500,000 a year.

How Judge Hebbard Thwarted the Efforts of the Grand Jury to Close the Municipal Crib

This gigantic brothel was protected by direct order of the Mayor, and he and Ruef had a share of its profits. The Andrews Grand Jury made a determined effort to close it by arresting more than a hundred of its inmates, and by posting constables outside its doors to prevent any one from going in; but Judge Hebbard of the Superior Court issued an injunction forbidding the Grand Jury, the police or the sheriff to interfere with it in any way whatever.

An attempt was then made to close, by similar methods, eight houses of prostitution on Belden Place, which were paying $9,600 a year for protection. The administration again came to the relief of the sufferers, and Judge Hebbard granted another injunction on the alleged ground that the places attacked by the Grand Jury were innocent lodging-houses.

In the last year of Mayor Schmitz's administration there were 51 murders, 373 murderous assaults, 46 burglaries and robberies, 2,849 disturbances of the peace and 27,013 arrests. This aggregation of crime was due partly to wide-open conditions in saloons and vicious resorts, and partly to an influx of criminals attracted to San Francisco from other cities and states by reports of administrative laxity and opportunities of making "easy money" in such pursuits.

This line indicates the number of murders in Chicago in 1924, 13 per 100,000 population. For Jacksonville, Florida, the line would be nearly five times as long and for St. Louis twice as long.

Here is what the Mayor and his fellow criminals did in San Francisco to corrupt boys and girls and increase crime.

Nurseries of Vice for Children

The result of the protection thus given gamblers, pool-sellers, brothel-keepers and prostitutes was an extraordinary growth and development of vice; and if half the population of San Francisco did not go to ruin in the last two years of Mayor Schmitz's administration, it was not for lack of temptations and facilities.

Protection and encouragement were given even to agencies for the corruption of boys and girls. On Fillmore Street and in various other parts of the city, there were established cheap places of amusement known as "nickelodeons" and "penny arcades." These wide-open resorts were filled with automatic machines which ground out music or exhibited moving pictures when a nickel or penny was dropped into the slot. It would be impossible to describe the pictures in words that are printable; the sale of such photographs constitutes a criminal offense. If these places were intended only for such grown men as frequent the most vicious districts they would be bad enough; but they are meant to attract children; and as admittance is free, and it costs only a penny to see a picture, thousands of boys and girls patronize them. Probation officers of the Juvenile Court who have watched these resorts say that young people of both sexes make assignations there, with the assistance of the attendants, and that they have often seen boys go directly from the picture slot machines to houses of ill-fame. Attempts were made to close some of these places, but it was found that, like gambling dens and brothels, they were protected by the municipal administration.

2. *The Case of Minneapolis*

How Mayor Ames and His Criminal Brother, Col. Fred W. Ames, and Others, Organized Boodlers, Gamblers, Pickpockets and Confidence Men With the Aid of the Police and Detectives, to Rob and Debase Minneapolis

During this period Minneapolis had an experience like that of San Francisco. A grand jury uncovered the facts and Lincoln Steffens told the story in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January, 1903.

"Immediately upon his fourth election, before he took office (on January 7, 1901) Mayor Ames organized a cabinet and laid plans to turn the city over to outlaws who were to work under police direction for the profit of his administration. He chose for chief his brother, Colonel Fred W. Ames. But he was a weak vessel for Chief of Police, and the Mayor picked for Chief of Detectives an abler man, who was to direct the more difficult operations. This was Norman W. King, a former gambler, who knew the criminal needs in the business ahead. King was to invite to Minneapolis thieves, confidence men, pickpockets and gamblers, and release some that were in the local jail. They were to be organized into groups, according to their profession, and detectives were assigned to assist and direct them. The head of the gambling syndicate was to have charge of the gambling, making terms and collecting the "graft," just as King and a Captain Hill were to collect from the thieves.

"These men looked over the police force, selected those men who could be trusted, charged them a price for their retention and marked for dismissal 107 men out of 225, the 107 being the best policemen in the department from the point of view of the citizens who afterwards reorganized the force. John Fitchette, better known as 'Coffee John,' a Virginian, keeper of a notorious coffee-house, was to be a captain of police with no duties except to sell places on the police force. They liberated the thieves in the local jail and made known to the underworld generally that 'things were doing' in Minneapolis. The incoming swindlers reported to King or his staff for instruction and went to work, turning the 'swag' over to detectives in charge. More and more thieves and swindlers came hurrying to Minneapolis.

Arranging for Increase of Prostitution

"The collector for women of the town was to be Irwin A. Gardner, a medical student in the doctor's office, who was made a special policeman for the purpose.

"But the novel feature of this scheme was that disorderly houses were practically licensed by the city, the women appearing before the clerk of the Municipal Court each month to pay a 'fine' of $100. Unable at first to get this graft, Ames's man, Gardner, persuaded women to start houses, apartments, and, of all things, candy stores which sold sweets to children and tobacco to the 'lumber Jacks' in front, while a nefarious traffic was carried on in the rear. But they paid Ames, not the city, and that was all the reform administration cared about.

"But the money they still paid directly to the city in fines, some $35,000 a year, fretted the Mayor and at last he reached for it. He came out with a declaration, in his old character as friend of the oppressed, that $100 a month was too much for these women to pay. They should be required to pay the city fine only once in two months. This puzzled the town, until it became generally known that Gardner collected the other month for the Mayor. The final outrage in this department, however, was an order of the Mayor for periodic visits to disorderly houses by the city's physicians, at from five to twenty dollars per visit. The two physicians he appointed called when they willed, and more and more frequently, till toward the end the calls became a mere formality with the collections as the one and only object."

The Grand Jury revealed these facts. Ames, Chief of Police, was sentenced to six and a half years in state's prison. King got three and a half years. Here is one picture of the situation:

Mayor Ames, under indictment and heavy bonds for extortion, conspiracy and bribe-offering, left the state on a night train; a gentleman who knew him by sight saw him sitting up at eleven o'clock in the smoking-room of the

sleeping car, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his face ashen and drawn; and at six o'clock the next morning he was still sitting there, his cigar still unlighted. He went to West Baden, a health resort in Indiana, a sick and broken man, grown old in a month.

3. *The Situation in Chicago During the Terrible Years*

There were two chief exploiters of the cities of America—the public service corporation and the business of dissipation.

There were two main causes for excessive crime in Chicago. The first was the saturation of the poorer classes with alcoholic liquor by agents of a business under terrible economic pressure to produce revenue. The second great cause of crime was purchase of the right to break the law by dealers in illegal dissipation—that is, by the sellers of savagery. This is the chief reason for waves of crime in great cities. Chicago suffered from both of these causes.

Herewith are glimpses of Chicago during the terrible years.

$100,000,000 a Year for Alcoholic Liquor

The sale of dissipation was not only a great business; it was among the few greatest businesses in Chicago. The leading branch of it was the sale of alcoholic liquor. The receipts in the retail liquor trade in Chicago ran well over $100,000,000. There were 7,300 licensed liquor sellers in Chicago, and in addition about a thousand places where liquor was sold illegally. The only business which approached this in number of establishments, according to the Chicago directory, was the grocery trade, which had been about 5,200. The city spent at least half as much for what it drank as for what it ate—not counting the cost of the cooking and serving of food.

$20,000,000 a Year for Prostitution

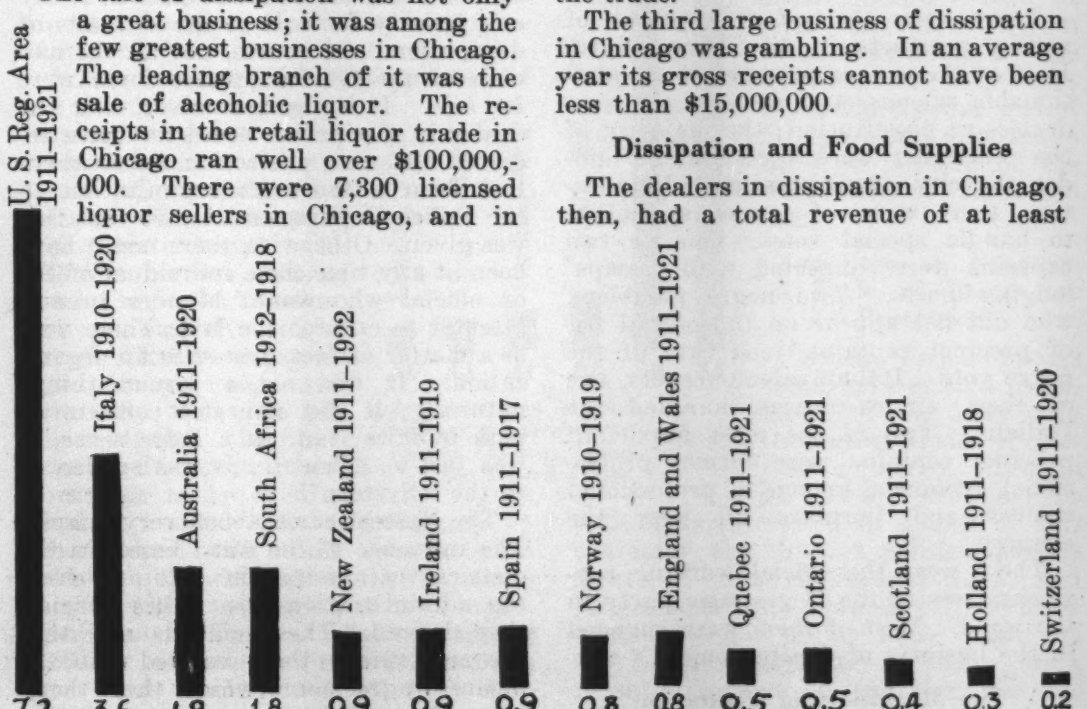
The second great business of dissipation was prostitution. The gross revenues from this business in Chicago ran about $20,000,000—and probably more. There were at least ten thousand professional prostitutes. Average annual receipts of $2,000 each were brought in by these women. They did not themselves, however, have the benefit of this revenue. Much of it was never received by them. They were, in fact, exploited by large business interests.

Four large interests were concerned in exploitation of prostitution. The first of these was criminal hotels; the second, houses of ill-fame; the third, cheap dance-halls and saloons; and the fourth, the men who dealt in women for the trade.

The third large business of dissipation in Chicago was gambling. In an average year its gross receipts cannot have been less than $15,000,000.

Dissipation and Food Supplies

The dealers in dissipation in Chicago, then, had a total revenue of at least



The rates of murder per 100,000 *for fourteen countries and dominions.*

$135,000,000 a year—that is, receipts at least two-thirds as large as those of the retail grocers and meat men.

Dealers in prostitution and gambling and criminal saloon-keepers must violate the law to exist. They consequently make careful business arrangements to break the law. To do this, they also must go into politics.

The gross receipts of this illegal class of business were some $45,000,000 a year. About four-fifths of this—$35,000,000—was concentrated in the chief markets of dissipation near the center of the city—for the sale of dissipation, in any city, merely follows the natural laws of trade and locates where the demand is, near the large centers of population.

In two downtown wards of Chicago—the First and the Eighteenth—were situated five-sixths of the criminal saloons and of the dealers in prostitution, and at least two-third of the gambling interests. The owners of these enterprises turned over the organization of their political business to the natural agent—the ward boss.

The Bosses of Wards One and Eighteen in Chicago Were Remarkable Figures and Wealthy Men

There were thirty-four captains of voting precincts in the First Ward. Half of these were proprietors of questionable saloons, and at least six were dealers in prostitution; the majority of the remainder were "job-holders" under the city administration. In addition, there were, of course, specialists to handle special votes. One or two captains were connected with tramps' lodging-houses. Two negro gamblers, who did not appear on the official list of precinct captains, took care of the negro vote. Italian saloon-keepers, one of them an ex-convict, handled the Italians. Two of the most important precinct captains were former professional criminals, known to professional thieves and burglars all over the country.

These were the official working representatives of the Democratic party in the ward. Most of them were engaged in the business of dissipation.

The Machinery of Protection

By this careful organization and large expenditure of money, the traders in dissipation were able to make, through the ward boss, excellent terms with the city administrations.

Under this system of protection from the law was established in Chicago a condition unique in this country. The center of Chicago, all things considered, was the cheapest market of dissipation in Caucasian civilization.

The best and most business-like collection of payment for protection took place, naturally, in the greatest and best organized center of dissipation—Ward One. In the first place, there were transactions with which every one is familiar. The junior alderman, "Bath-House John," as an insurance agent sold his policies, not only to saloon-keepers and houses of prostitution in the ward, but to the great business houses in the district. He also sold, through his business partner, a large quantity of whisky.

The "System" in the Police Department

Purchase of the police in Chicago was made simple by the fact that the upper half of the force—that is, the half that furnished the officials—came into the service when the police force was freely and frankly for sale to the interests of dissipation. Of course, not all the officials of the Chicago police force were for sale. It is clear, however, that the dealer in dissipation could not have received adequate protection unless there had been a thorough organization in the Police Department, to see that this was given. Otherwise, there might have been at any time some individual officer or official who would blunder in and attempt to enforce the law. There was, as a matter of fact, just such an organization. It was not a formal thing; naturally, it did not elect officers or pass by-laws; but, in a large sense, it was just as efficient. It was spoken of as the "System."

The System came about very simply. The influence of the ward bosses in the districts of dissipation obtained from the administration the police officials they desired. These officials saw that the men under them carried out the business agreements which they themselves had made previously with the leaders of the ward.

Organization for Exploiting Savagery

The addition of the police force completed the great organization for exploitation of savagery in the City of Chicago. The dealer in dissipation, the ward boss, and the police official were its chief members. The System thus consolidated every influence hostile to well-organized society, from the robber and prostitute to the corrupt police official, in a great body whose continual influence was to impair or break down civilization.

4. In New York City

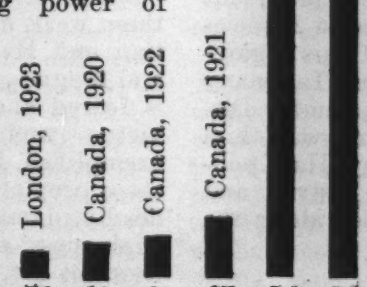
Conditions in New York City were revealed by various investigations during the years from 1890 to 1910. A committee of fourteen leading citizens conducted within this period most searching investigations. They were:

THE COMMITTEE OF FOURTEEN

William H. Baldwin, Jr., Chairman	Edwin R. A. Seligman, Secretary
Felix Adler	Geo. Foster Peabody
Joel B. Erhardt	Geo. Haven Putnam
Austen G. Fox	J. Harsen Rhoades
John S. Kennedy	Jacob H. Schiff
William J. O'Brien	Andrew J. Smith
Alexander E. Orr	Chas. Sprague Smith
	Chas. Stewart Smith

The committee of fourteen reported on the dangers of children in tenements:

"The revenue-producing power of the sale of immunity to criminals by the police seemed to make the appetite of the police insatiable. The infamy of the private house, with all the horrors arising from the 'cadet' system, did not satisfy official greed. Tenement houses were levied upon, and prostitutes began to ply their trade therein openly. In some of these houses as many as fifty children resided. An acquaintance by the children with adult vices was inevitable. The children of the tenements eagerly watch new sights in their midst. Statistics of venereal diseases among children and many revolting stories from the underworld tell how completely they learned the lessons taught them.



A comparison between the number of murders per million in London, Canada and the United States.

The Fate of Honest Police Officers

"The employees (of these disorderly houses) openly cried their wares upon the streets, and children of the neighborhood were given pennies and candy to distribute cards of the prostitutes. A system of 'watch-boys' or 'lighthouses' was also adopted, by which news of any impending danger could be carried throughout a precinct in a very few minutes. Honest police officers who attempted to perform their duties were defied by the cadets and lighthouses.

"For a police officer to incur the enmity of a powerful 'madame' meant the transfer of that officer 'for the good of the service' to a less agreeable post, if not to another precinct in outlying districts."

The committee of fourteen found that on the East Side all the cadets were affiliated with the local and dominant political organization. The cadet is a young man, averaging from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, who, having served a short apprenticeship as a watch-boy or lighthouse, obtains a staff of girls and lives upon their earnings. The victim of the cadet is usually a young girl of foreign birth, who knows little or nothing of the conditions of American life.

Committee of Fourteen on Scale of Prices for Protection

"Such conditions could have existed in defiance of the laws only through payment of protection money, through favors shown to politicians interested in houses of this character, and through political preferment of lawyers, magistrates and judges, and other rewards. These practises were not unlike those found by the Lexow Committee in 1895. In a recent interview a collector for the police in the "Tenderloin" during the period described stated that the

amounts paid by large houses varied from $400 to $600 per month. As an illustration, the amounts paid each month by a proprietor of a house on 27th Street, which contained thirty women, were as follows: plain clothes men, $205; patrolmen, $184; inspectors, $100; sergeants in plain clothes, $40; sergeants in uniform, $50; total, $529. The inspector received $250 as a first payment, called an initiation fee, and $100 every month."

Showing Enormous Value of High Positions in the Police Force

So profitable was trade in prostitution and white slavery that positions on the police force had to be bought.

In 1894, the Lexow Committee made disclosures of greater magnitude than since the fall of Tweed. At this time the average cost of obtaining appointment as policeman was $300. Captain Creedon paid $15,000 to secure promotion to captaincy. Captain Schmittberger obtained the appointment of another man as captain in consideration of the payment of $12,000. Vice and crime were protected openly. One woman testified that for protection of her several houses of ill repute she had paid over $30,000.

An organization was formed which was known in the Lexow Investigation as the Essex Market Court Gang, but named itself the Max Rochstim Association. Among the officers of this organization was Mr. Martin Engel, Tammany Hall leader of the Eighth Assembly District in the late '90's; and with him were a group of Tammany Hall politicians, in control of this district and the Third Assembly District along the Bowery, just to the east.

Getting Supplies for New York

This region, when Mr. Martin Engel was leader, opened the eyes of the minor politician of the slums to the tremendous financial field offered him by a new line of enterprise, the business of procuring and traffic in women. The red-light district, operated largely by active members of the local Tammany organization, in many cases gave to individual men interested in its development as much as $20,000 and $30,000 a year.

Inasmuch as the higher officials of the police force got enormous sums from the earnings of prostitutes, we can understand the situation when Bishop Potter wrote to Mayor Van Wyck:

"But the thing that is of consequence, Sir, is that when a minister of religion goes to the headquarters of the police of his district to appeal to them for the protection of the young, the innocent and the defenseless, against the leprous harpies who are hired as runners and touters for the lowest and most infamous dens of vice, he is met not only with contempt and derision (of police officials) but with the coarsest insult and obloquy. . . .

" . . . I approach you, Sir, to protest with all my power against a condition of things in which vice is not only tolerated, but shielded and encouraged by those whose sworn duty it is to repress and discourage it, and in the name of unsullied youth and innocence, of young girls and their mothers, who, living under conditions often of privation and hard struggle for a livelihood, have in them every instinct of virtue and purity that are the ornaments of any so-called gentlewoman in the land.

A Living Hell

"And in the name of these little ones, these weak and defenseless ones, Christian and Hebrew alike, of many races and tongues, but of homes in which God is feared and His law reverenced, and virtue and decency honored and exemplified, I call upon you, Sir, to save these people from a living hell, defiling, deadly, damning, to which the criminal supineness of the constituted authorities, set for the defense of decency and good order, threatens to doom them.

"In all these months (of protest) the condition of things in whole neighborhoods has not improved, but grown rather worse. Vice not only flaunts itself in the most open, ribald forms, but hard-working fathers and mothers find it harder than ever, to-day, to defend their households from a rapacious licentiousness which stops at no outrage and spares no tenderest victim. Such a state of things cries to God for vengeance and calls no less loudly to you and me for redress."

Chapter III

What Is Democracy?

There are those who think that the immense amount of crime and lawlessness in the United States is due to democracy. The reverse is the case. Wherever people obtain self-government there is great diminution in crime and almost universal absence of dishonesty, graft and inefficiency. We are not suffering from the faults of democracy; we are suffering from the lack of democracy. We have lagged behind the democratic movement of the age, because we have not had the aid of those competent to make and to administer laws to meet the demands of the new times.

Inefficiency and dishonesty in government are usually the product of autocracy. When an autocracy like Tammany Hall governs a city for generations there is always graft. Countries like Spain and Russia, before the war, good examples of autocracy, had more graft than any other European countries. Graft is practically unknown in German and English cities. Self-government renders graft well-nigh impossible. Self-government gives us good government.

But self-government is impossible under our present forms of charters. And good government is impossible when the people elect so many different kinds of officials on the same ticket, under the theory which involves their frequent election and which involves election by the people of the actual experts; because it is impossible for any people to have in the mass a continuity of purpose and knowledge which, with frequent elections, would keep the expert in office.

Dr. Charles A. Beard, at one time professor at Columbia, asks the question, "Can a democratic government carry out any program other than war? I do not venture an answer."

I do. Democracies carry on the modern world. Just to mention a few, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the U. S. Steel Corporation, the seventeen hundred railroad companies in the United States. The whole realm of modern civilization is filled with democracies, and all over Europe are cities and nations, pure democracies, carrying on just as successfully as the great industrial democracies that have made the modern world.

What is democracy?

What is the power of democracy?

What is the function of democracy?

The function of democracy cannot go beyond the power of democracy. Let us consider what democracy actually does.

Democracy does not invent. The telegraph, the telephone, the aeroplane, were all invented by a very few individuals. Democracy could encourage, or discourage, the use of these inventions. Democracy never created a poem or a picture. The function of democracy is to approve or disapprove, to encourage or discourage, to uphold, or to destroy. In the case of all democracies, whether stockholders of corporations or citizens of a city or nation, the function of democracy is to encourage or discourage, to uphold or destroy, not to create governments.

It was not the American people who made the Constitution. We can name or print on a small part of a page of this magazine the men who created the government of the United States. Always a few exercise power, in corporations and in nations alike.

Until we establish democracy in America—and we can only do so by using the one method whereby a mass of people can carry on a common purpose—we shall not have proper protection for life and property.

The most difficult and complicated of all businesses is the business of government. And government is the only business in America that is always carried on by untrained incompetents. No people in history have ever shown such organizing ability, but through the misfortune of having inherited an unworkable method of organization, we have been doomed to failure in the most vital business of the nation.

The principles of human organization were practically unknown when the government of the United States was created a hundred and fifty years ago. The great corporations are a recent invention.

James Wilson of Pennsylvania, one of the ablest delegates to the Constitutional Convention, wrote:

"After the lapse of six thousand years since the creation of the world, America now presents the first instance of a people assembled to say deliberately and calmly and to decide leisurely and peaceably on the form of government by which they will bind themselves and their posterity."

The Constitution of the United States and the creation of a government for the United States were among the greatest achievements in all history. Two impossibilities had to be achieved. First, the creation of a government. It was the first time in history that the people had created a government. Second, the creation of a government in which the people ruled. All students of history are convinced that this miraculous achievement was only possible on account of the wisdom and power of Washington.

Unfortunately there was a great defect from the outset in the method of our governmental organization. We must now answer the question, why it is that in all other highly civilized countries the voters always elect one kind of official, that is, one who corresponds to a director in a corporation. In all countries where crime is low, the people elect no officials who have to do any of the work of the government, excepting such as falls to a board of directors in a corporation. The United States is the outstanding exception, leaving out of consideration the national governments of South America.

This is the answer: when the Constitution was created there was a curious theory in existence that had received its most definite expression in a book published in 1748 by Montesquieu, entitled *Esprit des Lois*—Spirit of the Laws. In analyzing the English constitution Montesquieu described the executive, legislative and judicial functions as separate powers, claiming that the executive had no share in legislation.

He was mistaken in his analysis of the English constitution, but his theory of the separation of the powers appealed to certain minds. In 1791 the French adopted in government the principle of the separation of the powers. This was changed in 1799 to normal. Only one other European country adopted this principle—Norway in 1814—but in 1884 abandoned it after failure to succeed with it in practice. The principle of division of the powers was adopted completely in the Constitution of the United States and was copied by the South American nations.

This theory commands little respect among thinkers. In the *Cambridge Modern History* the doctrine of the separation of the powers is referred to as an "hallucination," and as an "illusory theory."

Hallam wrote, in his *Constitutional History of England:*

"Such a separation and want of intelligence between the crown and Parliament must either have destroyed the one or degraded the other."

Just as Montesquieu by a foolish theory brought disaster to those nations which organized government in acceptance of it, so Napoleon, by establishing a purely representative form of city government, brought great benefit to many lands.

When Napoleon set out to extricate the municipal governments in France from almost hopeless confusion, he abolished all sorts of absurdities and established the simpler form of representative government. The reason for the brilliant success in the administration of South American cities is due to the adoption of Napoleon's plan. Elections are confined to the choice of representatives; the representatives select a mayor, who presides at their meetings, fills by his own appointment all offices created by the council, and prepares the municipal budget. The essential feature of the system is the connection of the powers, and its elasticity is such that it suffices for every urban community, small or large, a village or a city, since the mayor and council have power to organize all administrative details as local needs may require.

It is interesting to note that Japan adopted this system of city government, which now prevails all over Europe.

If any university should establish a laboratory to study political pathology, the charters of our cities and the Constitutions of our states would furnish a vast abundance of subject material. The wrecking of civilization in the United

States, the creation of all manner of autocracies and tyrannies, the failure to protect life and property, and what we call lawlessness in general, are some of the results of this infection from a mischievous mid-eighteenth-century theory.

It is implicit in a government organized on the theory of separation of the powers that executives must be elected by direct vote, and it is almost inevitable that other officials, including judges, should be elected directly. We have an admixture of direct and representative governments for cities and states. This causes degradation of the legislative bodies and frequently of the judiciary and the executive. Good government is impossible in our cities and states unless we employ a purely representative form of government.

The result of this defect is the creation of a jungle of governmental machinery that gives the criminal greater opportunities than in other civilized nations. In this jungle lurk the vilest and most violent criminals, who for forty years have waged a relentless war on a helpless populace, during which time more people were slain than were killed on the battlefields of all the wars fought by the United States up to 1917. Here is a list of such criminals in the order of their vileness—thieves, burglars, swindlers, hold-up men, murderers, boodlers (government officials who accept bribes to violate the law), bribers, dealers in prostitution.

The Way Out

Twenty-five years ago the City of Galveston simplified its system of government to an arrangement whereby the people elected a committee of five men, called commissioners. It was just as if a corporation had elected a board of directors. But in the case of Galveston the further acts of a board of directors were not completed. Galveston was governed directly by these five men who divided up the city departments among themselves. It was a great improvement on the old system, but only a halfway step.

Later another advance was made called the City Manager Plan. This almost reached the norm of human organization. The City Manager Plan abolished the system of division of the powers. It has markedly improved city government.

With an unparalleled genius for organization the American people should have the finest governments in the world. Consider what it meant to create a nation, to subdue a continent to the use of mankind. Statesmanship of the highest order went into the making of the nation. The generations of pioneers have written on the face of the continent a story of courage and achievement that stands alone in history.

A Problem of Organization

Most of the inventions that mean so much in the modern world are wholly American. The telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, moving pictures, the electric light, the submarine, the aeroplane, to mention only the most obvious. Schools, colleges and churches have been built everywhere. Huge endowments for institutions of learning and for other noble purposes in our country far surpass anything found in history.

During the last ten years Americans not only organized the food resources of the world to save large populations from starvation, but gave in money and substance without charge more in value to the peoples of other nations than all nations have done since the dawn of history.

Our simple and single problem is to harness the organizing ability of the nation to government. And we shall live to see this thing done. Great advances have been made in the last twenty-five years. The Commission form of government and the City Manager Plan are sure prophecies of great and general improvement. We are far away from the lowest degradation of 1890-1910, when liquor and prostitution were the most powerful co-adjutors of government. The destruction of the saloon dealt a heavy blow at the exploiters of infamy. Foreshadowed is the time when the great and varied fields of municipal government will be occupied by hosts of young men and women and when our great city executives will be as famous as Herbert Hoover and Owen D. Young for their masterly abilities in government.

THE PERPETUATION OF OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, on January 27, 1837, is a study of the effect of lawlessness and lynching, including burning people alive, that might be delivered to-day; or it may be regarded as a prophecy. It should become a part of the thought and feeling of every American.—*Editor's Note.*

IN the great journal of things happening under the sun we, the American people, find our account running under date of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. We find ourselves in the peaceful possession of the fairest portion of the earth as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed, race of ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land, and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; 'tis ours only to transmit these—the former unprofaned by the foot of an invader, the latter undecayed by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task of gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity, and love for our species in general, all imperatively require us faithfully to perform.

How then shall we perform it? At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? By what means shall we fortify against it? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years.

At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of free men, we must live through all time, or die by suicide.

The Increasing Disregard for Law The Worse Than Savage Mobs

I hope I am over-wary, but if I am not, there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country—the growing disposition to substitute wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community; and that it now exists in ours, though grating to our feelings to admit, it would be a violation of truth and an insult to our intelligence to deny. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times. They have pervaded the country

from New England to Louisiana; they are neither peculiar to the eternal snows of the former nor the burning suns of the latter; they are not the creature of climate, neither are they confined to the slave-holding or the non-slave-holding states. Alike they spring up among the pleasure-hunting masters of Southern slaves, and the order-loving citizens of the land of steady habits. Whatever then their cause may be, it is common to the whole country.

It would be tedious as well as useless to recount the horrors of all of them. Those happening in the State of Mississippi and at St. Louis are perhaps the most dangerous in example and the most revolting to humanity. In the Mississippi case, they first commenced by hanging the regular gamblers—a set of men certainly not following for a livelihood a very useful or honest occupation, but one which, so far from being forbidden by the laws, was actually licensed by an act of the legislature passed but a single year before. Next, negroes suspected of conspiring to raise an insurrection were caught up and hanged in all parts of the state, then, white men supposed to be leagued with the negroes; and finally, strangers from neighboring states, going thither on business, were in many instances subjected to the same fate. Thus went on this process of hanging, from gamblers to negroes, from negroes to white citizens, and from these to strangers, until dead men were seen literally dangling from boughs of trees upon every roadside, and in numbers almost sufficient to rival the native Spanish moss of the country as a drapery of the forest.

Sacrificing a Victim of Mob Fury by Fire

Turn then to that horror-striking scene at St. Louis. A single victim only was sacrificed there. This story is very short, and is perhaps the most highly tragic of anything of its length that has ever been witnessed in real life. A mulatto man by the name of McIntosh was seized in the street, dragged to the suburbs of the city, chained to a tree, and actually burned to death; and all within a single hour from the time he had been a free man attending to his own business, at peace with the world.

Such are the effects of mob law, and such are the scenes becoming more and more frequent in this land so lately famed for love of law and order, and the stories of which have even now grown too familiar to attract anything more than an idle remark.

But you are perhaps ready to ask, "What has this to do with the perpetuation of our political institutions?" I answer, "It has much to do with it." Its direct consequences are, comparatively speaking, but a small evil, and much of its danger consists in the proneness of our minds to regard its direct as its only consequences. Abstractly considered, the hanging of the gamblers at Vicksburg was of but little consequence. They constitute a portion of population that is worse than useless in any community; and their death, if no pernicious example is set by it, is never a matter of reasonable regret with any one. If they were annually swept from the stage of existence by the plague or smallpox, honest men would perhaps be much profited by the operation. Similar, too, is the correct reasoning in regard to the burning of the negro at St. Louis. He had forfeited his life by the perpetration of an outrageous murder upon one of the most worthy and respected citizens of the city, and, had he not died as he did, he must have died by the sentence of the law in a very short time afterward. As to him alone, it was as well the way it was as it could otherwise have been. But the example in either case was fearful. When men take it into their heads to-day to hang gamblers or burn murderers, they should recollect that, in the confusion usually attending such transactions, they will be as likely to hang or burn some one who is neither a gambler nor a murderer as one who is, and that, acting upon the example they set, the mob of to-morrow may, and probably will, hang or burn some of them by the very same mistake.

And not only is this so; the innocent, those who have ever set their faces against violations of law in every shape, alike with the guilty, fall victims to the ravages of mob law; and thus it goes on, step by step, till all the walls erected for the defense of the persons and property of individuals are trodden down and disregarded. But all this,

even, is not the full extent of the evil.

By such examples, by instances of the perpetrators of such acts going unpunished, the lawless in spirit are encouraged to become lawless in practise; and having been used to no restraint but dread of punishment, they thus become absolutely unrestrained. Having ever regarded government as their deadliest bane, they make a jubilee of the suspension of its operations, and pray for nothing so much as its total annihilation. While, on the other hand, good men, men who love tranquillity, who desire to abide by the laws and enjoy their benefits, who would gladly spill their blood in the defense of their country, seeing their property destroyed, their families insulted, and their lives endangered, their persons injured, and seeing nothing in prospect that forebodes a change for the better, become tired of and disgusted with a government that offers them no protection, and are not much averse to a change in which they imagine they have nothing to lose. Thus, then, by the operation of this mobocratic spirit which all must admit is now abroad in the land, the strongest bulwark of governments, and particularly of those constituted like ours, may effectually be broken down and destroyed—I mean the attachment of the people. Whenever this effect shall be produced among us, whenever the vicious portion of population shall be permitted to gather in bands of hundreds and thousands, and burn churches, ravage and rob provision-stores, throw printing-presses into rivers, shoot editors, and hang and burn obnoxious persons at pleasure and with impunity, depend on it, this government cannot last. By such things the feelings of the best citizens will become more or less alienated from it, and thus it will be left without friends, or with too few, and those few too weak to make their friendship effectual. At such a time, and under such circumstances, men of sufficient talent and ambition will not be wanting to seize the opportunity, strike the blow, and overturn that fair fabric which for the last half century has been the fondest hope of the lovers of freedom throughout the world.

I know the American people are much attached to their government; I know they would suffer much for its sake; I know they would endure evils long and patiently before they would ever think of exchanging it for another—yet, notwithstanding all this, if the laws be continually despised and disregarded, if their rights to be secure in their persons and property are held by no better tenure than the caprice of a mob, the alienation of their affections from the government is the natural consequence; and to that sooner or later it must come.

Here, then, is one point at which danger may be expected.

How Shall We Fortify Against Danger of Losing Affection For Government?

The question recurs, "How shall we fortify against it?"

The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, in spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

While ever a state of feeling such as this shall universally or even very generally prevail throughout the nation, vain will be every effort and fruitless every attempt to subvert our national freedom.

When I so pressingly urge a strict

observance of all the laws, let me not be understood as saying there are no bad laws, or that grievances may not arise for the redress of which no legal provisions have been made. I mean to say no such thing. But I do mean to say that although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still, while they continue in force, for the sake of example they should be religiously observed. So also in unprovided cases. If such arise, let proper legal provisions be made for them with the least possible delay, but till then let them, if not intolerable, be borne with.

There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law. In any case that may arise, as, for instance, the promulgation of abolitionism, one of two positions is necessarily true—that is, the thing is right within itself, therefore deserves the protection of all law and all good citizens, or it is wrong, and therefore proper to be prohibited by legal enactments; and in neither case is the interposition of mob law either necessary, justifiable or excusable.

But it may be asked, "Why suppose danger to our political institutions? Have we not preserved them for fifty years? And why may we not for fifty times as long?"

We hope there is no sufficient reason. We hope all danger may be overcome; but to conclude that no danger may ever arise would itself be extremely dangerous. There are now, and will hereafter be, many causes, dangerous in their tendency, which have not existed heretofore, and which are not too insignificant to merit attention. That our government should have been maintained in its original form from its establishment until now is not much to be wondered at. It had many props to support it through that period, which now are decayed and crumbled away. Through that period it was felt by all to be an undecided experiment; now it is understood to be a successful one. Then, all that sought celebrity and fame and distinction expected to find them in the success of that experiment. Their all was staked upon it; their destiny was inseparably linked with it. Their ambition aspired to display before an admiring world a practical demonstration of the truth of a proposition which had hitherto been considered at best no better than problematical—namely, the capability of a people to govern themselves. If they succeeded they were to be immortalized; their names were to be transferred to counties, and cities, and rivers, and mountains; and to be revered and sung, toasted through all time. If they failed, they were to be called knaves, and fools, and fanatics for a fleeting hour; then to sink and be forgotten. They succeeded. The experiment is successful, and thousands have won their deathless names in making it so.

Another reason which once was, but which to the same extent is now no more, has done much in maintaining our institutions thus far. I mean the powerful influence which the interesting scenes of the Revolution had upon the passions of the people as distinguished from their judgment. By this influence the jealousy, envy, and avarice incident to our nature, and so common to a state of peace, prosperity and conscious strength, were for the time in a great measure smothered and rendered inactive, while the deep-rooted principles of hate, the powerful motive of revenge, instead of being turned against each other, were directed exclusively against the British nation. And thus, from the force of circumstances, the basest principles of our nature were either made to lie dormant, or to become the active agents in the advancement of the noblest of causes—that of establishing and maintaining civil and religious liberty.

But this state of feeling must fade, is fading, has faded, with the circumstances that produced it.

I do not mean to say that the scenes of the Revolution are now or ever will be entirely forgotten, but that, like everything else, they must fade upon the memory of the world, and grow more and more dim by the lapse of time. In history, we hope, they will be read of, and recounted, so long as the Bible shall be read; but even granting that they will, their influence cannot be what it heretofore has been. Even then they cannot be so universally known nor so vividly felt as they were by the generation just gone to rest. At the close of that struggle nearly every adult male had been a participator in some of its

scenes. The consequence was that of those scenes, in the form of a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, a living history was to be found in every family—a history bearing the indubitable testimonies of its own authenticity in the limbs mangled, in the scars of wounds received, in the midst of the very scenes related—a history, too, that could be read and understood alike by all, the wise and the ignorant, the learned and the unlearned. But those histories are gone. They can be read no more forever. They were a fortress of strength; but what invading foeman could never do, the silent artillery of time has done—the leveling of its walls. They are gone. They were a forest of giant oaks; but the all-restless hurricane has swept over them, and left only here and there a lonely trunk despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more ruder storms, and then to sink and be no more.

A Reverence for Constitution and Laws

They were pillars of the temple of liberty; and now that they have crumbled away that temple must fall unless we, their descendants, supply their places with other pillars, hewn from the solid quarry of sober reason. Passion has helped us, but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason—cold, calculating reason—must be our future support and defense. Let those materials be molded into general intelligence, sound morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the Constitution and laws; and that we improved to the last, that we remained free to the last, that we revered his name to the last, that during his long sleep we permitted no hostile foot to pass over or desecrate his resting-place, shall be that which to learn the last trumpet shall awaken our Washington.

Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest, as the rock of its basis; and as truly as has been said of the only greater institution, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

RED SAGE

I shall build a gray house upon a rugged hill,
And there the sun and all the winds may have it at their will;
And I shall plant above the spring, for passers-by to see,
Red sage and honeysuckle and a white thorn tree.

Red sage to bring to your blue eyes the warm light that I love;
And honeysuckle for a home that you know nothing of—
The house my father fashioned, and I a wee, wild thing—
And a white thorn in the memory of a long dead spring.

Oh, will you come at morning, or will you come at night?
Or will you come at broad high noon to bring me my delight?
To break my bread and share my cup and then walk out to see
Red sage and honeysuckle and a white thorn tree.

Esther Clark Hill

THE PRINCESS OF YAN

Nu-Nu-Nu!* (And the daisies are piled like a flood!)
We never shall see the Chalcydian Sea
Nor the place where the Yakadil stood,
Nor suspended by silk, and far whiter than milk,
Aladdin's famed egg of the Roc,
But I know where the breeze sighs beneath the pine trees,
Where the Maids of the Yan Princess walk,
With their wide, floating hair, and mysterious air,
And finger on lips as they talk,
With their azure, pale trailing silk robes, and their veiling
As they wonder, and whisper, and talk.

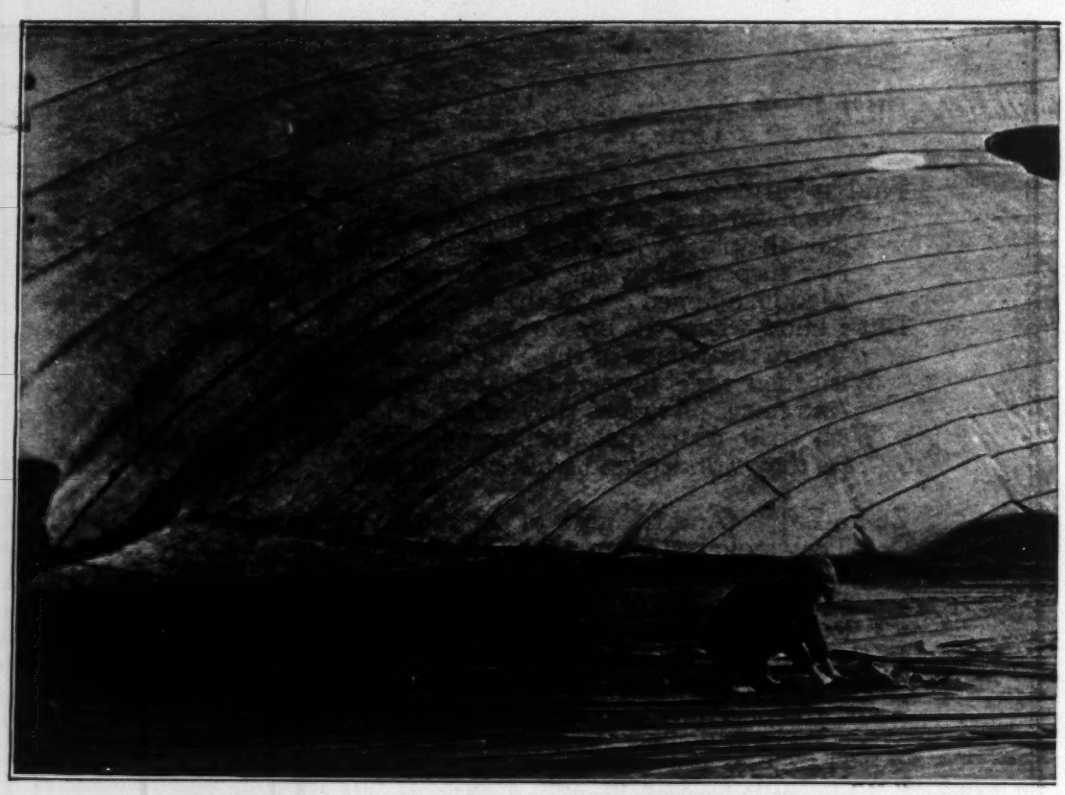
Zo-Zo-Zo!* (And the glow of the sun on the gorse!)
They stole her away at the close of the day
With gongs and enchantments, of course,
While a dragon of old rolled his amber and gold,
Burnt orange, and umbers that gleam
In the marvelous scrolls that the Chinese unrolls
On lacquer and teak—in the gleam
Twixt the dusk and the dark all the people cried,
"Hark!
"They have shut her away in a dream,
"Where waters are falling, and white storks are calling,
"In a brittle, blue, beautiful dream!"

Na-Na-Na!* (And the poppies are bright in the corn)
When the desert is red, and the sun goes to bed
In the piles of the purple clouds torn
By the wings of the Djin, 't is a crime and a sin
To loiter, in camel or man,
Lest the soul's vital spark be extinguished ere dark—
By Allah! you ride as you can.
But the end of your toil through the gray slipping soil
Is more near than the Princess of Yan,
The mirages glimmer no dearer, no dimmer
Than the faraway beauties of Yan!

Tso-Tso-Tso!* (And it's time we were home for our tea!)
And why should we weep for a Princess they keep
In a pearl on a rock in the sea?
Lo! the butterflies' wings with unutterable things
Are dusted; with portents they run,
Golden, freckled with zones, and the red, tawny ones
And the blue, and the black, and the dun
Say, "With barter and pain, you shall never attain,
Turn away and the Princess is won
Where you loiter and play, where you half turn away
At a touch the Yan Princess is won."

Elizabeth MacKinstry

* Chinese music sounds; to be said through the nose.



The interior of a partially inflated

LEVIATHANS OF THE SKIES

By LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CLIFFORD A. TINKER

Formerly of the Bureau of Aeronautics U. S. Navy

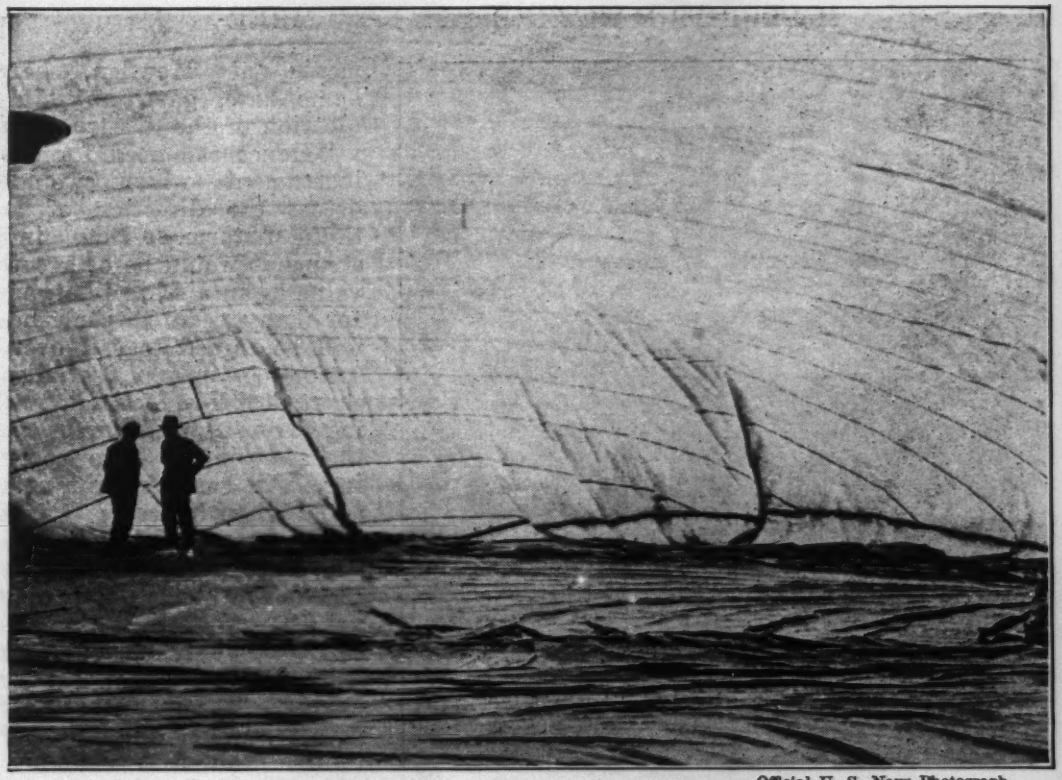
WHILE speeding through the dusk of approaching morning, over the low hills of Ohio, on September third, the rigid airship Shenandoah, a Leviathan of the skies, dashed against an uncharted "air rock." It fell, a shattered wreck, to the fields below.

Her commander, Zachary Lansdowne, and thirteen members of his crew were killed.

This news in huge newspaper headlines spread doubt and skepticism as to the worth of rigid airships for any useful purpose. It has led to contemplated abandonment of the nation's rigid airship program by discouraged but otherwise well-meaning officials. This attitude on the part of our government and the people at large is un-American, unjust to those who have devoted years to the development of these ships, and cruel to the memory of Lansdowne and those of his crew who gave their lives for the advancement of this branch of aeronautical science.

It is no more logical to talk of abandonment of the rigid airship program for this nation because the Shenandoah crashed by running into a storm without warning, than to have abandoned the building of ocean liners because the Titanic, a supposedly-unsinkable ship, went to the bottom with frightful loss when she rammed an uncharted and isolated iceberg.

The sensible thing to do is to chart the areas and tracks of local storms such as that which wrecked the Shenandoah, and to develop a weather broad-



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

helium gas cell on the Shenandoah.

casting service of hourly frequency, to warn airship pilots of impending trouble. The nations of the earth have combined to chart drifting icebergs and patrol waters in which bergs are found, as an international aid to navigators on steamships whose routes pass through or near the infested areas.

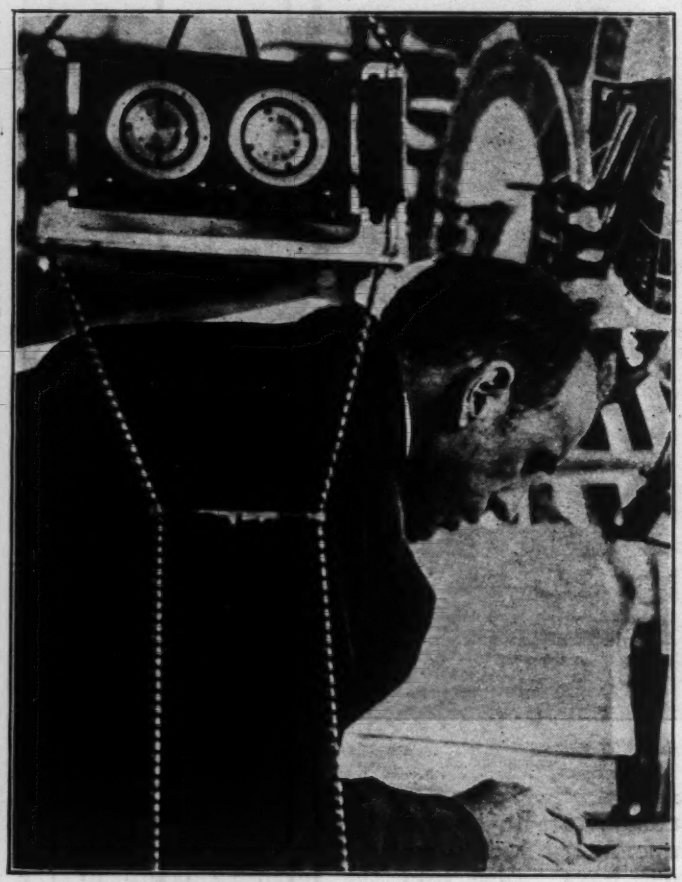
It took the loss of the Titanic to focus attention on the absolute need for iceberg patrols. It is too bad that general indifference required the sacrifice of the Shenandoah and fourteen members of her brave crew to rivet attention on the need of charting and reporting local storms of unusual intensity, as a safeguard against the only real danger to air navigation in rigid airships.

Ever since rigid airships have been in existence, it has been known that electric storms and local tornadoes with high wind velocities are the bane of their operation. Commander Lansdowne consistently called attention to this fact, and only a few days before he started on the fateful trip he told the writer that "something would have to be done" in this direction before it would be really safe for airships to venture into the territory south of the Great Lakes between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi.

"Look here, Tinker," he said. "Electric storms are the airship's greatest danger. There is not much danger from lightning, as, on at least two occasions, German airships have been struck without causing material damage. The chief dangers from electrical storms lie in the serious bumps and eddies that accompany them; these can be extremely violent and seriously stress the structure of the airship."

I asked him what measures could be taken to overcome the dangers. I had in mind other conversations which we had had, while we were on duty together in the Bureau of Aeronautics at the Navy Department. His experience entitles his answer to the most complete acceptance on the part of our Government, as it states the requirements for safe air navigation of the future, in any type of aircraft.

"Electric storms," he replied, "are



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

Captain Zachary Lansdowne, one of the victims of the Shenandoah disaster, in the control cabin of the ill-fated airship.

ments at Howden, her home base, gave any indication of the disturbance.

"Hence the need for an instrument which would detect the direction of a thunder-storm. This instrument would be of great value to an airship pilot, as for many years to come he will be forced to sail over regions only partially charted. The fact of knowing from which direction the atmospherics are coming will enable him to avoid disturbances."

It is common knowledge that the safeguards which Lansdowne pointed out are not in existence, although efforts have been made to secure funds to make them possible. These efforts have been unavailing, even though the best example of their effectiveness is shown by the perfect schedule and perfect safety maintained in the operation of the air mail over a narrow air line between New York and San Francisco. Nation-wide air navigation in any type of aircraft can never be attained until such facilities are generally available. In fact, we have been putting the cart before the horse in this country by developing high-grade types of aircraft and neglecting the essentials required to use them.

One of the first duties of our Government is to provide navigational safeguards for aircraft in flight, just as we have built up enormous organizations to safeguard ships that navigate the seas.

Much has appeared in the press in criticism of the ill-fated flight of the Shenandoah. It has been truthfully called "a publicity trip." Lansdowne so understood it. And he was one of the officers of the Navy most enthusiastic for this very kind of voyage. He knew the necessity of creating public interest in rigid airships and, during the eight years while I was associated with him, he constantly ap-

generally confined to certain areas and certain months of the year. Experience has shown that an electric or thunder-storm follows a very definite track, and that there are many places where a thunder-storm is unknown. It may pass within a few miles, but never directly over that spot. It should therefore be possible to chart the disturbed areas and tracks of storms, showing the areas immune from storms. If such a chart were available and reasonable warnings given, it would be extremely bad pilotage for a captain of an airship to allow his ship to be overtaken by a thunder-storm.

"There is little doubt that very violent thunder or electric storms take place at high altitudes, when there is no sign of a storm on the ground. The R-33—an English ship—recently encountered such a storm and neither the wireless nor the meteorological instru-

pealed to me to assist in educating the public to the necessity of developing rigid airships as a factor in the national defense and as a necessity in long distance air traffic. He had a more specific reason, almost spiritual in its significance, in wishing to see a fleet of rigid airships built and operated in this country.

When the ZR-2 was lost in England, August 24, 1921, forty-four men were killed. Among them were Commander Louis H. Maxfield, who headed the American contingent in England at the time, and fifteen others of our naval air men. Lansdowne said to me, on my return from England with the bodies of these men, that the only monument this nation could erect, which would in any measure be a fit memorial to them, would be to build and fly rigid airships. Since that time, until he himself laid down his life, Landsdowne concentrated every effort toward this goal.

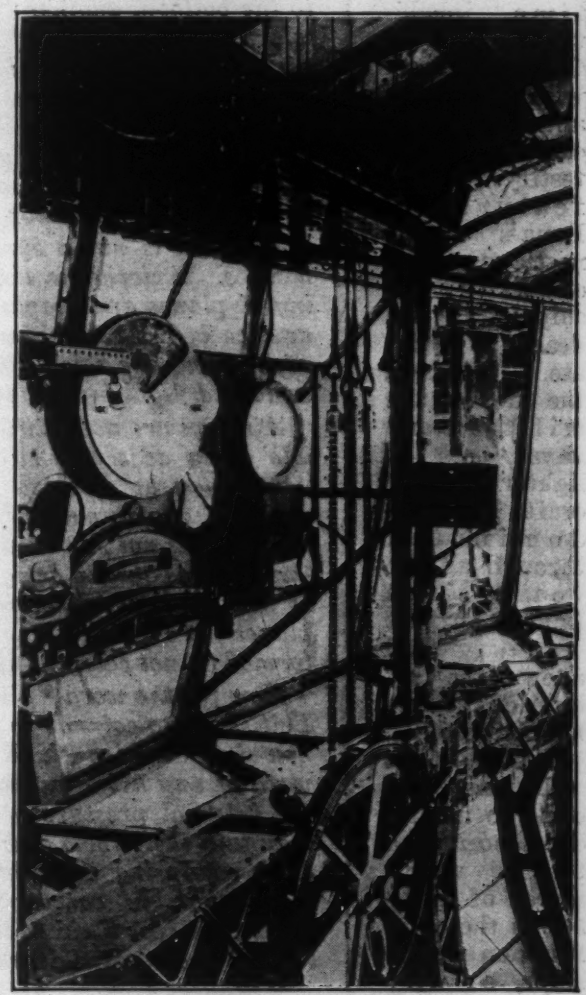
He had no fear or compunctions in undertaking this last trip. But he naturally felt the anxiety which goes with responsibility, particularly in pioneering fields. In his mind the trip was a legitimate function of naval aviation.

The airship idea goes back to the latter part of the Middle Ages. An Italian Jesuit priest, Francesco de Lana-Terzi, first proposed an airship or aerostat in 1670. At least his was the first exposition of the modern conception of lighter than air flight.

Lana designed, or described, a boat-shaped car which was to be lifted into the air through the ascensive power of four large balls of thin copper from which the air was to be wholly extracted and which, as Lana computed, weighing less than the surrounding air they displaced, would therefore float in it. His treatise, published in the *Prodromo,* a famous near-magazine of the time, caused widespread discussion among the scholars of the period and of succeeding centuries. The impossibility of ever constructing globes of sufficient size, lightness, and strength was readily demonstrated by these scholars, and thus the "flying boat" survived only as the original but impractical notion of air navigation utilizing the aerostatic or lighter-than-air principle.

While centuries ahead of his time in the development of practicable flight in airships, Lana was no mean prophet with respect to their use in war.

"For who sees not that no city can be secure against attack, since at any time our ship may be placed directly over it, and descending down may discharge soldiers; the same would happen to private houses and ships on the sea; for our ship descending out of the air to the sails of sea-ships. . . . it may over-set them, kill their men, burn their ships by artificial fireworks and fire balls. And this they may do



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

The control cabin of the Shenandoah which was torn loose from the hull by an Ohio thunderstorm.

not only to ships but to great buildings, castles, cities, with such security that they which cast these things down from a height out of gun-shot, cannot on the other side be offended by those below."

That this is something more than ancient or medieval flapdoodle the wartime inhabitants of Paris, Calais, Harwich, Ipswich and London can sorrowfully testify. This feature of Lana's prognostication concerning airships was too deadly accurate. Howbeit, the idea of the military and naval uses of lighter-than-air craft has predominated through all the years since Lana's day; it was suggested anew at the very birth of the free balloon in 1783.

Here it is well that we come to an understanding. In the forward march of civilization the chief function of airships, or any other type of aircraft, is by all odds commercial, peaceable, not destructive. If the opposite were true, it would have been ten thousand times better for mankind had human flight remained in the most mysterious and obscure realm of dreamland.

Let us get at the root of the whole matter. It is a commercial axiom that time, not distance, is the unit of life; that the distance between any two countries should really be expressed by the time of transport from one to the other. This being the case, agencies of transportation which possess the ability to move at relatively high speeds become the important vehicles of commerce and communication. Now it so happens that present surface methods of transportation have about reached their limit of speed for safe and economic operation. This is true of the steamship, the track-bound train, and the more nomadic

Human flight has brought forth much word-coinage, adding a few thousand new terms to the English Dictionary.

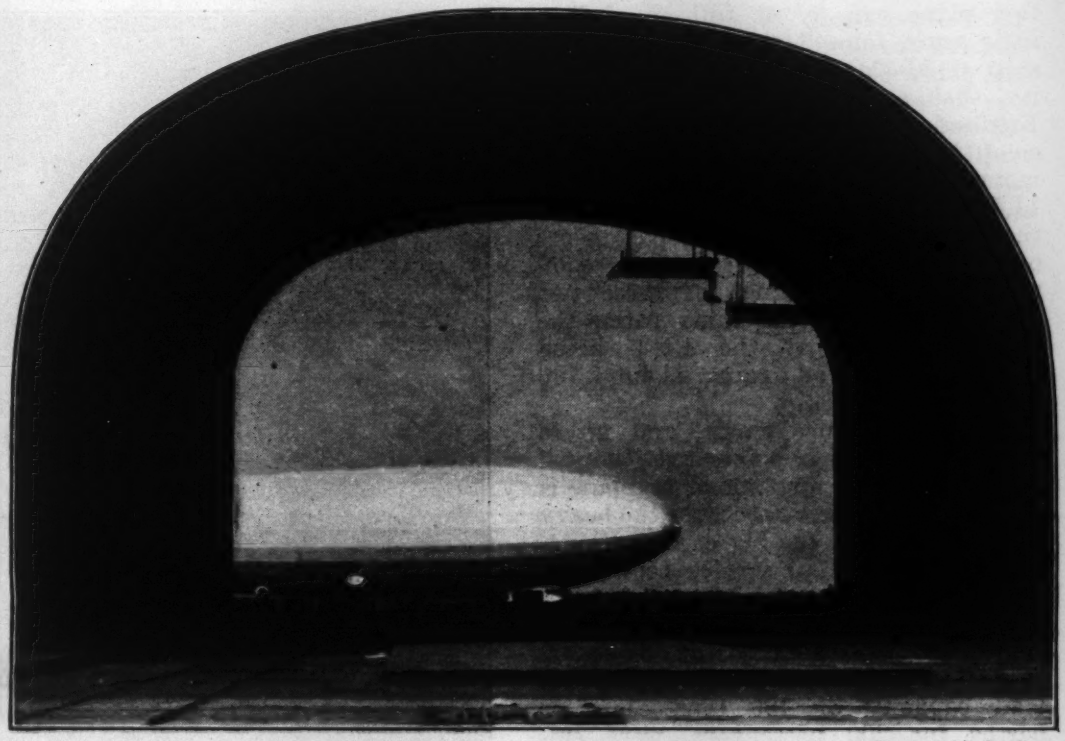
Strictly speaking, aviation has nothing to do with airships. Aviation is the art of operating heavier-than-air craft, airplanes and seaplanes. The art of operating lighter-than-air craft is called aerostation, pronounced air-o-stâch'un. All types of lighter-than-air craft are aerostats, aircraft whose support is chiefly due to buoyancy, the interior being occupied in the main by one or more bags or gas cells filled with a gas lighter than the surrounding air. An airship is an aerostat provided with a propelling system, and with means of direction of motion. This is in contrast to the balloon, another type of aerostat, which has no means of controlling the direction of flight in a horizontal plane. An airship in flight with its engines stopped loses the power of horizonal control and itself becomes a balloon. This is the reason for balloon training for any would-be navigator of the air.

Aviation is not a synonym for aeronautics. Aviation is the art of operating airplanes and seaplanes, while aeronautics is the all-embracing word comprehending the science and art of self-sustained flight by any and every means.

Airships are not "dirigibles." Dirigible is an adjective meaning anything "that may be directed or controlled," such as an automobile or steamship. The word is not sufficiently specific to be employed as a noun designating airships. If its use as an adjective is correct, airplanes are dirigibles. The well-informed do not call airships "dirigibles."

Now for the word "blimp." This is a British slang-coinage to designate small non-rigid airships which have no framework of any kind, but which depend on the internal pressure of gas and air to maintain their form and thus keep them from collapsing in flight. They are so small that, in comparison with large rigid airships, their radius of action is limited to a marked degree.

"Blimp" no more fits the Shenandoah or the Los Angeles than "steam launch" would fit the Leviathan or the Majestic.



General Photographic Service

The Los Angeles about to enter her Lakehurst home.

automobile. Aircraft alone have the ability to make greater speeds than the agencies named and still comply with the demands of economy and safety.

Among aircraft, rigid airships are the type best suited to long-distance transport. It is not too much to say that they are in a class by themselves as swift ships for extended over-water voyages. Consider the Los Angeles; crossing the Atlantic, from Germany to the United States, she made her 5,060-mile trip in 4,877 minutes. Any vehicle that can maintain continuous speed at more than a mile a minute through long periods of time has a positive and enduring place in the economic life of the world.

A mile a minute may not seem fast for an airship, yet if the flight is continuous from starting point to destination over a long route, such a speed counts tremendously. The fastest transcontinental train, leaving New York at 5:30 P. M. on Saturday, provided connections are made at Chicago, arrives at San Francisco at 5:10 P. M. on the following Wednesday. An airship, say the Los Angeles, leaving New York at the same hour as the train, will be in San Francisco at 5:00 A. M. on Monday. Three business days saved.

That the writer is reopening an old quarrel between the proponents of airships and those of the airplane is herewith categorically denied. To those who know, there is no controversy. Aeronautic experts the world over admit that airplanes and airships have their own spheres of usefulness, that those spheres do not conflict, but that the two types of aircraft are supplementary and complementary to each other in the field of transportation. Once and for all, they are not rivals struggling for supremacy. For commercial traffic, at least, it can be plainly shown that the two should develop alongside each other, the one assisting the other.

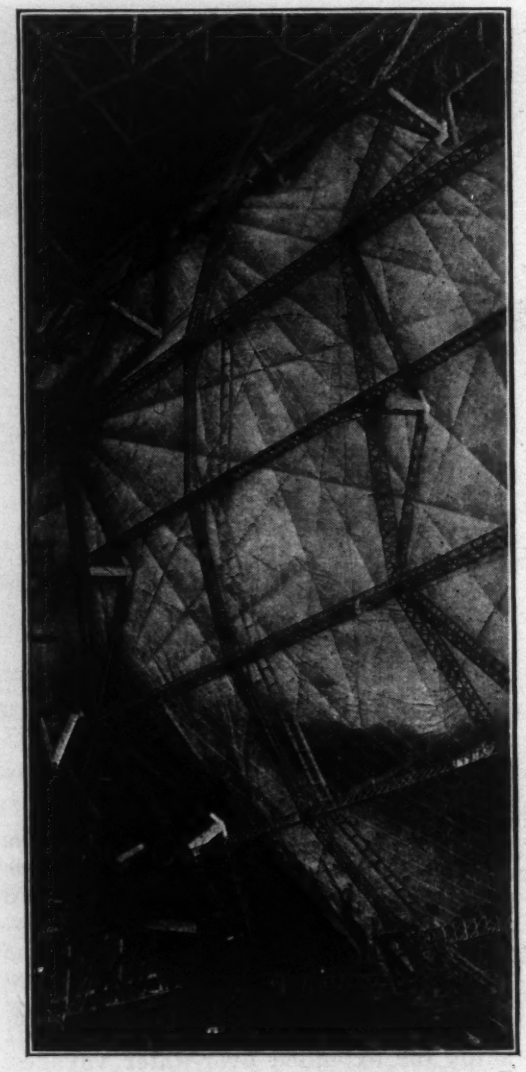
For purposes of comparison between the relative cruising ranges of the two types of craft, we will take the maximum range of the PN-9, the last word in aviation, the seaplane chosen for the San Francisco-Hawaii flight. Assuming that all disposable lift, or load capacity, is given over to fuel, except that required by the crew and their rations, we find that the limit of distance which

this plane can fly at full speed is a little more than 2,000 miles. An airship of 5,000,000 cubic feet gas capacity, such as those now being built in England, if operated under the same conditions as the PN-9, would have a maximum full-speed range of about 11,500 miles—nearly six times that of the seaplane. Again, with passengers or cargo replacing excess fuel, the commercial economic range of these two craft bear about the same ratio, the economic range of the PN-9 being about 500 miles as against about 2,700 miles for the airship.

In short-distance traffic, and up to about 1,000 miles in one or two "hops," in most cases the airplane or seaplane is the best type. This is because the heavy base charges and the big capital investment in an airship service requires a very large amount of high-paying business before showing a profit on a short route. If two airships of 5,000,000 cubic feet gas capacity, giving a useful load capacity of 150 tons each, or berths for 200 passengers, were employed on a 600-mile route, they would need to carry 1,080 passengers each way per week at $25.00 a head to show a profit of four per cent. on the investment. Smaller airships might be used, but unless the flight-route were over the sea, or over terrain requiring always a non-stop flight, an airplane or seaplane service would certainly be a safer economic undertaking.

Hence, for long-distance work, particularly where relatively large loads are available, the airship is the answer; whereas, for short-distance services, the airplane is the more efficient. The two types will thus work in cooperation; airships will bear the burden of long flights, airplanes will operate from the main airship terminals as feeders for the rigids and as the chief stand-by for short radiating lines.

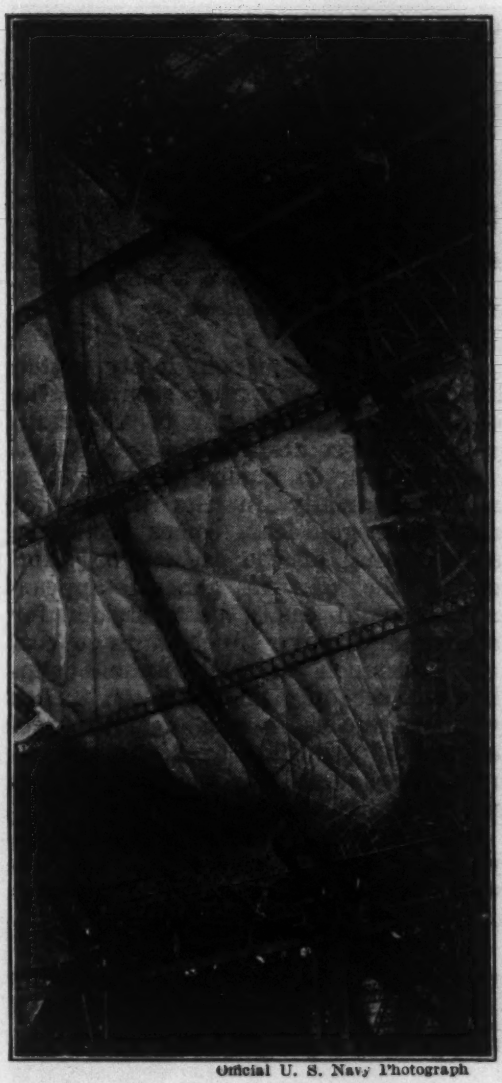
Accordingly, for commercial purposes, large rigid airship stations should be established at distances of 2,000 to 3,000 miles apart, mainly for trans-oceanic traffic; the airplane being used for bringing passengers and merchandise to these stations from neighboring territory. A continental airship service, for example, might run from New York to Lisbon, passengers and mail being taken to and from Lisbon to



A gas cell placed in

Paris, Rome, and other centers by airplane. In this way the airplane, on a speed basis, competes with the train, and the airship with the steamship. Together the aircraft would have the important advantage of reducing the present average time of transit by at least 50 per cent.

A man traveling by steamship from London to Bombay, a journey of sixteen days, is content to take another day or two to reach his final destination in India. But if the trip to Bombay were made in four and one-half to five days by airship, two days in the hot, bumpy trains of India would seem a lifetime. The passenger would demand, and use, the faster airplane transport



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

the Shenandoah's hull.

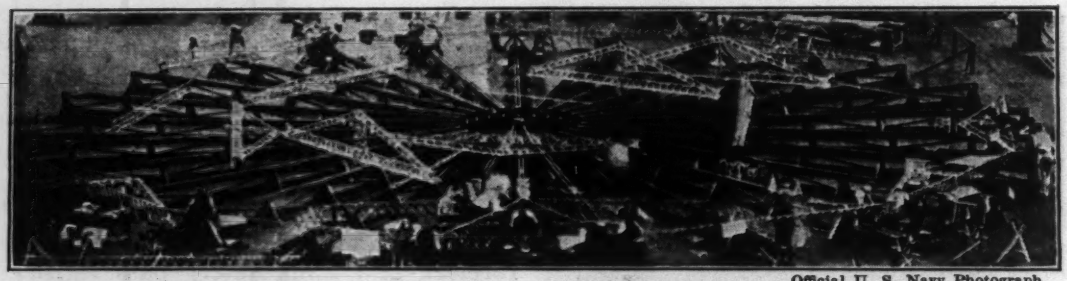
between Bombay and his destination. This human trait brings us to the conclusion that the quickest way to secure the nearly universal employment of the airplane as a means of transportation is to establish at the earliest possible moment a number of rigid airship lines, both transoceanic and transcontinental. The resultant scramble for the business of feeder traffic would give an unprecedented impetus to the aircraft industry; airplanes would be built and operated by the thousands instead of the hundreds now in itinerant service.

In the establishment of transoceanic airship lines between the United States and foreign countries, especially European states, where tremendous airship projects are under consideration or actually under way, as in Great Britain, we have an economic problem which has a basic bearing on the future of our airship industry, inaugurated by the building of the Shenandoah. Unless we wish to surrender our industry to the heavily-subsidized airship concerns of Europe, we must take time by the forelock and immediately pass legislation favorable to American-built and American-operated airships. We, as a people, are continually up in arms against direct subsidies; not so abroad. Our labor is much better paid than European labor. The combination of cheap labor and big operating subsidies would give the European airship companies a handicap over our concerns which would effectually keep us out of business. We need some kind of law, now, which might be in the form of an indirect subsidy or preferential tariff on airship traffic.

The Shenandoah, the premier American-built rigid airship, was sufficiently typical of all such craft to serve as an example *par excellence* of the airship-building industry at its best. The Shenandoah was designed and built by the Navy as an experiment in a type of aircraft intended, primarily, for long-distance reconnaissance at sea. Her construction began an epoch in the industrial field in this hemisphere. It brought about the development of many subsidiary processes of manufacture, for the principal materials of which she was built had to be prepared for the first time in America.

Suppose you were to take the aluminum dish-pan from your kitchen, melt it down, add approximately four per cent. copper, a pinch of magnesium, another pinch of manganese, and one-half pinch of silicon and let the mixture cool. You would then have the alloy of aluminum called duralumin, which, properly heat-treated, has the strength of mild steel with only about one-third of its weight. It is this metal that has made the building of rigid airships possible. Its manufacture is a brand new industry in this country.

If we had been able to "skin" the Shenandoah, to rip off the silvery outer cover which, under the rays of the sun, or swept by moombeams, gives that airy, ethereal appearance to rigid air-



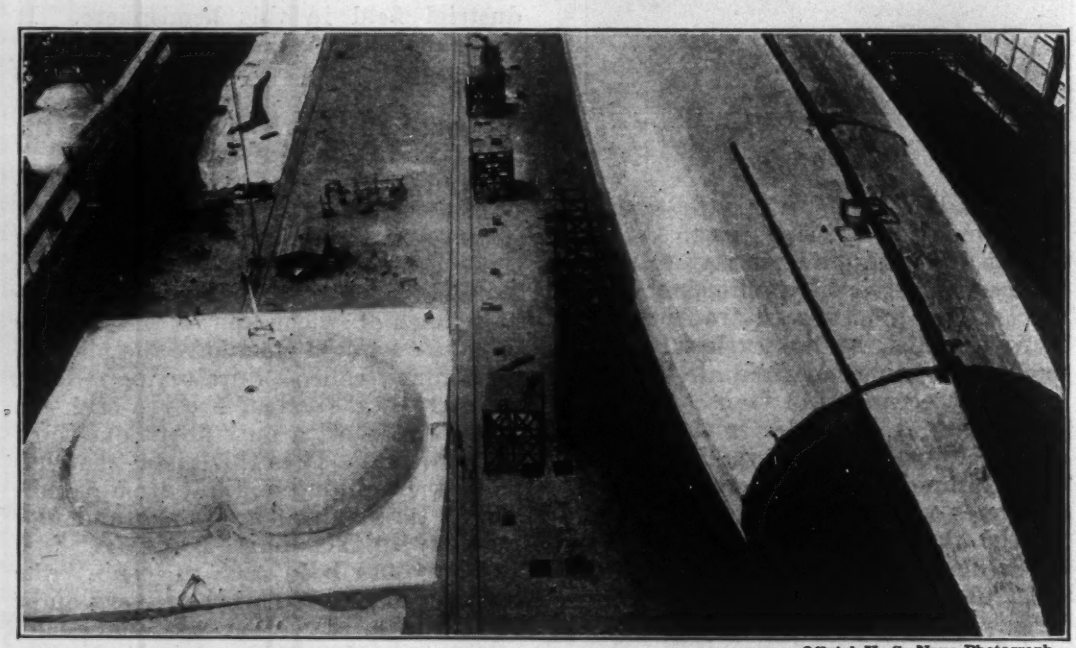
Official U. S. Navy Photograph

The assembling of the thwartship framework of the Shenandoah.

ships in flight, we would have found her hull structure to be a framework of duralumin latticed girders. At first sight the framework would look like a huge pile of radio masts heaped up without rime or reason. Far from it; the whole thing is most orderly and simple, the girders running fore-and-aft and athwartships, with high-tensile steel wire for diagonal bracing. This framework of the Shenandoah, 680 feet long by 78.7 feet in diameter, was an engineering and structural triumph, and gave rigidity to the hull, which was divided by the cross-wiring into twenty compartments. Each of them contained a gas cell made of cotton cloth lined with goldbeater's skin. To manufacture these gas cells, each as large as an ordinary balloon, another entirely new art was developed in America.

The cells were of single-ply cotton cloth made gas-tight by securing the goldbeater's skin directly to the cloth by a rubber-solution adhesive. Goldbeater's skin, so named because it is used industrially in the process of hammering gold-leaf, comes from the outer coating of the caecum or blind gut of the ox. In general appearance it could easily be mistaken for an ordinary dairy lunch sausage casing. Inasmuch as each animal supplies a piece only about fifteen inches by thirty inches in size, nearly three-quarters of a million oxen contributed the skins required for the original gas cells of the Shenandoah.

Experiments now being carried on by the Navy, if successful, will do away with the necessity of using goldbeater's skin in these cells, with



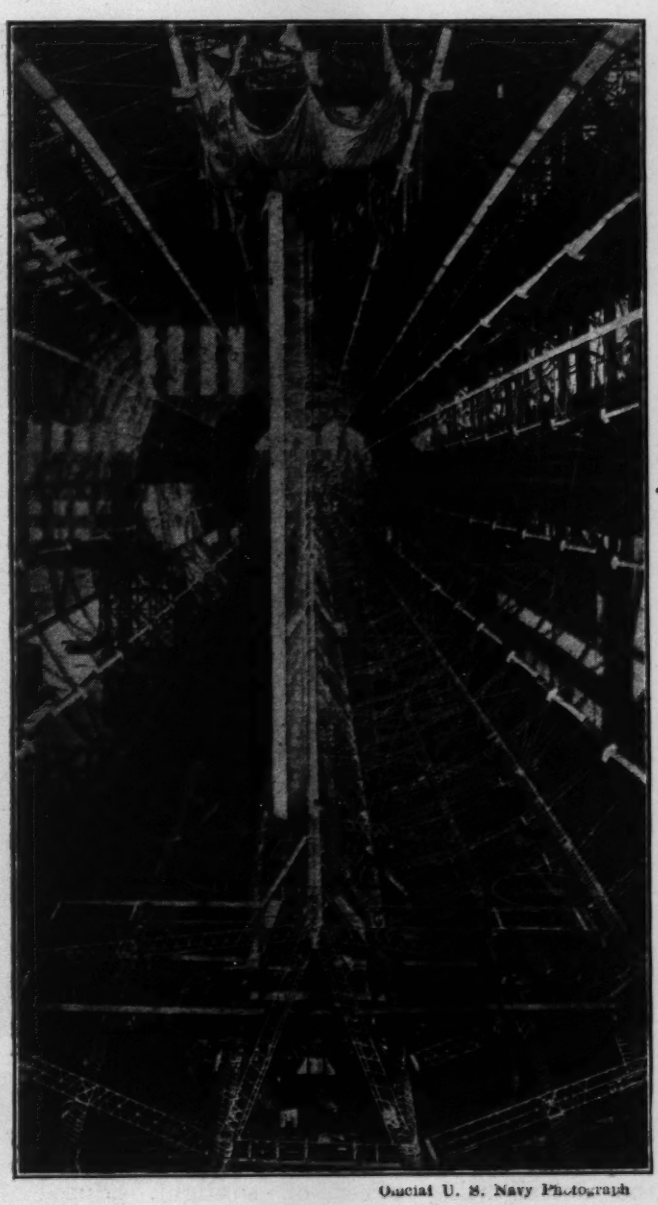
Official U. S. Navy Photograph

Lacing the cotton outer cover on the Shenandoah.

a consequent strengthening of the cell fabric and a material reduction in cost.

The Shenandoah's twenty gas cells were inflated with helium, the only lifting gas used in American rigid airships. When completely inflated, the displacement of these cells was 2,150,000 cubic feet, or about the same as the water displacement of the Leviathan, bulk for bulk. This gave a gross lift, when near sea level, of 126,000 pounds—63 short tons.

Along the bottom of the interior of the Shenandoah's hull was a corridor or keel, shaped like a huge inverted "V," about ten feet high by twelve feet wide amidships, but tapering somewhat toward the bow and stern. From end to end, through the center of this corridor was a narrow walkway, about ten inches wide, facetiously dubbed the "catwalk." The catwalk may be considered the "deck" of the ship, for it was along this walkway that the crew passed fore and aft when the Shenandoah was in flight. On either side ran fore-and-aft girders from which were suspended the gasoline tanks, the ballast bags, filled with water, and the hammocks for the crew.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

The triangular keel and hull structure of the Shenandoah

Directional control, horizontal and vertical, was secured by four fins and rudders near the stern. From a little distance these fins appeared to be flat, thin surfaces; in reality they were huge affairs, triangular in section and of such size that an ample walkway was placed in the lower fin, while men could climb with ease in all the others.

The metal framework of the hull, the fins and rudders as well, had a nearly drum-tight covering of cotton cloth, to give a smooth exterior along which the air might flow with minimum friction. The proper tension of this outer cover was obtained by shrinking with "dope" after it was laced to the girders. The silvery appearance of the airship was due to aluminum powder mixed in the "dope" to provide a surface which reflected the sun's rays and at the same time acted as a light-stopper. The passage of sunlight into the interior of the ship was further prevented by black pigment applied to the inner surface of the cover. These precautions against the sunlight were essential to avoid the heating of the helium gas, with a consequent expansion and loss through the automatic

U. S. Navy, Courtesy of P. & A. Photos.

The Shenandoah and her mooring mast.

escape valves in the top of the cells, and to protect the cells themselves against the deteriorating effect of sunlight. The "dope" had another function, it made the outer cover waterproof.

To drive the Shenandoah through the air required a propelling plant of five engines, each with six cylinders in line and capable of developing three hundred horse-power. Ordinarily they were operated at less than half-power to maintain standard cruising speed. The engines were contained in five separate cars distributed along the under side of the hull.

The control car was attached to the forward part of the ship. Six or eight men found room in it to navigate her; in fact, in was comparable to the navigating bridge, pilot house and chart room of a surface vessel.

While the design of the Shenandoah was based mainly on that of the German Rigid L-49, brought down intact in France in the autumn of 1917, some changes were made from the prototype. For instance, the weight and strength of the framework was increased to give a greater factor of safety and permit mooring from the bow to a mast. The power was increased too, and special apparatus installed, but these changes and the use of helium gas, not so efficient a lifting gas as inflammable hydrogen, involved a loss of load capacity and altitude obtainable compared to the L-49. In spite of the reduced lift incurred by the use of helium and the increased weight, the Shenandoah could carry sufficient gasoline to maintain her full speed of about 63 miles an hour for 25 hours, or a cruising speed of 50 miles an hour for 60 hours.

Airships are truly naval ships. The Germans, pressed for time during their greatest activity in building and commissioning rigids during the World War, turned to skilled submarine officers for their airship commanders, navigators and engineers. The methods employed in trimming and operating undersea boats are so nearly related to operating airships that those officers

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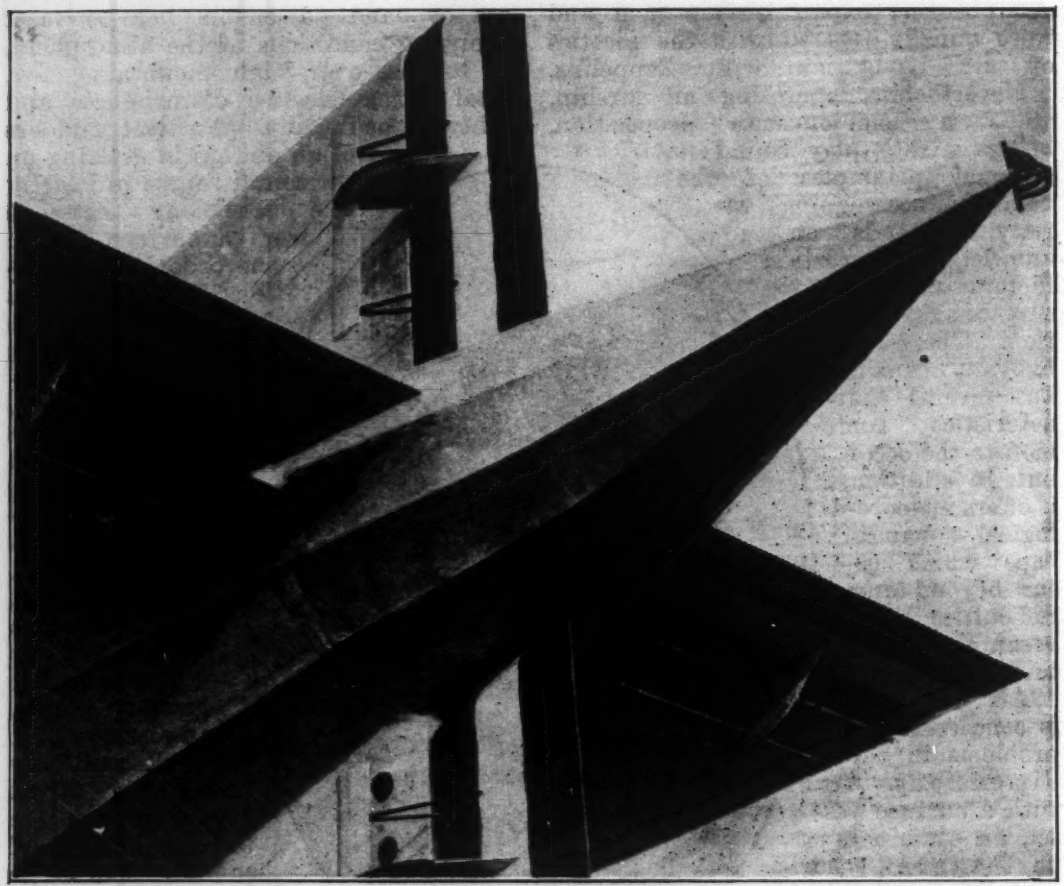
soon became expert airship men and were quickly trusted with the niceties of air navigation with Zeppelins.

Nevertheless, operating an airship, while a common-sense proposition, bringing into play sound navigational principles of the common ocean-going variety, depends on a knowledge of certain factors unknown to surface-ship navigation. The air as a buoyant medium has several characteristics common to the ocean, but, in addition, it offers meteorological handicaps which go far beyond any difficulties that ocean traffic has to deal with.

Air navigation is concerned with problems in three dimensions. As with a surface vessel, an airship must be steered horizontally to cover the shortest course possible from port to port. Further, she must be navigated at varying heights above the sea or land to enable her to meet changing conditions of the atmosphere, or to pass over high mountains, fog, local storms, electric disturbances and other impediments. Vertical rudders control an airship in steering on a horizontal course in exactly the same way that one steers a surface vessel; same orders, same motions and all. But when it comes to height steering we have something entirely different. The airship rises on an even keel by discharging ballast, and descends by discharging gas. She can be kept on a level course or inclined up or down by her elevator planes, and so may climb or descend by using the thrust of the air on the top or bottom of her hull. The range of the latter method of vertical operation is limited; the laws of gases—the Principles of Archimedes, and the Laws of

Official U. S. Navy Photographs

The Shenandoah swinging at the mooring mast of the Patoka, the only ship of its kind in the world. Above—Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics (left) and the late Captain Lansdowne, commander of the Shenandoah, in a boatswain's basket, being lifted to the Shenandoah



Official U. S. Navy Photographs

The horizontal and vertical control fins and rudders of the Shenandoah.

Boyle and Charles, old stuff but not to be denied—soon get in their work and make the action of the elevator planes neutral, then out goes gas or water as the case may be.

It will be seen that rigid airships require two coxswains, one who operates the rudder wheel and holds the ship on the designated compass course, another who keeps the ship at the proper altitude by operating the elevator planes and by regulating the discharge of gas and ballast. These positions require skill and experience, if nothing more.

Navigators on surface vessels are supplied with standard data for nearly all their calculations. It is a matter of mere routine to prick off on the charts the speed of the ship and the direction of the various ocean currents which affect it, the first always known, the second nearly always constant in given areas, and generally not very strong. Even dead-reckoning, where sun, moon and stars are obscured from observation for long periods and the reading of the patent log and soundings are the main reliance, comes within close enough limits for all practical purposes in the open sea; add to this the accurate recording of speed through standardization of the ship's propellers plus astronomical observations, nearly always obtainable, and surface-ship navigation becomes one of the simple arts. This is not true of airship navigation. An airship's course and distance made good over the ground or water is the resultant of her own speed and direction, and the speed and direction of the air current in which she is carried along. Often these air currents attain tremendous velocities.

Here it is well to point out that, while steady winds of high velocity affect the ability of airships to maintain their scheduled course and speed over the land or water, they do not endanger

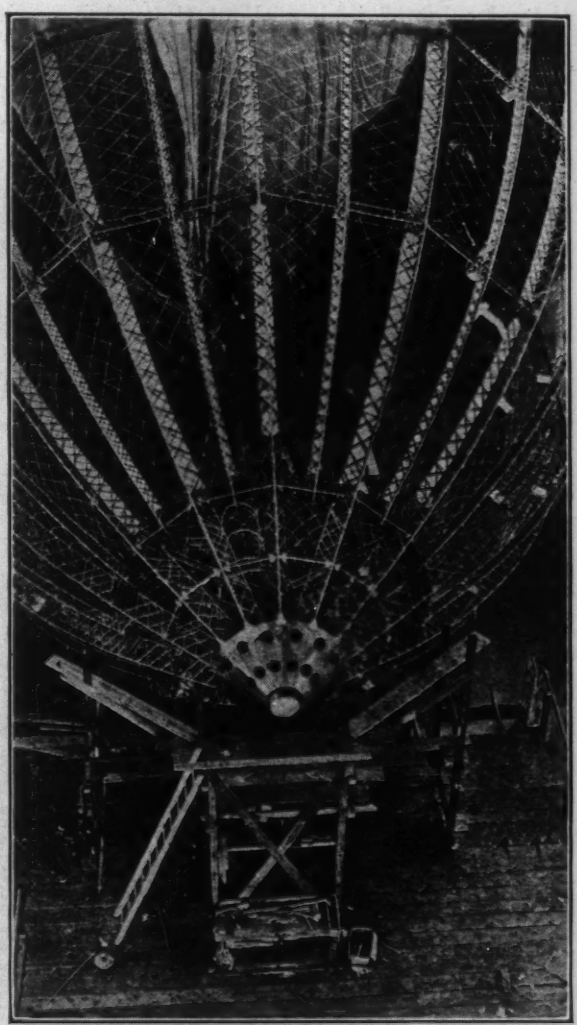
the ship itself. As a matter of fact, and strange as it may seem to seamen, airships handle somewhat better in a strong wind than in a calm. In the old sailing days, a calm was dreaded, and a vessel without steerage-way was helpless, conditions well understood by airship personnel. It may be said that airships in flight are comparable to submarines when totally submerged; both being in their natural element under the most propitious circumstances to utilize the salient features of their design.

One night in January, 1924, while the Shenandoah was riding at her mooring mast at the Naval Airship Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and carrying out tests for behavior of airships at masts in a storm, a prearranged affair, old man Boreas decided to complicate matters by piling wind upon wind. High winds had been predicted by the Weather Bureau and the Station Aerologist, but it was not known what maximum wind velocity would be experienced. Thus the ship was held at the mast until something happened which added a new chapter to airship lore.

A shrieking fifty-mile wind was tearing across the big field. Mighty gusts from all points of the compass swept in whirlwinds and eddies, at times reaching a velocity of seventy miles an hour, strong enough to rip shingles off a roof. An unusually heavy gust tore off the upper vertical stabilizing fin, with its rudder, at the stern of the ship, just as in the days of square-riggers sails were blown from their bolt ropes in a gale. The effect of this loss on the Shenandoah, augmented by the flapping and pounding of the torn outer cover let loose by the collapsing fin, was to cause her to yaw and swing about, bringing heavy and unusual strains on her mooring gear.

Faster and fiercer blew the gale; stronger and wilder came the gusts. A mighty heave in the darkness and the ship was torn from the mast. Her mooring spindle with her queer conical nose cap were left hanging to the mast; the giant girders at the bow had broken, tearing and ripping the two forward gas cells, letting out the helium and slitting and slashing the outer cover, in one place for a distance of 50 feet from the nose. Here was a huge 680-foot ship adrift in a terrific gale with half of her rudder gone and her whole bow a gaping hole. Think of a surface-ship under such conditions; what chance of reaching port?

On breaking loose, the ship began to fall, due to the loss of helium from the two torn bags and to the sheet of water on her top from the heavy downpour of rain. Water ballast was dropped, her engines were started, and even keel was maintained by moving the crew back and forth along the catwalk. Still heavy, three full gasoline tanks were



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

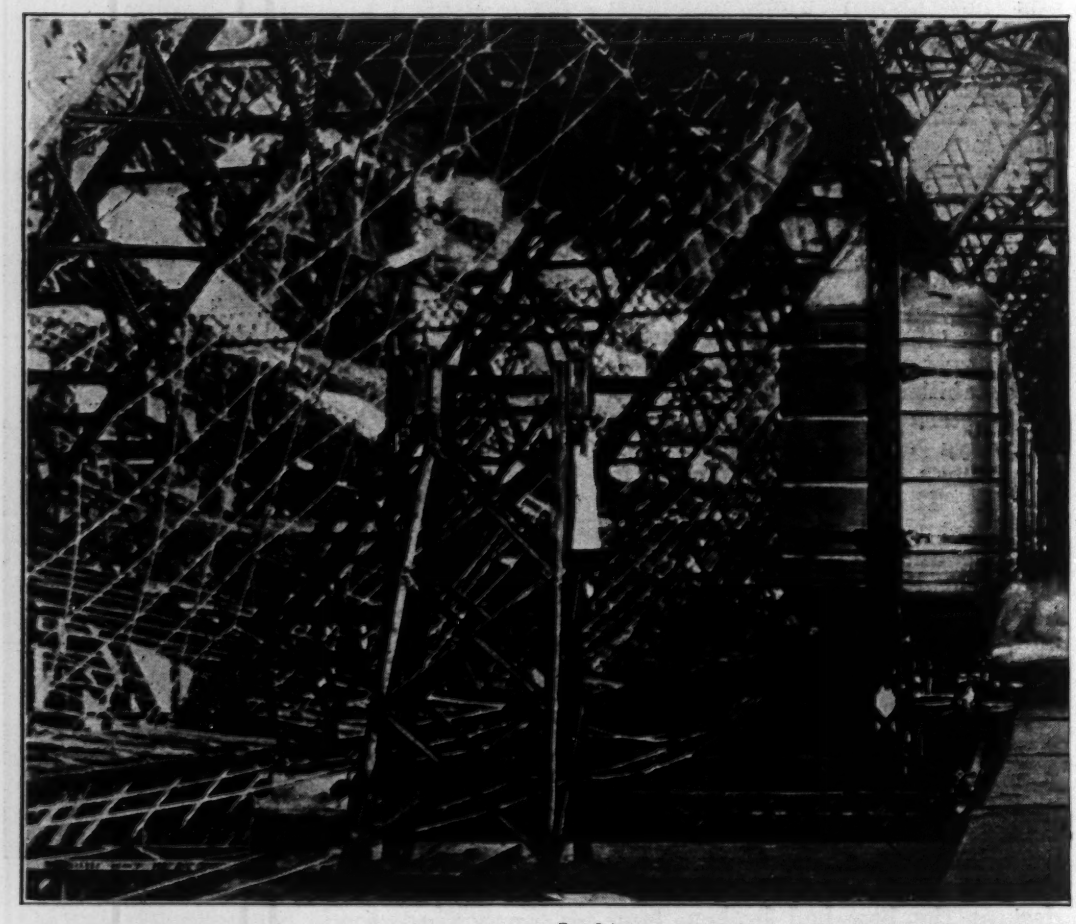
The bow framework of the Shenandoah, showing the reenforcement to support the bow cap.

dropped with some excess supplies, making the ship light enough to remove all danger of loss of altitude. And with all engines running at cruising speed, the ship was kept headed into the wind, and was blown astern to the northward across New Jersey and over New York. As the gale abated she was headed for Lakehurst; at 3:00 A. M. she was landed on the field and was walked into her hangar. She had weathered a storm of great intensity, although in a seriously damaged condition. During this runaway flight of the Shenandoah, a long list of shipping was lost at sea off the New Jersey coast, sent to the bottom by the tremendous wind and pounding waves.

Since the loss of the Shenandoah I've heard a lot of jabber about the vulnerability of airships. All right, let's adopt "Safety First" as a slogan for every kind of transport. Neglecting rigid airships for the moment, what of surface-ships, railways, the automobile?

I recently had to look up some distance on a chart of the stretch of coast from Nantucket Lightship to Barnegat, N. J. It was the latest chart, issued by our own Government for the guidance of ship's navigators and pilots. On it, along that short distance of coast, were located seventeen wrecked surface craft, the wretched hulks now obstructions to navigation and labeled "dangerous"—not safe even after doom had overtaken them.

Now don't lose sight of the fact that present-day surface vessels are the result of thousands of years of effort and development; surely from Noah down to date. All the maritime powers of the world have concentrated on the problem of safety at sea and the tortuous advance of naval architecture; indeed, ships have passed through the age of oars, the age of sails, and are at the moment passing through the age of



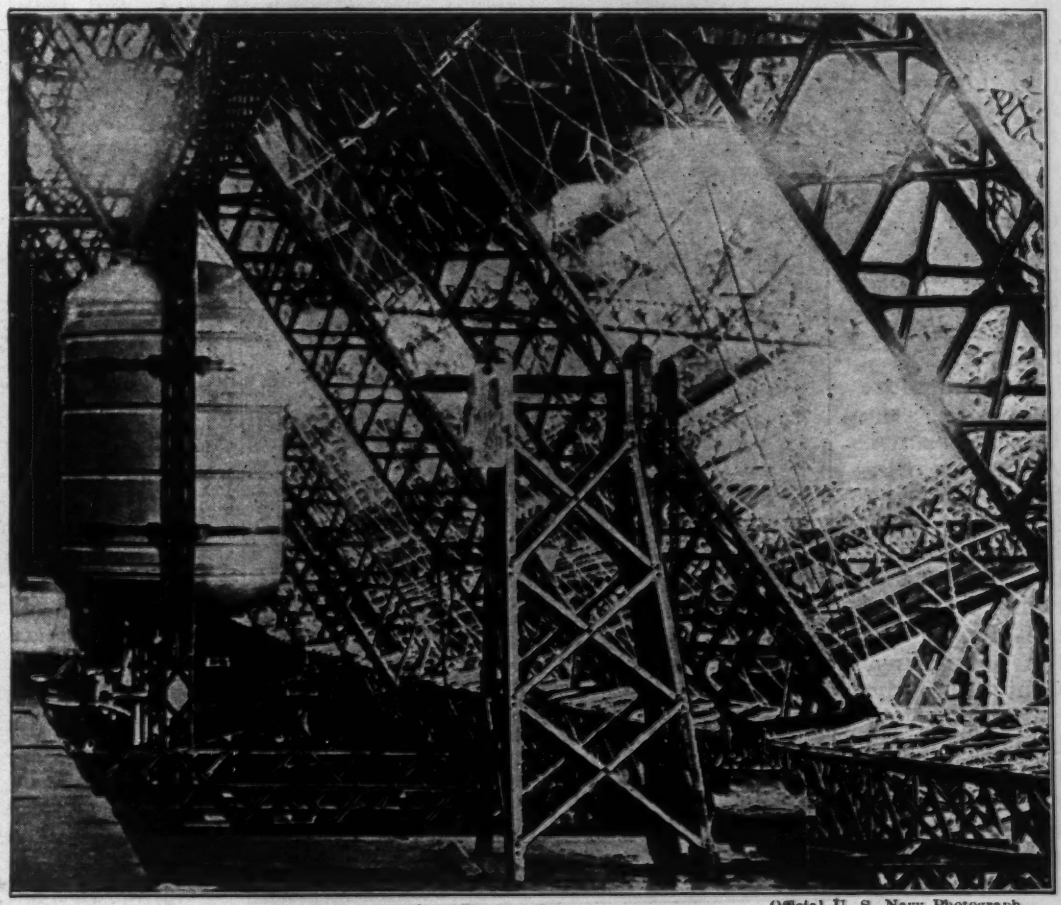
Looking up the cat walk of the Shenandoah.

steam to that of gasoline and electricity.

Untold billions in money have been spent, not only on the vessels themselves, but on docking accommodations, in dredging channels and harbors, in building breakwaters, erecting lighthouses, establishing buoys, beacons, maintaining light-vessels, developing weather information, taking constant soundings for map construction, charting ocean currents, providing radio navigational services, and a thousand and two other activities for cheating Davy Jones. And yet every day in the year there appears in Lloyd's Register in London, the clearing-house for the world's shipping, names of ships that have gone to the bottom or have strewn their shattered hulks along the coasts wherever ocean-borne commerce stretches forth.

Railway trains, guided by tracks, plastered with signals, with the most carefully directed traffic, subject to checks from station to station, by telephone, telegraph, on some systems radio, and always the flag and lantern, take an annual toll which snuffs out lives galore. The automobile manages to kill about 30,000 yearly in America, and smash up 650,000 more unfortunates, in spite of the combined efforts of the police and constables of the land, and the expenditure of millions by the industry and the communities in educational campaigns. Yet we don't question the steamship, the train or automobile as safe methods of transportation.

We must not expect perfection in airships, they are only twenty-four years old. Yet the Germans, before and after the War, carried thousands of passengers in commercial airships without a single injury. The advance in safe airship navigation, and in methods of manufacture and operation in the



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

Note the framework and fuel tanks in position.

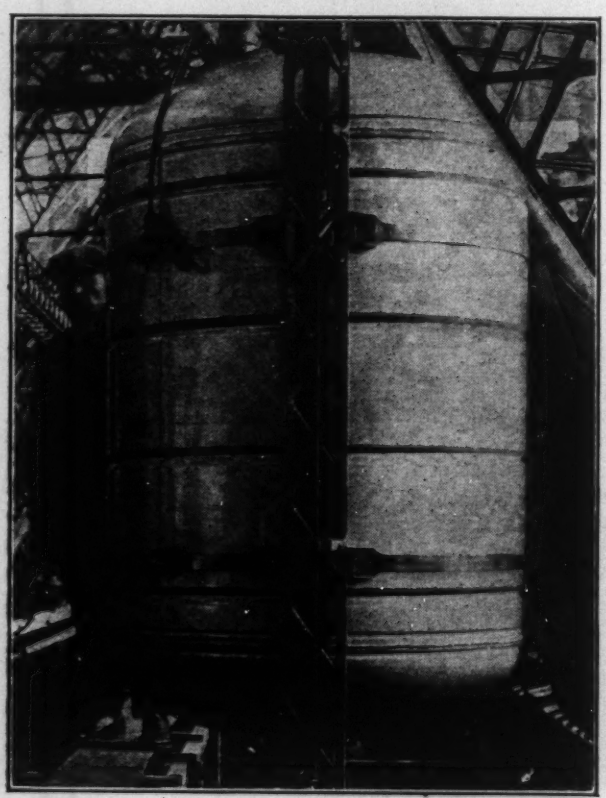
years since the War have been prodigious. Replacing hydrogen by helium in America—it is obtainable nowhere else in the world—has given us a safe gas for lifting purposes.

True it is that every known method of transportation now in existence has gone through a long series of disappointing experiments, and even though they have become nearly foolproof in a mechanical sense, they are not entirely safe. Comparatively they are; and if the vital record is not confined to a short period, but is extended throughout the whole history of man and his attempts to annihilate distance, the losses do not seem so great, or they lose their intimidating effect in the background of time. The time has been so short since the first rigid airship made its appearance that the attention of the world is riveted on such craft. They are, in this country, in a sense, a novelty. Give airships a chance, Mr. Critic. Give them the same navigational safeguards that you have given surface ships and they are probably the safest vehicle for passenger traffic that exists today.

Only a short time ago I left a hot, dusty train at the little railroad station at Lakehurst, and rode by auto a short mile to the U. S. Naval Airship Station. Entering the enormous hangar that housed our two rigids, I walked the length of the building, went up to the construction bridge under the peak of the roof by elevator, strolled along the bridge, went out on the roof, then back again, down the elevator, retraced my way to the front of the building, and found that I had traveled more than a mile, so huge is this shed of sheds.

I found a crew at work getting the Shenandoah ready for a flight. Captain Zachary Lansdowne was in charge. He was busy, so were the crew. The activities of the crew of an airship in maintaining her in commission, in overhauling and repairing the ship and her motors, and "preparing ship for flight" involve duties which might be called "stunts," they are so entirely different from the procedure on any other kind of craft in existence.

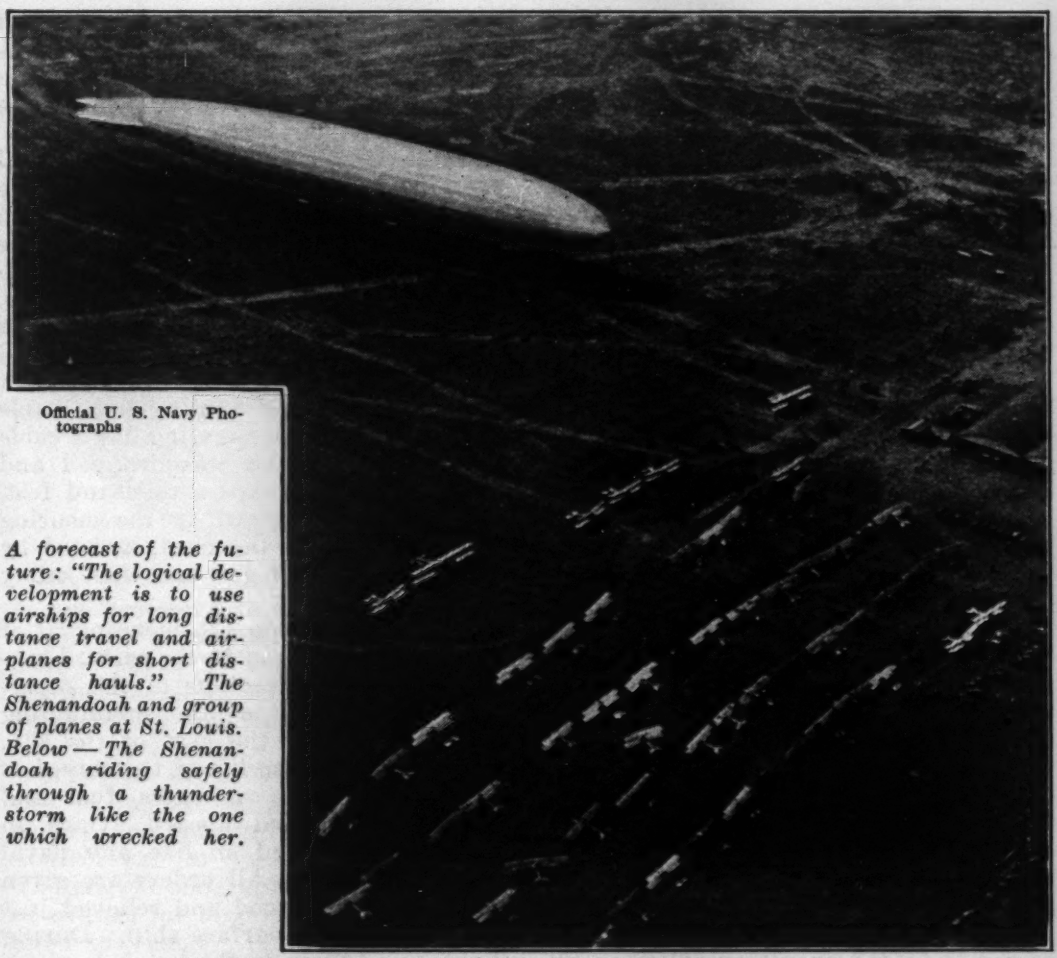
The first thing in the daily routine is taking the "lift and trim." This is nothing less than calculating the total lift of the airship by summing up the amount of ballast; meaning water, gasoline, oil and other necessaries on board, and noting the result on a special chart. By doing this a daily lift record of the ship is kept, and from this record may be noted how much the lift varies from day to day, for if one day's lift is less than that of the foregoing, and no gas has been valved, it is plainly apparent that a loss has occurred, and immediately the gas cells are inspected for leaks.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

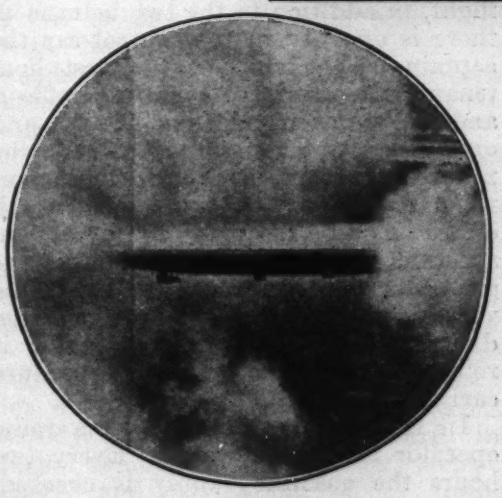
Each gasoline tank held 113 gallons.

By recording the location of ballast on board, the "trim," which means the tendency for lightness or heaviness in one end of the ship or the other, can be noted and compensated for if necessary. It is highly desirable to keep weights distributed evenly along the length



Official U. S. Navy Photographs

A forecast of the future: "The logical development is to use airships for long distance travel and airplanes for short distance hauls." The Shenandoah and group of planes at St. Louis. Below — The Shenandoah riding safely through a thunderstorm like the one which wrecked her.



of the ship, otherwise undue stresses may bend the hull structure. Lift and trim being taken, the crew are sent to the cleaning stations throughout the ship.

Leak detectors are used for inspecting the gas cells. These detectors are applied to the outside of the goldbeater's skin covering, and register any traces of helium going through them. The leak detector being only twelve inches in diameter, and the surface of the cells being tremendous, this leak inspection is a tedious process. Gas cells found to be unusually porous, causing rapid gas leaking and loss of purity, are at once replaced. Every week each cell is tested for gas purity.

The gas is admitted to the ship through a central gassing hose which leads off to each gas cell, the gas coming in directly from the storage holders through large mains sunk in the hangar floor. Four or five men are stationed along the keel inside the ship when gassing is going on to check the amount going to each cell, and tie them off when the desired percentage of fill is reached. One man stands by the valve in the gas main and turns off and on

as ordered, while the gassing coxswain on duty in the ship keeps track of how much gas is going into the ship, which cells it goes into, and checks off on a list of the cells filled and tied off.

As the gas enters the ship the lift increases, and this is overcome by putting water ballast aboard. This is accurate work, for it must be remembered that large rigid airships are six hundred or more feet long, and too much water in one end or the other results in an upsetting movement which might bring the overbalanced end down on the hangar floor and exert an excessive lift on the other, a condition which may result in danger to the hull and engine cars.

While the water ballast is being taken in the fuel supply comes aboard, the fuel being distributed in tanks along the ship so that her trim may be maintained. Water ballast and fuel must not be taken on board at a faster rate than the incoming gas, so that the buoyancy of the ship may not be materially changed but kept approximately the same at all times.

After the ship is gassed, fueled, and ballasted, very careful lift and trim charts are worked out showing the amount and location of all fuel and ballasts. These charts are posted in the pilot house, and are constantly referred to by the operating officer on all flights. Finally, the engineers inspect and turn over all motors, and the ship is ready for flight.

When the crew goes on board a sufficient amount of ballast has to be immediately discharged to compensate for their weight. When passengers and freight come aboard more ballast has to be discharged.

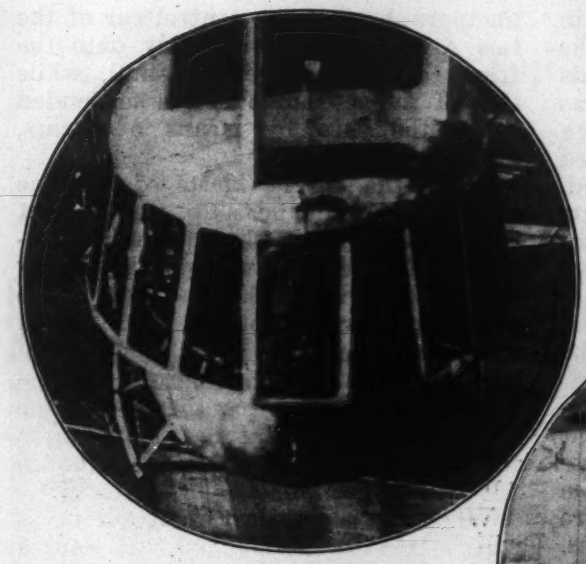
When the start out of the hangar is made, an additional thousand pounds of ballast is discharged to increase the bouyancy and thus facilitate the ship's handling, and give it positive lift for leaving the ground.

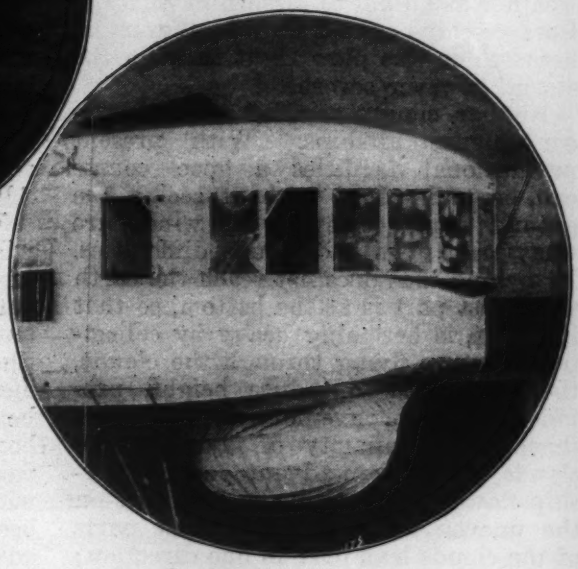
The dead weight of the Shenandoah, minus water ballast, gasoline, oil and crew, was 82,000 pounds. Inflated with helium, the gas cells only 95 per cent. full, to allow for expansion, gave a total lift at the start of a trip of about 123,000 pounds. Thus 41,000 pounds was the usual load carried. Fully loaded, ready to take the air, the ship was so carefully "weighed up" that two men, one at the forward and one at the after handling bars under her keel, could raise and lower her by the strength of their arms.

After Captain Lansdowne's critical examination of everything, he gave the word for the Shenandoah to be walked out to the mooring mast. About three hundred men, sailors and marines, holding the guy ropes attached to the ship, slowly brought the huge affair out of the hangar and across the field toward the mast. About five hundred feet from the mast her hauling-down cable was attached to the hauling-down cable of the mast, ballast was dropped and the ship rose, perhaps a thousand feet, was then hauled down to the mooring cap at the top of the mast, assisted by a slight valving of gas, and then safely made fast.

At about 9:30 on the morning after the ship was moored to the mast, Lansdowne, taking advantage of the superheated gas, due to the surrounding ground radiating the heat of the sun, which increased the lift of the ship, left the mast as soon as extra fuel and ballast were piped aboard. Once in the air, we carried on like any naval ship under way. All orders are given and all watches stood and relieved just the same as on a surface ship. During flight, in addition to the two helmsmen, there is on duty in the control car the captain of the ship or the first lieutenant, the senior navigating officer, and assistant navigating officer, and one other watch-standing officer who relieves the captain or first lieutenant when requested. Otherwise this watch officer makes frequent tours of inspection along the keel to see that the gas cells are in proper position, the valves functioning, and the riggers on duty at their stations. The watch is relieved every four hours, a procedure carried out on all ships.

In the radio cabin there is a radio operator always on watch. Every two hours the gasoline supply is checked, the amount remaining computed, and its location posted on the chart in the control car. The engineer officer inspects the various power units, checking their operation at frequent intervals, and he also keeps an eye on the gasoline supply along the keel. If it





"If there was a designer's mistake in the Shenandoah, it may be that it was in the method of attaching the control car to the hull structure." On the left is the control car of the Shenandoah; on the right, the control car of the Los Angeles.

Official U. S. Navy Photographs

is not necessary to utilize all the power units at one time, the engineer officer advises the officer having the deck as to the units to be used and those in reserve or being overhauled.

Another touch which reminds one of surface ships is the way orders are transmitted from the control car to the power units. The engine telegraph is used, designed, of course, for airships. When it is desired to "conn" the ship, orders are given to the steersman in accordance with Navy practice. Orders to the height steersman are given in a similar manner, but they are varied to suit circumstances.

The crew of a five-million cubic foot airship, for commercial purposes, numbers about thirty men. Military and Naval craft, however, carrying bombs, machine guns and aerial cannon, would employ a larger crew, including ordnance and gunnery officers and men.

The experience with the Shenandoah shows that airship piloting embraces a lot of arts and sciences: aerostatics, aerodynamics, naval architecture, internal combustion engineering, meteorology, and navigation. They sound formidable, but are simple enough not to be particularly difficult.

Even the novice can see how the airship navigator cannot plot a course by dead reckoning unless he knows the speed and direction of the air movement. When an airship is flying over the land, if visibility permits, the navigator can determine the air drift by taking observations on fixed points on the surface, and can thus adjust his compass course to enable the ship to maintain her true course. When over the water this can be done by dropping smoke bombs by day and flares by night, and taking observations thereon. These flares or bombs are made of wood and contain carbides which ignite when wet; they give off smoke and flame for about fifteen minutes and can be seen a distance of about five miles.

When the Los Angeles was making her flight from Europe to this country, her course across the Atlantic was from Cape Finisterre to the Azores, thence to Bermuda and up the Gulf Stream to New York. Half-way between the Azores and Bermuda her course was altered to the north and she nearly reached Newfoundland before turning her head toward New York. This was done to utilize the favorable swirl of wind on the eastern edge of a huge storm passing south over Bermuda and adjacent waters. Thanks to radio, the

storm warning reached the ship in ample time to take advantage of the situation, and while she went hundreds of miles off her original course, she was so helped by the fair wind at high velocity that the time of her scheduled flight was not materially lengthened. She made more than a mile a minute over the entire distance. This is a very good example of the utilization of heavy weather as an aid to airship navigation. Surface-ships cannot do this, they must heave-to or else plow right through the storm, however severe.

Neither clouds nor fog seriously inconvenience airships. With present navigational facilities a good course can be maintained without seeing the ground; the accompanying winds are what make fogs and clouds difficulties. In a cloud that does not reach the earth the driest part is at the bottom, so that if a ship is becoming heavy by collecting moisture flying through the clouds, the remedy is to reduce height, provided it is inconvenient to fly above them. A peculiarity of flying above clouds, often taken advantage of by airship navigators, lies in the fact that on the uneven surfaces the highest parts of the clouds lean over in one direction; this gives an indication of the relative velocity of the wind above and below the clouds. If the top surface of the clouds is smooth and flat, very little difference in wind may be expected.

The chief danger from snow is that it may, under certain conditions, cake on the stern of the ship and drive it down owing to its weight. But it is only soft wet snow that tends to cake, and by rising a thousand feet or more dry snow will be encountered, which blows off the ship as fast as it collects.

In light of what happened to the Shenandoah and with the details of her structural failures as a criterion, it may well be asked what must be done to advance the safety of rigid airships in future development? At the time the Shenandoah was built her design embraced all the knowledge of the art obtainable. She was an advance over her prototype; she was undoubtedly the strongest airship ever built. If there was a designer's mistake, it may be that it was in the method of attaching the control car to the hull structure. It will be noted in the accompanying photographs that the control car of the Los Angeles is built directly onto the frame construction of the hull, while that of the Shenandoah was suspended below the ship by means of struts, cables and braces.

When the terrific blasts of the line storm in which the ship was caught forced her upward, her stern was elevated and the ship was perhaps forty degrees off an even keel. Under these conditions her control car, loaded with men, stood out at a great angle from her hull, the resultant strain on the struts and cables, together with the strength of the wind, tore it loose and it fell thousands of feet to the ground. All inside were killed.

When the control car went adrift, as will be readily understood, all control of the Shenandoah's rudders, elevators, ballast valves, gas valves, and communicating channels was destroyed. She became a free balloon, without means of direction or operation. It may be possible that, had her control car been an integral part of her frame, it would not have been torn loose and, with her controls intact, she could have been operated to safety. It would seem advisable that all rigid airships in the future should have their control cars designed in the same manner as that of the Los Angeles.

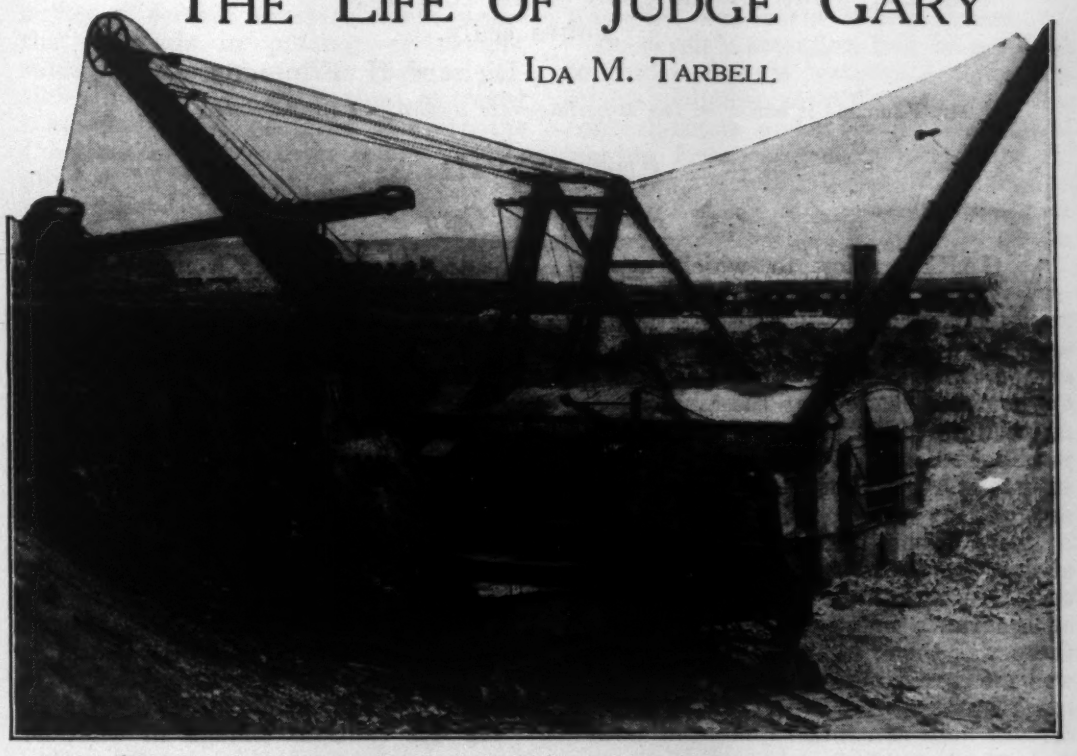
Whatever may be said in connection with this disaster, let it be remembered that the development of a meteorological service for the announcement of local storms is the one thing which will make airship navigation safe. Let Lansdowne's statement be the guiding influence in this matter. Our Weather Bureau was brought into being for general weather reporting for agricultural purposes.

The meager funds allotted to the Weather Bureau have been stretched by a generous personnel, until they have covered some reporting for aircraft use. The present Bureau cannot hope to supply the mass of information necessary to serve for forecasting air navigation data, unless additional appropriations are made.

At present, broadcasts are being furnished twice a day. An hourly service is needed. Let Congress provide a proper weather forecasting bureau and make it available at once.

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

IDA M. TARBELL



A Missabe mine. A steam shovel weighing two hundred tons, on a surface working.

Dear Mr. McClure:

I think you are rendering a distinct service to the country in the publication of the biography of Judge Gary by Miss Tarbell. The first three chapters are extremely interesting and illuminating. But the August chapter, dealing with the development of the amazing period in American history when giant corporations were being formed almost daily, is not only of absorbing interest but of great historic value.

These facts had never before, so far as I know, been put together in such shape. I feel like congratulating Miss Tarbell on the thoroughness and accuracy and comprehensiveness of the information which she has gathered.

Her reference to Mr. Abram S. Hewitt reminds me of many talks I had with him. . . . I remember very vividly one lengthy talk with Mr. Hewitt in which he told me that he thought the ultimate outcome of these organizations would be their control by employees. He looked forward to the time when employees in industrial interests would, by the ownership of stock, become a controlling

influence not only for the good of the employees and the industry, but for the good of the country.

Yours truly,

Richard H. Edmonds.

Mr. Edmonds is editor of the *Manufacturers Record.— Editor's Note.*

CHAPTER VIII

Roosevelt and Gary

A GARY policy to which at the start the Directors of the Steel Corporation paid little attention was the avowed intent to work with rather than to flout the Government. Corporation leaders at the time almost universally regarded the criticisms of public men as demagoguery and the efforts at regulation as ignorant interference.

There is no question that there is always an element of demagoguery in agitation and an even larger element of ignorance in efforts at regulation—there was then; but coupled with these was an earnest effort on the part of a large number of honest men to correct certain long continued abuses of power and to strip off a number of slowly acquired and harmful privileges.

Before the end of the first year of the Corporation's life, Judge Gary's avowed open-mindedness in this matter was brought to a test. It came at a difficult moment for him—the height of the struggle which had developed inside the Corporation: was the Executive Committee to run the Corporation as the by-laws provided, or President Schwab with a cabinet chosen by himself as he insisted was the only practical plan? In this clash of opinions, ambitions had developed. The Finance Committee used it to further its inclination to take the place or at least influence the determinations of the Executive Committee; the subsidiaries, to keep themselves as independent as possible of the Corporation—a situation which, as we saw in the last chapter, had complicated and delayed the answer to the first challenge which organized labor flung at the new undertaking.

Into Judge Gary's effort to bring peace to his "bag of cats and dogs" as Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., characterized the group of 1901, Theodore Roosevelt injected in November a new problem for corporations—one that almost without exception they loudly and vituperatively resented. Roosevelt had become President in the previous September by the death of President McKinley. He had taken the first opportunity to re-declare for an old policy of his: such governmental supervision of corporations that the public could know the quality of their acts, whether or not they were within the law, whether or not existing laws were sufficient for their control. Up and down the financial district went the reporters, asking for opinions, and they came to Judge Gary.

He was cautious enough in what he had to say, though he did not hesitate to declare that there could be no objection to publicity concerning the business of corporations; moreover, that there could be no question but that unrighteous acts should be prevented or punished. After all, as he said, he did not know what was really in the President's mind, and until he did he was not willing to comment too sweepingly.

It is doubtful, too, if Judge Gary then realized how big a house-cleaning was needed in Big Business. I have heard him say that when he came to New York he honestly believed that the public complaint, so loud against certain corporations, was not justified. He did not believe that certain illegalities and immoralities with which they were charged could be practised; it was only when confronted by actual proofs brought out in one way or another that he became convinced.

But the practises Roosevelt had in mind were all of them practises to which, from the start of the Steel Corporation, Judge Gary had objected. There was the matter of railroad rebates. If one will look over the minutes of the early meetings of the Executive

Committee of the Steel Corporation, he will be not a little startled by the frank advice of certain members to encourage the railroads in putting up freight rates on iron and steel as high as possible, but at the same time to insist that offsetting advantages be given the Corporation. The little fellow was to have the high freight; the big one was to have his rebate. He will find, too, Judge Gary saying positively that they could not afford to ask a railroad, directly or indirectly, to discriminate in their favor.

Every month brought to his knowledge proofs of some practise or other in the great aggregation that seemed to him unsound and unethical, and very early he began his preachments that they must be stopped, because they were wrong. "If you are not willing to stop them because they are wrong," he told his associates, "stop them because they don't pay." And his experience was, so he confesses, that the argument that they did not pay received more respectful attention from many than that they were wrong. It led him finally to add a further clause: "Remember that they are not good because they pay, they pay because they are good."

Corn-husking time on Judge Gary's farm.

Roosevelt's continued hammering on regulation, which had taken the form of a Bureau of Corporations with power to investigate and supervise, was naturally often discussed by the members of the Steel Board. Judge Gary was veering more and more to it; indeed he was pretty well convinced that it was wise and necessary, when in December of 1902 he received an invitation from the President, whom he had never met, to come down to Washington to talk things over. This interview was the first of a series running through the seven years that Roosevelt was in the White House.

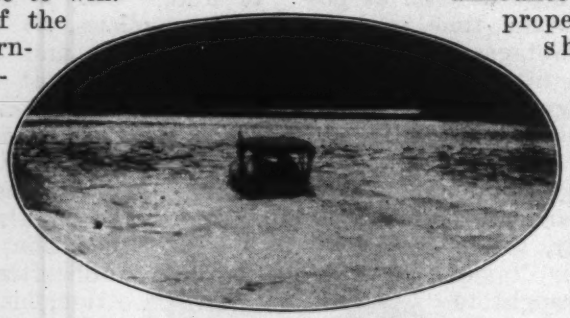
Roosevelt's attention had been called to Judge Gary's temperate comments on his policies, so different from the contemptuous and violent disapproval coming from most corporate quarters, by his friend George W. Perkins. Mr. Perkins, as we have seen, had been completely won over to Gary by the summer of 1902. The man's spirit of accommodation in the internal difficulties of the Corporation, his willingness to sacrifice himself if necessary to bring order and peace into the management, had inspired a confidence and admiration Perkins had not felt at the start.

Gary took an instant liking to the President and from the fact that he was so frequently invited we can believe that the liking was returned. As a matter of fact the two men found at the start that they talked the same language. They had much in common—the same sturdy ancestry, the same severe and consistent home discipline, the same parental drive towards overcoming handicaps. They had responded in similar fashion. Young Roosevelt's heroic effort to develop a frail body was matched by young Gary's equally determined effort to force intellectual opportunity from a new and meagerly equipped community. Both had won in the personal struggle. Overcoming handicaps, however different, establishes a basis for human understanding.

Both these men believed in self-reliance, self-help, self-restraint. It had brought them where they were. They had equal contempt for indolence,

trickery, complaining, cowardice in the affairs of life. They both put things hard up to the individual. If he would win he must fight; if he fought he had a good chance to win.

Their notions of the business of government in a democracy were similar. They were willing to trust anything to public opinion, but they believed in taking good care to inform it, give the full facts, not leave it with the half knowledge on which the demagog thrives. Both believed profoundly in the Christian code, believed it applied in business and politics as well as in private affairs. Each was firmly convinced of his own righteous intent.



Power boat for mosquito control.

There was a wide difference in the manner of their handling of men, their attacks on problems. Roosevelt was brusque, impulsive, self-confident, aggressive. Gary was suave, cautious, courteous. He listened better, reflected longer, had more patience with those who disagreed with him. Also he understood better the motives of men.

It is not to be supposed that all the members of the Corporation's Board looked with favor on their Chairman's frequent visits to the White House. As a matter of fact, some of them were so bitter towards Roosevelt that they vehemently resented them. Mr. Morgan did not like them because he did not like Roosevelt, and he and the man he had chosen to direct the Steel Trust had many warm arguments over the President. It was quite natural that Mr. Morgan should not have approved of Roosevelt. In 1902 he had been as much startled as he probably ever allowed himself to be by Roosevelt's sudden announcement that the Government would bring suit against the Northern Securities Company which he, Morgan, had recently financed.

There was an element of egotistical wantonness in the way in which Roosevelt handled the matter, which Mr. Morgan rightfully resented. He had "sprung it" on the country. That is, nobody except his Attorney General, Philander Knox—not even the other members of his Cabinet—knew what he proposed to do until the morning papers announced it. It was quite proper that Mr. Morgan should appear promptly at the White House, inquiring what the President expected to do about the other aggregations that Mr. Morgan was backing, as Roosevelt relates rather gleefully in his autobiography.

When the suit was won by the Government in 1904, and Mr. Morgan and his associates had to retire from the Northern Securities Company, there was immense anger against the administration and all its friends. It broke out at a meeting of the Steel Corporation Board when a member offered a resolution directing the Chairman to make no more visits to the White House and to give out no interviews to the public which had not first been passed on by the Finance Committee.

Never in the tempestuous history of the organization had Gary been so aroused. He felt more strongly than ever that the only security for the Corporation lay in recognizing the Government's right to investigation and supervision and in summarily correcting any practise to which the Government objected, whether in the judgment of the Board that practise was justified or not. And all this he now said with a heat, a firmness and an authority quite unlike the conciliatory attitude he generally took in handling his colleagues.

They listened to him. And when he stopped, H. H. Rogers—Rogers of the Standard Oil Company!—said:

"Gentlemen, Judge Gary has handled this Corporation very well to date. I believe that he should be his own judge as to what is wise and necessary in the present situation." The resolution was tabled. I have heard Judge Gary say that he thought this was the most important incident in the history of the Steel Corporation!

Their faith in their chairman was

soon to receive a severe jolt, however, for in 1905 came a congressional order to investigate the Corporation. What was the use of a friend at the White House if he could not prevent or stop such an order? Roosevelt knew better than to try, even if he wanted to do anything of the sort, although of that there is no evidence.

He and Judge Gary had already discussed the possibility of an investigation. He was enlarging, at one of their interviews, on the sins of Big Business with an emphasis which the Judge seemed to think was rather personal. He finally ended by saying, "If I don't do something I am afraid the mob will."

"I don't know, Mr. President," said the Judge, "whether you are trying to hit me over the shoulders of the companies of which you speak, but I make you this promise. If at any time you feel that the Steel Corporation should be investigated, you shall have an opportunity to examine the books and records of all our companies, and, if you find anything in them that you think is wrong, we will either convince you that we are right or we will correct the wrong."

"Well," replied Roosevelt, "that seems to me to be about the fair thing."

The Judge was to be taken at his word, for soon after the resolution referred to above was passed—in January of 1905—James R. Garfield, the Commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Corporations, called on Judge Gary at his office in New York City.

"The President tells me," he said, "that some months ago you said that if at any time the administration felt that it should investigate the Steel Corporation, your books were open to us."

"Yes," said Judge Gary, "I did. And they are."

Of course there was much discussion. Just what did the Government want to do? What did it propose to do with what it found? In order to have the understanding clear, Judge Gary went to Washington for a conference with the President, Secretary of Commerce Metcalf, and Commissioner Garfield. The gentlemen con-

Incinerator at Westfield Village, a "T. C. and I." property

cerned took care to have a memorandum of what was said prepared, signed and filed in the Departments of Commerce and of Labor.

The position of Judge Gary is clearly stated. He did not, he told the President, raise the question of the constitutionality of the law. Moreover, he desired to cooperate with the Government in every possible way that was consistent with the protection of the interests of his stockholders. The thing that he was concerned about was the disposition of detailed information that might be given out, the possibility of its misuse if it were left as a permanent record in the Bureau.

It was finally determined that all information requested would be furnished by the Corporation; the fullest opportunity would be given for examining the books and records; and that any questions which might arise as to the use, publication and disposition of the material which Judge Gary deemed confidential would be considered by him and Commissioner Garfield; and, in case of disagreement, it should be referred to the Secretary of Commerce, and, if necessary, to the President for a decision.

It is an interesting comment on government procedure that this pledge not to hand over material without notifying the Corporation was later disregarded, though not by Roosevelt and Garfield.

It was not the publication of which Gary still complaints, but the lack of faith. Probably that lack of faith was due to ignorance—ignorance of the existence of the letter, though at the moment the material was used there was a general feeling in the Government that keeping faith with any corporation was dangerous business—and poor politics!

Judge Gary faced the proposed investigation with a good degree of confidence. Ever since the question of who was to rule had been practically settled in August of 1903, he had been trying not only to familiarize himself with the multiform practises of the companies that had been brought together and which he was trying to unify, but he had been instructing the heads of these companies as to what the Gary policies meant, and also as to his determination to have them carried out. Many of these gentlemen had no sympathy with him and no intention of changing their ways. Mr. Schwab himself testified frankly in the United States suit against the Steel Corporation to this:

"When I was President of the Steel Corporation," he said, "one of the things that I had to contend with was Judge Gary's opposition to these things that I had been so long accustomed to."

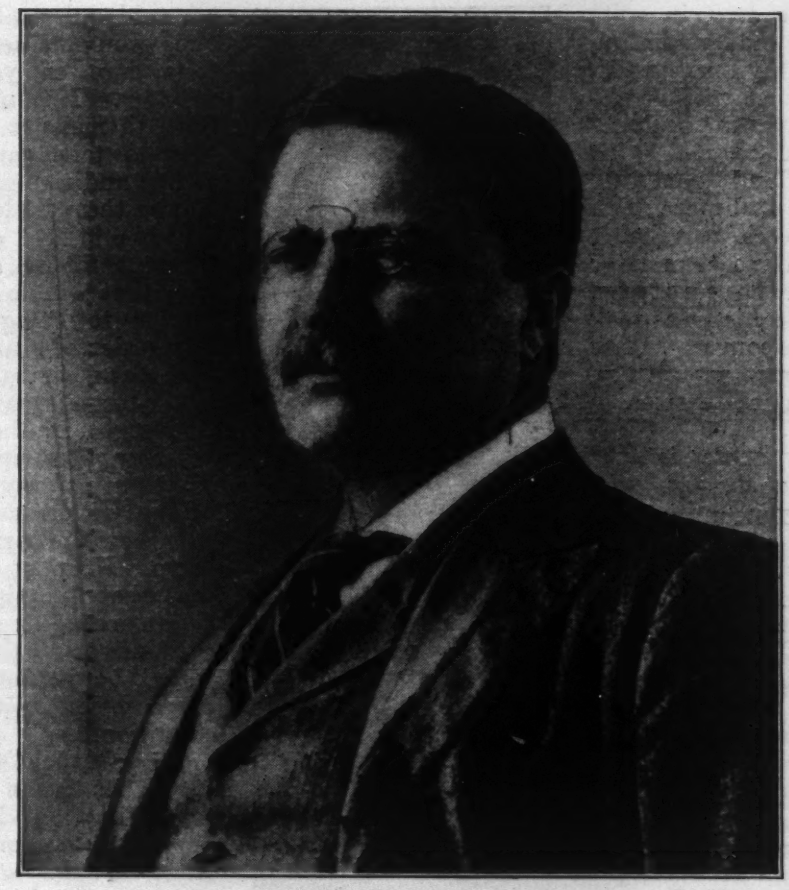
"How did you manage it?" the examiner asked.

"I did it without his knowing anything about it."

There were others doing things to which they had been "long accustomed" "without his knowing anything about it." It would be surprizing if it did not still happen now and then!

The difficulties were of course enormous. Men trained in the industrial world of the last quarter of the 19th century, as these men had been, were not given to nice distinctions. They enjoyed outwitting a competitor by fair or foul means. Business was war, and all was fair in war. In the Carnegie concern they were absolutely frank about it. Indeed, frankness was the redeeming feature of Mr. Carnegie's competitive methods. Not many men so trained will obey unquestioningly what they consider milk and water methods or be persuaded easily by preachments which they have been taught have no part in business.

But Judge Gary has never been daunted by a first or a twentieth failure to get what he was after in the conduct of the Steel Corporation. He kept up his reforming even in 1904, the year of the greatest difficulties the Corporation had experienced—the lowest earnings—no common dividends—no hope of bonus—at a time when the executive naturally felt every advantage possible should be seized. It was in 1904 that he set to work to break up the pools in which many of the subsidiaries were partners, which they contended were necessary to business. An outside lawyer was sent to examine the books of all companies and to report any illegal or suspicious practise found. President Corey was directed at the same time to send a letter that Gary had dictated to the presidents of the subsidiaries ordering them to clean out all combinations



To
Judge E. H. Gary
with its hearty Regard of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dec 30th 1904

Roosevelt and Gary became friends.

to which the investigating counsel objected.

When evidence began to come to his attention about this time that, in spite of past orders, rebates were being taken, he wrote the following letter which he directed President Corey to sign and send to the presidents of some twenty-seven different railroads:

> As you know, this Corporation long since adopted the unalterable policy of recommending to subsidiary companies in which it is interested that under no circumstances should rebates be solicited or received contrary to law. This policy will be strictly adhered to, and it is hoped and expected your subordinates will be advised and instructed accordingly.
>
> If any one should at any time violate his instructions in this respect, notice of the same should be promptly given to the president of the subsidiary company interested and also to the undersigned.

There is, I think, ample documentary proof of varied character to show that Judge Gary in these early years of the

Corporation was, in spite of lack of understanding and sympathy and even in spite of the wilful violation of his orders, doing his utmost to clean his enormous and rambling house. He had more faith that the work was being efficiently done than later facts seem to justify. Nevertheless his ideas took hold—made converts. The converts grew as faith in the man's ability as a business leader grew. There are those in the Corporation to-day who will tell you quite definitely the occasion when they first realized that what they heard talked of as "the Gary policies" were to be taken seriously.

"I was at a meeting of executives at our plant," I heard one man of important position in the Corporation say once, "and one of the fellows was telling gleefully of how, through an oversight of a repair gang he was getting city water which did not go through the meter. 'You correct that at once,' the superintendent said to him sternly. 'It is not right and you know it. We are not going any longer to have such practises in this plant.' And then," said the gentleman, "I realized that a new spirit was abroad."

George G. Crawford, president of the Tennessee Coal & Iron, says that his mind first awakened to a new régime at a meeting of executives in New York. "We were accustomed to boasting about advantages that we had obtained over our competitors at these gatherings, to enjoying one another's triumphs. Judge Gary, listening to

us, said quizzically, 'I see that you gentlemen will take care of your competitors. I think I shall have to make it my business to take care of the public and the employees.' It was these little remarks of his that gradually brought me to a realization that Judge Gary intended to bring about a new order of things."

It was what he had tried to do to put the Corporation right in the eyes of the law that made Gary confident the investigation of the Government would do the Corporation no harm. He may have felt, too, that it might force action where he could not without a fight which would be perilous to the organization in its present condition.

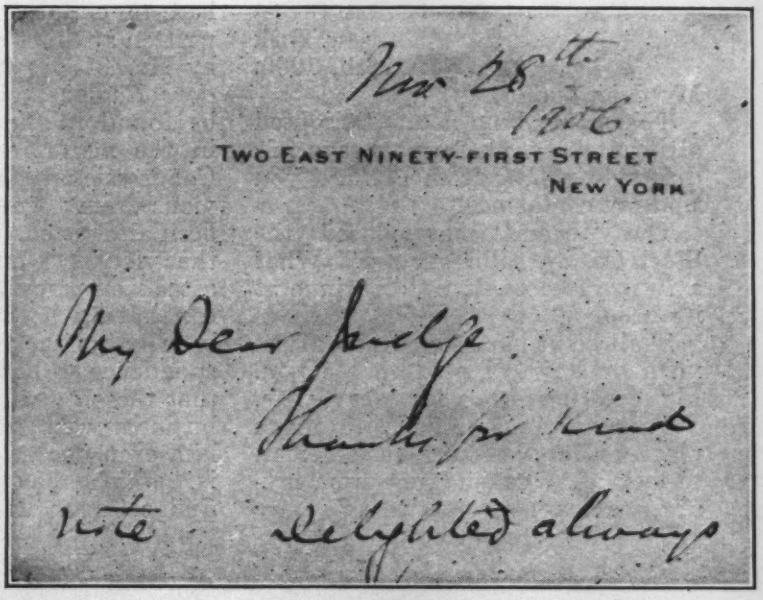
Mr. Garfield's Bureau began its work in 1905. According to his testimony, given more than once on the stand, the agreement which Judge Gary had made with the Government was carried out punctiliously—all the books of the Corporation were opened to Mr. Garfield and his associates. The information they asked for was given. This went on for three or four years, and from time to time Mr. Garfield made verbal reports of his findings to the President. Compared with what he was discovering in other corporations under investigation at that time, the Steel Corporation seems to have convinced him that its Chairman's contention that it was a "good trust" was justified. Not only did he not find anything of importance to criticize in his three or four years' work but he testified that

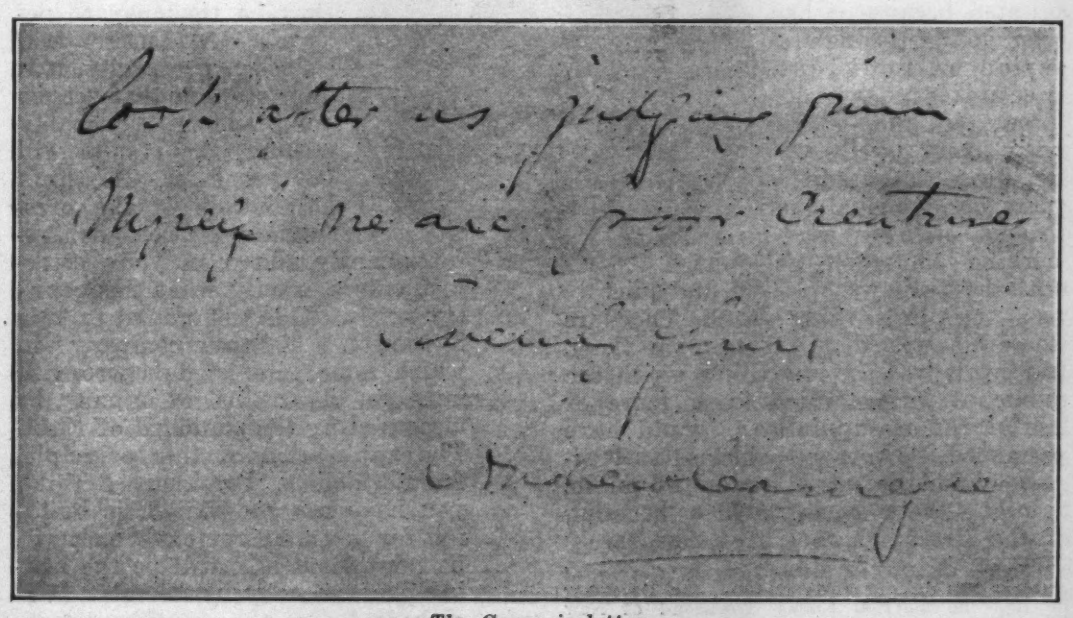
he did not find a single competitor of the Steel Corporation which complained of unfair competition—and he looked for them!

In spite of prophecies, the investigation did not disturb the business of the Corporation. I have already referred to the hard sledding that it had had in 1903–04, how its earnings fell off, how it passed its common dividend. In 1905, the year the investigation began, business began to pick up, though no dividends were paid. 1906 was a good year; the Corporation earned more than ever before. 1907 opened well—Judge Gary was feeling fine. He had weathered serious storms, as we have seen, and began to feel that he was getting a grip on his complicated situation.

Others thought so, too, among them Mr. Morgan, who at a senatorial dinner which he had attended in January of 1907 heard such praise of Gary for backing the President in his efforts to control business that he came home to insist that the Judge at once take the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, replacing his partner Mr. Perkins.

Then there was a letter which brought him no little satisfaction, from no less a person than Andrew Carnegie. Carnegie had not always been pleased with Gary's handling of the Corporation, but by 1906 he felt that the "policies" had won, and was just enough to tell him so.


Nov 28th
1906
TWO EAST NINETY-FIRST STREET
NEW YORK
My Dear Judge
Thanks for kind
note Delighted always



The Carnegie letter.

Two East Ninety-first Street
New York
Nov. 28th, 1906.

My dear Judge:

Thanks for kind note. Delighted always to see you, have always felt drawn to you, & from the first you won my confidence.

The "boom" has placed the Steel Co. on solid ground. What a future is hers, if you continue at its head.

Shall be at home tomorrow afternoon or Friday; glad to see you. My greetings to your dear wife. I read of your union with much pleasure, for without a good woman to look after us, judging from myself, we are poor creatures.*

Sincerely yours,
Andrew Carnegie.

Thus things were improving on all sides, and promising well for the future, when the fear and resentment against Big Business which, as we have seen, Roosevelt had stirred up in 1901 and which had culminated in the Bureau of Corporations with the attendant investigations, was brought to the boiling point again by the suits which the Government instituted in November, 1906, against the Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil Company.

Business was the more agitated because it had been going through a period of reckless speculation which those on the inside knew very well was straining the credit of many big financial institutions. They wanted nothing so much as quiet until the strain was relieved, and quiet was the last thing that Theodore Roosevelt was disposed to give them. Indeed, it was the last thing which the public at large, which knew more or less of the manipulations, would have permitted. From all sides—the business world, the press, leaders of public opinion—there came such a berating of the President as a man has rarely had to endure. Many of the letters written at this time have been published by Mr. Bishop in his *Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, but many more are to be found in the Roosevelt papers now in the manuscript department of the Congressional Library; and it is obvious from them that scores must have been destroyed. As a matter of fact, the virulence and the volume of the attack on President Roosevelt in 1907 can hardly be over-estimated. I have been through the manuscript correspondence and have been amazed to find that the only man of importance in the business world who at that time wrote him even one friendly letter—one, that is, which has been preserved—was Judge Gary. Here is the letter:

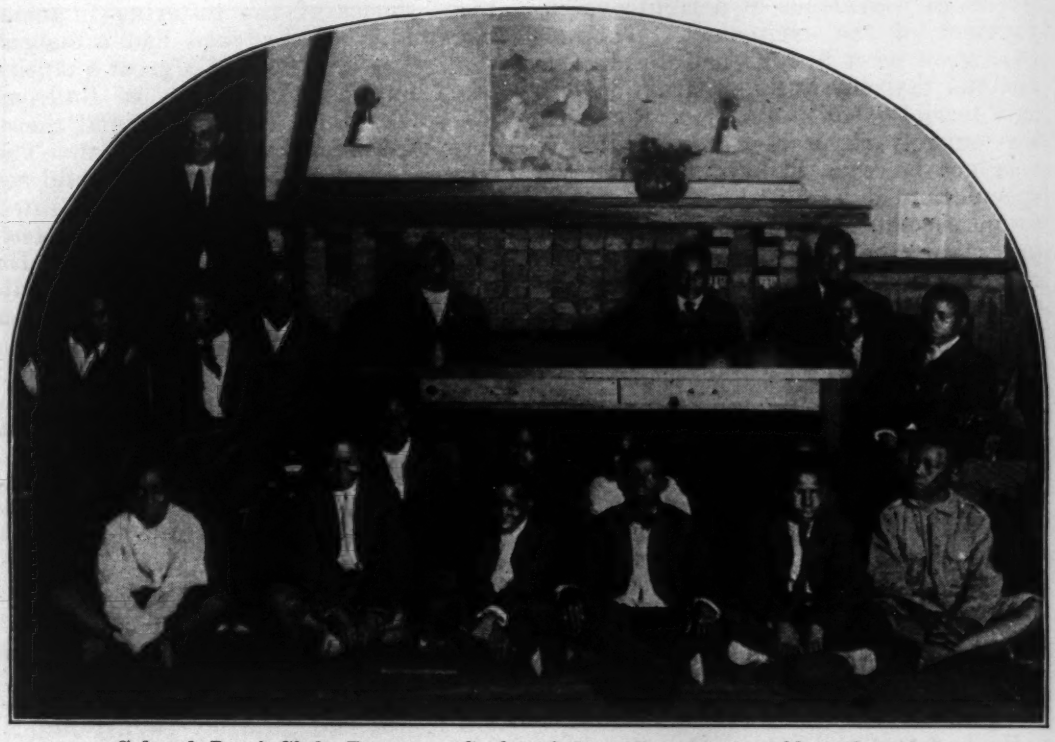
ELBERT H. GARY
71 Broadway
New York
March 15th, 1907.

My dear Mr. President:

It is doubtful if you have time to read the opinion of a mere constituent. However, thanks to your disposition, every one has a right to give expression.

Notwithstanding I hear from some of my acquaintances who are men of experience and great ability that the present agitation, investigations and prosecutions have a tendency to depress values and slacken prosperity, it is my opinion that sooner or later, probably sooner, the results will be beneficial. I think the attitude of the present administration, as frequently stated in your utterances, is exactly what this country needs. I do not intend to be a hypocrite. If any company in which I am interested is wrong it must get right. All of us must be measured by the standard of right. The application of this principle, from which as President I think you have never deviated, is building for you a monument which will be permanent and will be the lasting pride of all your friends. It is embodied in the sentiment ex-

* Judge Gary's first wife, Julia E. Graves of Aurora, Ill., died in June of 1902. In December of 1905 he married Emma Townsend of New York City.



Colored Boys' Club, Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, at Muscoda, Ala.

pressed by you: A square deal for all. I do not hesitate to say that your influence as President of this great republic has been of benefit to me personally; and I feel equally certain that it is beginning to have a good effect upon others who have been reluctant to see their faults.

Sincerely yours,
E. H. Gary.

To his Excellency
Theodore Roosevelt
White House,
Washington, D. C.

One sentence in Judge Gary's letter had an interesting origin. He was having many tilts with his associates over Roosevelt at the moment, and one day Frick, who as usual was berating the President, violently cried out, "What man has he ever helped?"

"Here is one," said Judge Gary. "He has helped me ever since the beginning of my acquaintanceship with him."

It was not only to his associates that Judge Gary openly defended the President. He took pains to do it freely in the press. The soundness of his views was such at this time that even the New York *World* codified them:

> Public sentiment is the great rectifier of wrongs.
>
> Being good after you have been driven to it does not breed much public confidence.
>
> When men come to the conclusion that it pays in dollars and cents to be honest then we shall have good corporation conditions.
>
> It would be a good thing for the business interests of the country to divorce Wall Street.
>
> A disposition on the part of men who occupy positions of responsibility and influence to improve their methods will put them above reproach and attack.

The attack on Roosevelt grew through 1907. It came from all sides—presidents of colleges, business men of all descriptions, the press. His letters in reply are remarkable reading. That he was a little worried there is no doubt—that is, for him; but on the whole the

letters give evidence of a righteous enjoyment of the excitement. The uproar grew as it became more and more obvious that the business situation was in a terribly shaky condition. Roosevelt was entirely right when he said that it was not he who had carried on the speculation or strained credit on unsound securities, but it was he who had persistently called attention to the danger and the wrong of such practises, and possibly, as he admitted, hastened the time of an inevitable settlement.

The time came in the third week of October, in a panic of startling proportions. So serious were the failures of banks and trust companies not only in New York City but in other parts of the country that credit was practically suspended. As for borrowing money, it was not to be had. The rates quoted at one time on the New York Stock Exchange were as high as seventy-five to one hundred per cent! In this extremity the whole business world turned for help and leadership to J. Pierpont Morgan.

He had had eight days of trial when on Friday morning, November first, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, a well known lawyer, brought him a new disquieting story. The firm of Moore & Schley, one of the chief stock-brokers of the city, were bound to go into bankruptcy unless a substantial sum of money—several millions—could be found for them.

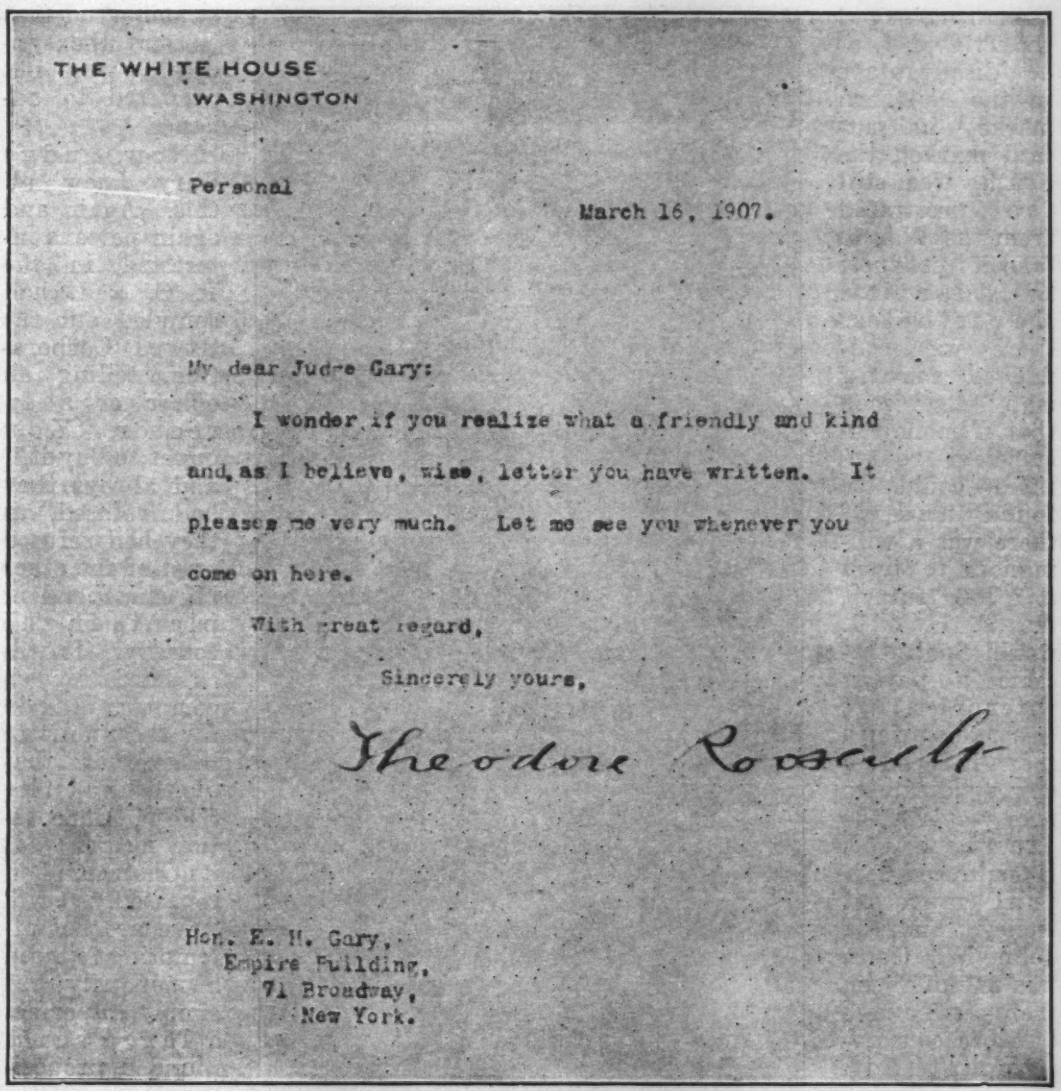
It needed no argument to convince Mr. Morgan that if Moore & Schley failed they would bring down a few more stories of the tottering financial pyramid. Mr. Ledyard had a suggestion. The brokers held a great quantity of Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. stock, which was pooled and therefore unsatisfactory as collateral. The only escape that Mr. Ledyard could see for saving the firm was for the United States Steel Corporation to buy outright the Tennessee Coal & Iron. He believed that the members of the syndicate controlling it—all important men in the financial world—would sell to save the situation.

Mr. Morgan sent for Judge Gary, who came at once, and gave a prompt "No" to the proposition.

He was not answering without knowledge of the "T. C. & I.," as it was familiarly called. As a matter of fact, so picturesque and dramatic had been the history of that concern since its name first appeared that everybody in the iron and steel world knew more or less about it.

In the forty years since its organization it had had probably twenty different managers. Much money and much ability had been applied to its problems, but there had been also much reckless financing. The sky-rocketing of Tennessee Coal & Iron stock was notorious. Dividends had been paid at times out of borrowed money. Its annals tell of one president who was known to have kept checks on twenty-seven banks in the air at the same time. As for making money, old-timers tell you that the only department in the

Scrip issued during the panic of 1907 by a Steel Corporation subsidy, to take the place of currency. It was accepted by banks for deposit but not for collection.



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Personal

March 16, 1907.

My dear Judge Gary:

I wonder if you realize what a friendly and kind and, as I believe, wise, letter you have written. It pleases me very much. Let me see you whenever you come on here.

With great regard,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

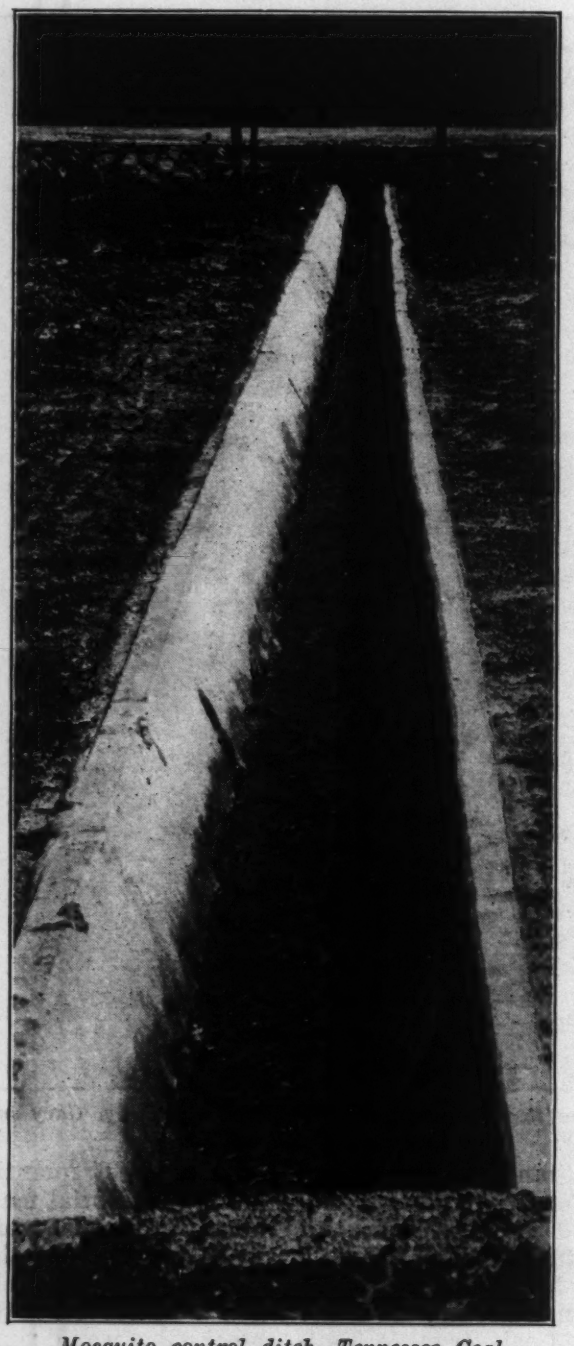
Hon. E. H. Gary,
Empire Building,
71 Broadway,
New York.

President Roosevelt's reply to the letter from Judge Gary on page 68

concern that ever ran at a profit was the company's stores! And yet nowhere in the world was there such an extraordinary juxtaposition of the raw materials needed for the making of steel as in northern Alabama, the home of the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. Vast quantities of ore lie in the mountains, part of it self-fluxing, i. e., carrying lime, and side by side with it lie that which is needed for reducing the ore—coal—in as great quantities, and dolomite, if an extra flux is needed. It is the only place in the world, so far as I have ever heard, where a blast furnace has its raw material in its back yard.

These vast quantities of easily assembled essential materials had long led those who learned of them for the first time and knew nothing of the history of the territory to believe that it was one of those sure things which every steel man would jump at the opportunity of acquiring. But not only had this wealth of natural resources broken group after group of financiers who had undertaken to develop it, but it had been, as was the common saying in the industry, "a graveyard of metallurgical reputations," for the ore was of a low grade containing an amount of phosphorus which so far had stood in the way of producing a first class steel.

Freight rates put the T. C. & I. at a disadvantage in the Northern market—its natural market, the South, was still too prostrated from the War to take its products in quantity. Nevertheless there was confidence among many steel men that if money in sufficient quantities could be found and if there was a willingness to trust to a long future, the T. C. & I. would finally become a paying enterprise. It was this faith that induced a new syndicate to take over the plant in 1906. It embraced several men of money, and, if John W. Gates was one of them, there were others of more conservative methods. They had put a good and experienced man in the presidency, John A. Topping of the Republic Steel & Iron Co.



Mosquito control ditch, Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Swamp water is collected through the porous sides and in that way breeding places are destroyed.

$8,000,000 had been set aside for the rehabilitation of the plant by this syndicate, and by the time of the panic it was practically all gone. There were some $4,000,000 of floating debt, one and a half millions of which were overdue; and an expert who had recently appraised the plant claimed $20,000,000 were needed to make it a paying proposition. And that amount the syndicate was not prepared to advance.

Now, Judge Gary knew all this. Again and again persons interested in the T. C. & I. had sounded out the Steel Corporation, telling an officer or a director, "You ought to buy it," and always they had refused, as they had refused most of the other big independent plants in the country. It was as hard for its competitors as for the public to believe at that time that the Steel Corporation meant what its Chairman had repeatedly said, "We are not attempting to build a monopoly but simply to perfect a large scale rounded proposition."

During the panic Judge Gary had already had an experience with the T. C. & I., Moore & Schley having come to him for a loan, and he had exchanged $1,200,000 of steel gold bonds for $2,000,000 of their stock. That is, when Mr. Morgan summoned him on that dark Friday of November 1st, 1907, he knew the stock at that moment was worth little in the market and that Moore & Schley's trouble largely came from the fact that

others had done what he had done, only on a much larger scale, that is, loaned the firm larger quantities of salable securities for unsalable T. C. & I., and the time had come when the loaners were anxious for their sound securities. He knew what he was talking about when he said "No" to the proposition to take over the company.

But Mr. Morgan and those with him pled the situation of the Street. Mr. Frick was called, but Mr. Frick was equally insistent against purchase—why not loan the firm $5,000,000? He would consent to that, but the firm said that was not enough. The Finance Committee was summoned, but was unconvinced.

The Committee conferences continued on Saturday and Sunday morning in Mr. Morgan's library, which by this time had become Panic Headquarters. Those intent on saving Moore & Schley urged Mr. Morgan to bring more pressure to bear on Judge Gary and his associates. "I have done what I can," he told them. "I have never been more concerned over a situation than I am over this. I think this is the most serious thing we have had to meet in this panic yet, but I cannot urge upon the Steel Corporation to take this property. I hope they will do it, but I do not think I have the right to urge them or to force it upon them, if I could. They must deal with it as they see fit. I have gone with it as far as I can."

The gravity of the situation finally overcame the opposition of Judge Gary and Mr. Frick. If the panic went much further it was bound to involve the Steel Corporation. Already it was causing them loss and uneasiness—

These girls of the Blocton graduating class of 1921 *made their dresses and hats. Blocton is a part of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company property.*

some companies indeed were issuing scrip in payment of wages. So, finally, at a meeting of the Finance Committee, held at nine o'clock Sunday evening, November 3rd, the purchase was decided upon—the whole subject matter being referred to the Chairman with power.

"Before we go ahead with this," Judge Gary told Mr. Morgan, "we must consult President Roosevelt."

"But what has the President to do with it?" demanded the banker.

"If we do this without consulting the administration," persisted Judge Gary, "a bill in equity might stop the sale and in that case more harm than good would be done. He cannot say that we may or may not purchase, but we ought to know his attitude since he has a general direction of the law department of the United States."

"Can you go at once?" asked Mr. Morgan.

Of course he could, and he and Mr. Frick were at the White House at eight o'clock the next morning. Roosevelt saw no one before ten, Mr. Loeb, his secretary, told them. "But," persisted Judge Gary, "this is a serious matter, and I think that, if you will tell him just what Mr. Frick and I are here for, he will see us."

At this moment Secretary Garfield came up and to him the two tormented gentlemen confided their errand. Roosevelt did leave his breakfast table to see them at once, and they soon had told him their story. Attorney General Bonaparte being out of the city, the President sent for Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, and together they went over the matter. A good many question were asked. Mr. Root was frank with the President: "You have no legal right to consent to this sale or purchase, but I should think it was a question of policy." And that is what it was to the President. He felt that he could not make any objection to the sale, and then and there dictated a letter to the Attorney General, the substance of which Judge Gary telephoned to Mr. Morgan a few minutes later.

Judge Gary was not unaware that the purchase might make trouble for him in the future and he took pains to obtain immediately from President Roosevelt and Secretary Root confirmation of what had happened in the interview. The correspondence shows how the three men looked at the sale in November, 1907.

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
NEW YORK

CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE

November 7th, 1907.

Personal

My dear Mr. Secretary:

At the recent interview at the White House between the President, yourself, Mr. Frick and myself, I stated, in substance, that our Corporation had the opportunity of acquiring more than one-half of the capital stock of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company at a price somewhat in excess of what we believed to be its real value; and that it has been represented that if the purchase should be made it would be of great benefit to financial conditions, and would probably save from failure an important business concern; that under the circumstances Mr. Frick and I had decided to favor the proposed purchase unless the President objected to same. I further stated that the total productive capacity of our Companies would not be materially increased by the ownership of the properties of the Tennessee Company, and, after the purchase, would probably not amount to more than sixty per cent. of the total steel production in this country, which was about the percentage of our Companies at the time of the organization of the U. S. Steel Corporation; that our policy was opposed to securing a monopoly in our lines or even a material increase of our relative capacity.

I understood the President to say that while he would not and could not legally make any binding promise or agreement he did not hesitate to say from all the circumstances as presented he certainly would not advise against the proposed purchase.

If consistent, will you kindly write me if the above statement is

in accordance with your understanding and recollection.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) E. H. Gary.

Hon. Elihu Root,
Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

Nov. 11, 1907.

My dear Mr. Gary:

I have your letter of November 7th.

It fully agrees with my recollection of the interview to which you refer, in which you stated to the President the circumstances under which the United States Steel Corporation had been asked to relieve the financial situation by purchasing a majority of the stock of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company. I have sent a copy of your letter with this answer to the President with a recommendation that it be transmitted to the Department of Justice for filing there.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) Elihu Root.

E. H. Gary, esquire,
United States Steel Corporation,
New York, N. Y.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Nov. 19, 1907.

My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th instant and enclosures, and have forwarded them to the Attorney General to be placed on the files of the Department of Justice, together with a copy of this letter. Mr. Gary states the facts as I remember them.

Very truly yours,

(signed) Theodore Roosevelt.

Hon. Elihu Root,
Secretary of State.

Mr. Root immediately sent a letter to Judge Gary, saying:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

Nov. 20, 1907.

Dear Mr. Gary:

I enclose a copy of a letter which I have sent to the President, enclosing a copy of your letter of November 7th (second edition) and a copy of the President's answer.

You now have a complete copy of what you will be able to find upon the files of the Department of Justice, if any occasion arises.

There were to be several future occasions when Judge Gary must have congratulated himself on his foresight in obtaining this official record.

The purchase of the T. C. & I. did ease the situation in New York, but it did not end the panic. Confidence had been so shaken that money stayed in hiding and rumors of future disaster kept everybody suspicious and cautious. Those who knew business history since the Civil War warned that industry was now in for a period of depression similar to those after the panics of '73, of '79 and of '93, when failure followed failure, prices and wages fell to the bottom and general demoralization prevailed.

These periods had not been all loss to the strong. Many of them indeed had been quite willing to let the bottom fall out, since much irritating competition went with it, and often, too, it gave them an opportunity to gather in useful properties. If Judge Gary had been disposed to monopoly he could have added much more to the Steel Corporation in November, 1907, than the 4% investment he got in buying the T. C. & I.

But he made it clear at once that he had no such intention although he acknowledged that the power was in his hands. In an interview given to the Chicago *Tribune* about this time he said:

> It is clear that the United States Steel Corporation, with its extensive resources, could use its giant strength, like other corporations, to crush competition. But in the end would the game be worth the candle? The corporation would become an object of

attack. In my judgment such a policy would be the undoing of our corporation in which billions of dollars are invested.

Too many men have learned too late that the friendship of the public and the confidence of one's competitors are the most desirable elements in business.

What he did propose was very different, that the power of the Corporation should be used to prevent the demoralization in the iron and steel industry which had usually followed panics. In his judgment what was now needed was cooperation to prevent a further stampede. Iron and steel men ought to stand together, and to preach his doctrine he gave a dinner—destined to become historic in industrial annals—the first of the famous "Gary Dinners"—gave it to his competitors!

Judge J. H. Reed of Pittsburgh who was present gave a lively report of what Judge Gary said to his guests at this and subsequent similar dinners, when he was a witness in the Government suit against the Corporation. According to Judge Reed it simmered down to something like this:

"We must keep our heads, go slow, let jobbers work off their goods, let the country storekeepers get rid of their stocks, take what business naturally comes to us at decent prices, keep our men working. Let us not go out and raid the country, trying to get everything into our own mill, regardless of price. This will soon be over."

"He exhorted us like a Methodist preacher at a camp meeting," declared Judge Reed. That is, Judge Gary now extended to the trade at large those Methodist counsels and exhortations which up to this time he had directed to the Board of the Steel Corporation! Particularly did he emphasize his conviction about prices—one that he had been fighting for in the Corporation from its beginning. "Prices should *always* be reasonable," he said. "The mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply justify lowering prices. What we want is stability—the avoidance of violent fluctuations!"

Judge Gary's thirty or so guests, almost to a man, had always held and practised the exact opposite of this doctrine. It was a tribute to his logic as well as a remarkable proof of their confidence in him that they now rallied to his exhortations and agreed that they would follow his leadership in the troubled period which they saw before them.

Judge Reed, commenting on the result of the dinners, said, "I think it is fair to say that he saved thousands of men from bankruptcy in this country in the panic of 1907."

But that is a judgment pronounced long after the event—in 1913. In November, 1907, the results of both the T. C. & I. purchase and the attempt to rally his competitors to join the Steel Corporation in a cooperative effort to hold their industry steady were uncertain. One sure thing was that both undertakings were suspected by a considerable group of the public and that if the attack on the Corporation, which Judge Gary had realized from the beginning to be possible, should crystallize under the anger the panic had stirred in the public against all business—Big Business particularly—his efforts at stabilization were sure to receive sharp and hostile attention.

NEXT MONTH

The alarms over the panic of 1907 brought a general attack on the U. S. Steel Corporation. The Gary dinner, the size and power of its policies, the tariff privileges, the competitive practises were under such suspicion that, early in 1911, Congress undertook a thorough examination.

In October the Attorney General's office entered a plea for the dissolution of the Corporation. Judge Gary's conduct of the Corporation affairs and his use of his position of acknowledged leader of the whole industry during this trying period are treated in the next chapter.

JUST BELOW THE SNOW

The Weird Enchantment of Timber-line

By CLEM YORE

"Surely the Gods live here," said Kim, beaten down by the silence and the appalling sweep and dispersal of the cloud shadows after rain. "This is no place for men."

The Timberline in the Himalayas from KIM.
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, August, 1901.

LAST year, by auto, horse and pedestrian travel, ten million human beings approached, passed through, or crossed over the timber-line of the Rocky Mountains in the United States. And, strange as it may seem, such folk get away from this region as speedily as they can; they seem to feel a fear of it. And yet timber-line is truly a wonderland.

Of all places on the earth it is at timber-line that the eye can see evidence of the struggle for existence at its fiercest. Here one may view the colossal forces of nature with a magnification which is truly awesome.

Some seven years ago Enos A. Mills, the Colorado naturalist, one of America's greatest students of timber-line, called me on the phone.

"Get your bear-paws," he said, referring to a kind of web snow-shoe, "and meet me on the trail to Loch Vale."

I was keen for the adventure; for to go abroad in winter with Enos Mills was a delight to me. He was a companion of provocative charm. His avid delight in sky, earth and animal-life was infectious; and his fund of anecdote and explanatory conversation was as alluring as a good book. The out-of-doors was to him a living thing. That morning we met and ate our meager lunch. He never lunched but always munched chocolate, raw peanuts and raisins when close to timber-line.

The day was still, ominous; the sky, a vast blue bowl inverted; the range, a field of dazzling white; the miles and miles of mountains, tangled everywhere, a panorama of unimagined splendor. The great hills seemed to sleep, to muse, to breathe. Then, of a sudden, from an overhanging snow-cornice we saw a vast black zigzag show.

Half of the snow-shelf had dropped. It fell almost a thousand feet and vanished in a spume of frozen crystal.

And not an echo came back!

I was stirred, moved to a seething inward tumult; but as I turned to stare at Enos I saw his eyes aglow, his lips half-parted, a smile playing about his fine mouth. "That"—he inclined his head toward the vanished cornice— "is something these extravaganza fellows couldn't put on."

"No!" I murmured, "but it gave

Photo by Francis

Half of a glacier like this might drop—and no ear would hear it. Hallett's Glacier, Rocky Mountain National Park.

back no echo. Why was that, Enos?"

"This basin we are in," he replied, "is a trap. Into it sound vibrations dart and play and are lost. There must have been hundreds of thousands of tons in that mass of snow."

And that was my first introduction to timber-line in its vastitude, in its mightiness. I made of it, afterwards, a place to romp in; a spot to read, to ride to, and wander along. It has ever been to me a lure, a bleachers seat at the mightiest game on earth. I had been at timber-line years before; but I had not learned it. To see a dozen rain squalls playing over the hills of a summer day is itself a treat of treats for the eyes.

Timber-line in Colorado and elsewhere in America begins approximately at 10,500 feet and runs as high as 12,000. It is a visible ribbon of vegetation, thin and straggling, which stretches always on a straight line. In the distance it fades in color, becomes a grayish green vignette and makes a lace-work against the gaunt region above it.

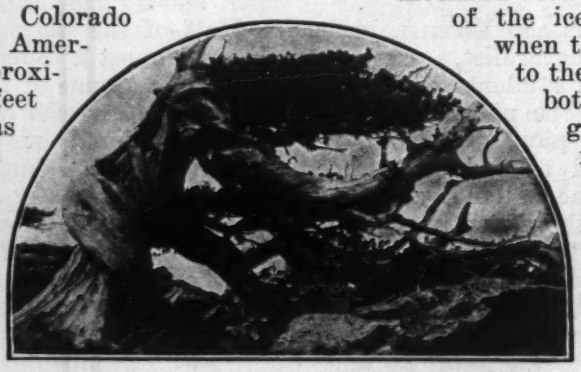


Photo by Enos A. Mills

"Blown until deformed."

Yet it is a frontier, the last frontier, the land where the elements are waging a constant and terrible combat. The rock shows the bite of wind, the creep of frost, the unrelenting enterprise of erosion and corrosion, for the mountains of our land are being destroyed by these agents. In the front range of the Colorado Rockies, which may first be seen as one travels from the east, this destruction is occurring most rapidly on the eastern slope.

The range is broken off sheer, broken at places for drops of a thousand, two thousand feet. The rip and tear of the ice-cap started this, when the glaciers slipped to the ancient sea whose bottom is now our great plains. But frost is filling the fissures of the hills and when summer comes this icy substance expands and widens these cracks; in time a particle falls; in time this

is rolled along in water courses and ground and disintegrated and destroyed; its residue goes as silt to the rivers and is carried to the sea, or makes new lands, and high lands out of lowlands.

The great west wind rages from September to May over this region and carries infinitely small particles of grit in its teeth to grind away the tops of the range; it blows the western-slope snow in the hollows of the eastern slope and these form great white fields which, on northern exposures, become eternal. Storms from the east pile huge drifts.

In summer the wind blows dust on top of the snow and as this melts the dust goes with the water to the brooklets and rivers and is lost in the mystery of the scheme.

Above timber-line this same dust settles in great natural basins or amphitheaters, fills with frost, is covered with snow, becomes a marsh; and by some quirk of magic is covered with vegetation, develops hummocks or bog-growth, and at last is a true swamp, though it lies twelve thousand feet, or higher, above the level of the seas.

In such spots one cannot ride a mountain pony into its soft ground. These animals know that such places are mire-spots, quick-sands, almost certain trouble-makers. The elk browse and wallow here in summer, and keep away from the insect pests of the lower levels; the grizzly uses these grounds to laze in; the mountain sheep drink and

Photo by Esther Mills

Photo by the Gracraft Shop, Estes Park, Colo.

Looking down to the timber-line in winter. One can see a blizzard trying to surmount the Continental Divide. The high peaks turned it east. Three days later the Missiissippi Valley was shivering. Above on the right—Enos A. Mills, carrying his daughter Enda to the timber-line.

Photo by Enos Mills

On this ridge trees grow only as high as the boulders which give them enough shelter so that they may survive.

roll here. Such places become lakes when the summer rains fill them. Yet some day these identical regions will slip, a lower end will fall out, the tiny particles of soil, of which such earth is composed, will run freely away; barren rock will show. This is, very crudely, what is occurring constantly in the regions above the timber.

And toward this vague, almost intangible area, the battalions of trees are attempting to crawl. The evidence of this struggle to extend the line of tree-outposts is sublime.

Wind will shift soil back of a boulder which has slipped or rolled, and other wind will roll or carry a tree seed there; and a bit of pine or spruce or fir-life will start.

The struggle begins when the tiny sprouts appear. It is ferocious. Wind! Wind! Wind! Constantly! But the tree endures. It has the protection of the rock and raises itself, heroically, till a bit of it affronts the gales of winter and summer. Then it bends, bows, and learns that further progress in that direction is unthinkable. It commences to expand its trunk, to shoot out limbs willy-nilly; it reaches deeper into the thin soil, crawls into interstices of the rock; it fights for sunshine, moisture, substance in the niggardly earth; but it endures. Then——

Some trick of frost, wind, or mayhap a snow slide disturbes that boulder and the wind seeks its victim; the tree fights, alters its position, hugs the slope, becomes almost a vine, battles on and on, till at last the dry winds arrive with winter days and sap whatever vital fluid is stored in the above-earth trunk, limb or branch. The following season bears witness to the tragic

Photo by Enos Mills

A tree that fought the elements for half a century and is still alive. It is like metal in resisting knife or ax.

Photo by the Gracraft Shop

A timber-line tree, three feet high, 250 years old, growing out of a seam in solid rock.

passing of that valiant fighter. It may have lived a thousand years; it may have attained a height of fifteen feet—or four; but when one saws into it, or tries to imbed a hand-ax, one sees in its fiber all the tenacity of every warrior. It is tough, wiry as steel and, before it finally is destroyed, another hundred years must pass. But its brown needles, showing among its fellows, proclaim its passing. Such sights as this one sees on every timber-line.

And these rows of dead monarchs are the veterans of a battle which has been won by the winds. I know of three distinct timber-lines, one above the other, in Rocky Mountain National Park; and at a spot in the Canadian Rockies I have counted the dead of four campaigns. Imagination cannot conceive of the years that rolled between each. But the story is there to greet those who care to read the annals of the wild.

I love these wonderful fighters. And to see them dead or living moves me deeply. Once I wrote:

SAGE OF THE TIMBER-LINE

Gaunt with the gray of ages;
Gnarled with the grip of time;
Glad when the wild wind rages;
Silent, secure, sublime;
Robbing the rocks in your hunger;
Quenching your thirst from a cloud;

Photo by Enos A. Mills

Charmed by the trumpet thunder,
Badger'd, bent and bow'd;

Neglected and scorned by your fellows
Battalioned in canyons below;
You live 'mid eternal yellows,
Which slant from the sun on the snow.
Giving scant shade to moss-pine;
Daring the dread avalanche;
Ghost-like, are you in the moonshine;
Stalwart, stript and staunch.

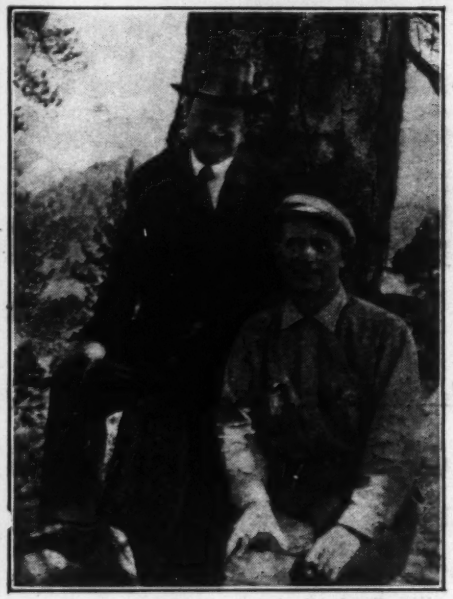


Photo by Clam Yore

Two men the author took to the timber line: Fred Clark, right, manager of the Pittsburgh National baseball team; and Graham Moffatt, Scotch playright. Both were awed and then entranced. Above—Enda Mills playing in the gnarled branches of a timber-line tree.

But at timber-line and the region above it, all is not desolation. No! The summers—no sweeter were ever given to man! The proximity of clouds, of sky, the nearness to the feel of big things, these imbue one with a sense of some lofty order; appreciation amounts to exaltation.

I have taken many parties of young and old up through tree-covered trails; have heard them singing behind me; heard them bubbling with lively exuberance; and then at timber-line have heard them gulp and have seen their eyes—wild and wide, and filled with wonder. For there is a wonder-filling shock at timber-line for the one who first makes it. I envy such a human and I never can forget my own amaze.

One time in the Sangre de Christo Mountains a companion and I faintly heard a gunshot; after a while another. "Some chap getting his meat," said my pardner. The rifle barked again. "Lost!" I murmured. "We'd better go after him." And we did; and three hours later, in answer to my rifle, we raised him. And when we came to him he burst into tears. He was such a vigorous young chap, apparently so powerful, that tears seemed foreign to him; but there he was, collapsed, weeping bitterly.

We got his story.

"I came over from Crede and wandered around and finally started to climb. When I reached timber-line—I don't know why—I was awed, charmed. Time went by, and I did not care; night came, and it was more marvelous than the day—the stars were so close. I began to descend and all sense of direction was gone. I wandered. This is my second day and all I've had to eat has been a little lunch."

Lost! Overwhelmed by something he knew not of. Starved, in a land where willow and blue grouse were thick enough to kill with a stone. It has that effect on some. That man never tires of telling the story of his first visit to the land that knows no trees.

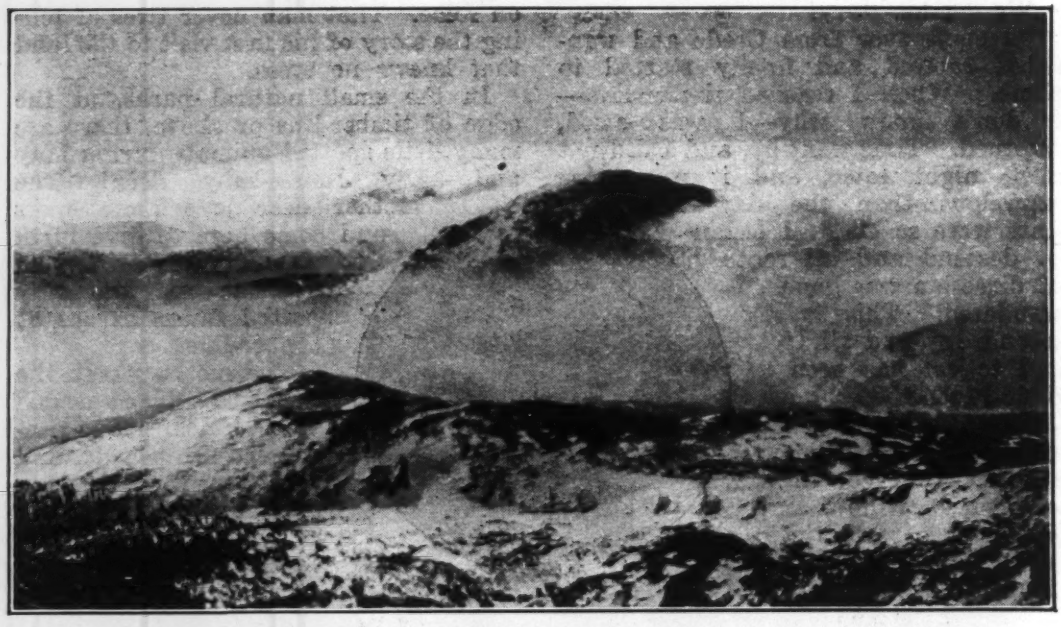
Photo by Enos A. Mills

In the small natural parks, at the edge of timber-line or above, there are many little spotted animals during May and early June—baby deer! The mother deer love these spots and come here to give birth to their young. Seldom does one see the tiny spotted fawns except at timber-line.

The mothers seek the delicious black-headed grass which grows under the snow-fields, and with the warming sun they arrive and feast royally and fatten quickly. The fawns gambol around in as

Photo by the Gracraft Shop

In winter these trees are snow-covered. By burrowing beneath them a man may find shelter from the terror of high-altitude wind and the intense cold. He may even build a fire.

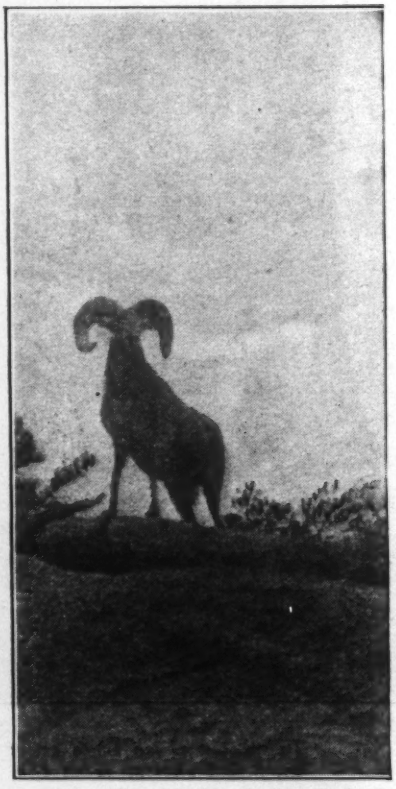


The battle of a blizzard. This picture was taken on January tenth from the summit of Long's Peak. It shows a storm trying to ride over the Divide. It is the first photograph ever taken from Long's Peak in January at an altitude of 14,255 feet. The storm clouds turned, swept down the Platte, across Nebraska and Kansas. Three days later the East was suffering from the worst blizzard of the year. The photographer, Jacques Moomeau, risked his life in making the ascent alone to secure the picture.

graceful a manner as one would wish to see. Elk seek such places; so do the big-horn sheep. And their natural enemies—lion, wolf and coyote—find plenty of rodent and bird-life here and leave the deer and elk singularly free at this season. There is wild timothy, timber-line clover, whose blossom is exquisitely scented, strange, sweet grasses known but to this region; and there is enough tang to the day and chill to the night to keep the flies and gnats down to a minimum.

I have often noticed that grass-eaters love the beautiful. I have seen a band of thirty deer reclining on the earth and gazing at the wonderful vistas below them; not an animal was turned toward the barren land back of and around it. I'm deadly in earnest when I say that wild animals love to look at scenery, and that all animals have a sense of harmony.

I believe they like flowers, too. Like them as we humans like them. Once I saw a big six point mule-deer that had just come up from the foot-hills and as he was making for the timber-line he passed a great bed of pasque flowers. Probably these were the first he had seen that spring. He stopped, lowered his head, looked at one plant carefully, raised his antlers and spent a moment in concentrated appreciation of that remarkable bed. It was a hundred yards wide and a mass of yellow blossoms. At timber-line we



Copyright by Charles Reed, Jr.

have the yellow pasque flower—anemone—and it is a wondrous creation; the blue and purple are also found.

Squirrels love pretty things too, and they love adventure and jaunts. Warren Rutledge, a guide near my home, once saw a Douglas squirrel on the exact summit of Long's Peak. He was adventuring in search of beauty, that little fellow, and he sought a height of 14,255 feet to satisfy his craving. Shep Husted, the most famous of all Rocky Mountain guides, has met porcupines crossing the range, both in winter and summer. Foxes travel from one side of the divide to the other, and they linger on top. A fox is an animal of keen curiosity. He loves to sport and nowhere can he regale himself as he can at timber-line or above.

Photo by Francis

At timber-line, in the ledges, and above it on the ridges, lives the little coney. This strange rugged beast, a vegetarian, whose plaintive, weird, first-alarm cry of "baa-a-a" sounds so very much like a new-born lamb, is truly a wonderful animal. It plays too. It works and gambols and stores away winter food, builds tiny hay-stacks, literally, in sheltered spots nears its sleeping-quarters, and when it awakens, in midwinter or after the long cold sleep, it has its food till the

A group of Bighorn sheep at the timber-line.

sweet fresh grasses are grown. To see it when it comes out for the first time is a great treat. I've been lucky twice. How it relishes its lunch and how it fills itself to gorging! And it is easily trained if taken young and will feed from the hand. Like children it likes peanuts and doesn't forget. It will "baa-a-a" at you, as you pass, if you have fed it at some previous time.

Dwelling side by side with the coney is the black-headed marmot—the true whistling marmot. Larger and grayer, with a streak of intense black up and down its head, it is not so fox-colored as its brothers of lower levels which are called rock, stone or woodchuck, or, back east, ground hog. It is similar to the Russian and Siberian marmot.

Here is found the pipit bird that lives from a 12,000 foot elevation down as far as timber-line. Its tail is ever a flopping, up and down, up and down. Also the rosefinch nests and lives here and flies to the tops of the loftiest peaks. It is a beautiful bird. In winter it seeks the lower levels. Recently, as I was leaving home in my machine, a flock of these highly colored little fellows flew directly in front of my wheels. I stopped, turned about, and fed

Ptarmigan. This arctic bird makes its home the year round above the timber-line in the Rockies

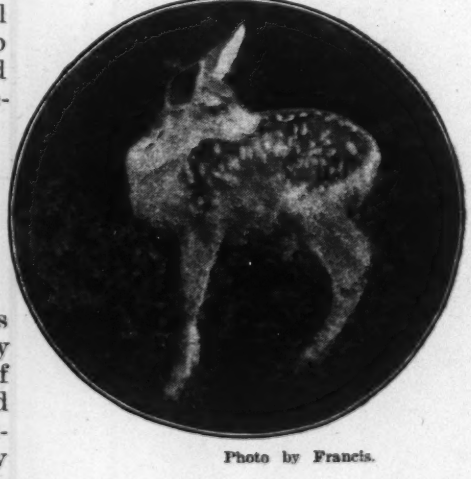


Photo by Francis.

Spotted fawn, born at the timber-line.

them. The next morning they had gone back to the region that is as cold as the polar sea in winter.

Clarke's crow (American nutcracker) nests in February, brings forth its young that same month and uses the Engelmann spruce for its home. So does the camp bird, or camp robber, or Rocky Mountain jay.

The white-crowned or song sparrow is a tenant of the timber-line and here its note can be heard early in the morning, when the silence is like that of a cathedral, and late into the after-glow of twilight. It is an intriguing little scamp and will follow one and sing farewell until one passes from sight.

But the solitaire is, to my mind, the most remarkable of all the birds at timber-line or above. It is smaller and more drab than the robin and is ever alone—that is how it gets its name. It is always singing in clear melodious tones.

These, with the ptarmigan, a stupid bird, spotted in summer, pure white in winter, save for its piercing black eyes, live all the year round at timber-line and only come down in case of need. In summer they all feed on insects which fly or settle on the snow or ice, become chilled and fall easy victims. You never saw such fat little breasts and such utter

content. In winter they feed on black-willow seed till heavy snow cuts off their supply; then they come down and go after many kinds of provender; but at the earliest uncovering of the drifts at timber-line and above, back they all go. The ptarmigan always lives above or on the edge of timber-line.

Colorado is rich in grouse. The blue grouse, living very high, is larger than the willow grouse and is a delightful bird. When it rises and flies one thinks an aeroplane is leaving the earth. It is a great family bird, a great rustler, an easy feeder and is invariably fat. The willow grouse lives anywhere from the great plains up to timber-line; but is usually found along the dense undergrowth of the streams at low levels, say, about six to eight thousand feet.

For the lover of wild flowers the most amazing vista in the Rockies is that which greets the eye at mid-June slightly above timber-line on the edge of the melting snow fields.

Flowers grow right out of the snow. Alpine buttercups, wax-like, exquisitely delicate, will push their stems through the ice during the day, will be frozen that night, will bloom and bloom and go to seed surrounded with an inch or more of ice.

Photo by Francis

Three hundred years old and still fighting for life at the timber-line.

But Colorado, like most Western states, has a great variety of wild flowers and 175 of these grow from timber-line up. Primrose, Alpine primrose, Indian paint-brush—and you have never seen this plant till you've viewed it above timber-line—red, yellow, almost brown, and sometimes reddish purple or strange blue; valerian; *Pentstemon gracilis,* commonly called beard tongue; rose stone-crop; marsh-marigold; cream-colored anemone; little elephant-head; mountain laurel, a tiny shrub with most beautiful foliage; Jacob's-ladder; rock jasmine; Queen

Anne's lace; pink and blue phlox; timber-line Gaillardia in a riot of profusion; forget-me-not, the scent as vagrant and delicious as perfume smelled in a dream; gentian of many kinds; monk's hood; larkspur; twinberry; dwarf columbine which grows from timber-line to thirteen thousand feet, always in the shade of a rock.

That strange, daring, delicate plant *Polemonium speciosum*, a kind of phlox, grows the highest of all blossoms on our Colorado and Wyoming mountains. At eleven thousand feet you can see it in beds; and its delightful scent is carried on the breeze; but bruise its stem and a detestable odor like skunk-cabbage arises. I wish all wild flowers would act so when picked. This plant, Enos Mills observed on the summit of Long's Peak. Its seeds are black, very small, and are capable of germination in decomposed granite. It is so fragile, so fragrant, so filled with that strange odor, so companionable in the gaunt gray lands of the sky, that I fancy it above all other plants—except perhaps the kinnikinic with its mats of limbs and its strange berries that turn to silver in the winter. The kinnikinic is my friend; I have sheltered under it, as I have beneath the ground juniper which makes a veritable tent and keeps the winds and snow and much of the rain from disturbing its guest.

I can not tell you of all the flowers, nor the shrubs and willows and vines and lichens; but they are there to be explored. And there is the joy of discovery, the thrill of finding something you never knew existed.

Take a book along—Clements, Rhyberg's *Flora of Colorado and Wyoming*, Longyear's *Rocky Mountain Wild Flower Studies*—any of these will be a wonderland to you. And maybe you will discover an unclassified plant. That would be like casting anchor on a new shore.

I see many travelers, campers and hikers, and always tell them to make for the timber-line. They want me to go along; they out-talk me at times and I succumb; but I cannot go with them all, though I'd like to. There's a thrill about taking a man up yonder to that wonderland. He becomes a babe mighty quickly.

Last year a very great banker went up, and I wish you could have seen him. He was a boy, a great lumbering, staring boy. When he came down and left me at his hotel he said, "I'm going back to my desk with a different idea of what the universe is."

"Whatever do you mean?" I asked.

"It doesn't make a bit of difference up there"—he lifted his eyes to the top of the snowy range—"that I loan or collect vast sums of money. With all the money in all the banks in the world, and with all the genius of our craftsmen, man could not put on such a show as I have seen to-day."

His wife came running to him.

"Here," he said, "you've got to get on a horse to-morrow and go with me. I counted fifty species of wild flowers in a space sixty feet square. I saw a bear eating berries. I saw eight storms raging over a land larger than all of France. I saw timber-line trees that made me think of old witches. And I had a brain-sweeping which was as clean a job as I ever knew. And I'm not so tall as I was yesterday by twelve feet."

That's the timber-line.

Here, in a riot of bloom and tangle of grasses, you may tread ground in summer that is a polar waste during the winter. Sixty degrees below zero, perhaps even lower, is the temperature for December, January and a part of February. Winds attain a velocity of over a hundred miles an hour here and sweep so for days at a time. A wind-machine went to pieces on Long's Peak, after recording a velocity of one hundred and forty-seven miles an hour.

The snow fields send up great breaths of frosted air. And winds laden with crickets, bugs, grasshoppers, bees, and other insects are emptied of their burden when they cross these chilled areas. Here the grizzly comes to feed and other animals too, and at high level there are no poisonous snakes, no poisonous plants, no dangerous animals. You may sleep where you will and as long as you like.

If you are lucky enough to be caught in an electrical storm, your hair will stand erect upon your head, from the static; your metal disc hat-band will crackle; you will create a spark whenever your fingers touch another object; you will thrill and glow and live.

The shrill bugle of the bull elk calling his cows, the sight of the big-horn ram standing guard for his fellows, the gentle deer bounding away at your approach, the lazy marmot, that sassy beggar—the coney, the solitaire, the pipit bird, the song sparrow, the great golden plains, mile after mile of magnificent vistas—these are the compelling charms of timber-line.

THE SPELL OF COLD

Ah! What unearthly music plays so still
So hushed, about the window sill,
Aerial more than an aeolian harp,
Or, with chromatic risings sharp,
Whistles the heart away into the ice-cold moon?
It fluted through the dawn wind; soon
The snow's white woven dance will come
And close the little room
In soft-fluffed, crystal silence, with the trees.
Still, still in silvery cadenced degrees
The heavenly gradual
Will rise and fall.
Ah! what god in the forest plays
One instant that makes all our days,
And sends great music so about a little room?
We would have quiet now in all our ways,
And with the winter night, quiet and candlelight . . .
Ah! what unearthly music plays!

Haunted! Not here nor there,
Nor from the forest hollows bare,
Nor shining-particled, chill air,
Nor star-hung, and swan-breasted hill,
But closer, closer still,
Weaving between the nerve and bone
The melody flows on.
We would have quiet in the winter grays,
And for the winter gloom, embers and a quiet room . . .
Ah! what unearthly music plays?

Spellbound!
Not cooly rippling ivory,
Nor cithers slowly sighing a nocturne,
Nor mournful clarion of silver horn,
Nor bells at midnight, hollowly forlorn,
Could swell this tide of sound, nor turn
This tide away from one who hears
This music in between the ears
And brain, from one who sees
Too long the snow's slow woven dance of imageries.
No, nor the thousand forest Seraphs of the violin
Shiver and clamor up, and cry, "Give over and give in!"
So wildly! Hush! This is the spell the winter weaves;
The song for which the tree sheds all its leaves,
The high, chaste comfort for which worlds grow old.
This is the glamor of the frost and cold
Heard by the stars. It is the breath
And premonition of the requiem of death
Higher and colder than all. The frost crystal rays,
And ice in the moon sing, when this unearthly music plays.

Elizabeth MacKinstry.

THE ARMISTICE

By GEORGE T. MILTON, JR.

THE armistice was not so much of a surprize to us as it was to the men with the batteries or the machine guns, although even at brigade headquarters it came with startling swiftness. To my mind the most interesting phase of my observations of the campaigns in France came that day of November 11, noting the reaction of the men to the news that war was no more.

We had longed and sighed for the armistice, yet, when it came, we were dazed and in a cloud—no one knew what to do. There was no hilarious rejoicing or cutting of capers. Every man wondered a little at the stopping of the machine in which we all were cogs, and could scarce believe it was true.

Our last day in Maisoncelle had given a hint that some startling developments were at hand. I was communications officer for brigade headquarters, and, as such, had charge of the radio station and the telephone communications. Our wireless outfit was well equipped, and by it we took all communiques coming through the air, from Germans, French, English and Americans. Our radio men had become experts, and could tell by the wave length, method of sending, and other internal data, the station most messages came from. The field sets used by our army in France were not particularly powerful in sending, but in receiving they often caught messages given to the ether thousands of miles away. In fact, after we were in Germany, my station took a message from the naval station at Arlington, more than three thousand miles away.

The principal stations used by the armies for issuing communiques were Eiffel Tower, Paris, whence issued French official communications; Lyons, where the Americans had erected a powerful station to send across the ocean; Podlett, England, from which the British communiques were sent; Nauen, Germany, a huge transoceanic set, used both for general propaganda by the Germans, and for sending army information; and Charleville, France, near the German G. H. Q., where the enemy had the most powerful field set

AT THE FRONT

Illustrated by
Henry O'Connor

in any army, and whence his communiques usually issued.

Orders had already come at Maisoncelle to take down station, in preparation for the next day's march back to Buzancy. Sergeant Stratton was listening at the air for the last time, when suddenly he started copying messages.

"It's Nauen, and here's something big," he said to me. I looked over his shoulder onto his pad, and saw the most remarkable radio message sent forth during the entire war.

"Kaiser Wilhelm has fled to Holland; the Crown Prince Wilhelm is in flight," the message ran, signed by "The Sailors' and Workingmen's Committee." It was the first intimation that there was internal dissension in Germany, and that the Kaiser was not as steady on his throne as we had imagined. If true, it marked the end of the war, and forecast far-reaching changes in the enemy country. I carried the word to General Gatley at once; he called General Menoher, and found that the division commander had not yet heard of the flight; division radio had already been taken down, and had missed the message.

There was great stir in headquarters, and the officers discussed every possible aspect of the situation.

With the air filled with such remarkable changes, I was reluctant to close the station until the very last minute before we had to move. Our vigil was rewarded. A couple of hours later came a radio message from German G. H. Q. to Marshal Foch, asking for a discussion of terms for an armistice. We must not have been tuned in for the answer, for about midnight we picked up another radio plea. This one concerned a plan for the German plenipotentiaries to get over to the Marshal's headquarters, so as to discuss terms of armistice. A message then went back, saying that if an airplane, marked in such and such a way, came over at a certain spot, it would not be fired upon.

The Germans must have had difficulty with this plan, for the next message snatched from the air told of the abandonment of this plan, and asked

Marshal Foch if he would receive and give safe conduct for the plentipotentiaries if they came down a certain road, in automobiles. The message stated that a certain number of engineers would have to be brought along, to fill in the roads. The reply came, after a few minutes, that they were to come as they suggested to where the lines joined, with flags of truce, and with buglers to announce their arrival, and that they would be met, blindfolded, and conducted to the Marshal's presence. It was after midnight when we took this last message, and I reluctantly allowed the station to be closed, so that we could pack it in the trucks preparatory to moving to Buzancy. It had been a sleepless night but intensely interesting. After a nap of an hour, I took the side car and started out for Buzancy, to find a good P. C. for headquarters. On the road I passed C Battery, and shouted to Redington that the Kaiser had abdicated. He said "What!" in a surprized tone, and we had a little talk, in which he told me how one of the gunners had been killed the night before as the battery was pulling out. I gave all the information I had about the situation in Germany.

The captain shouted the news to his men, who did not seem much concerned over it, and, thereafter, I told every group I passed on the road that the Kaiser had fled to Holland, and, aside from the polite attention accorded a piece of academic information, there was little interest shown. Reaching Buzancy about 3 P. M., I located a town major and managed to extract fairly good billets from him. A couple of hours later, the whole brigade headquarters rolled in.

The first thing we did was to set up the radio, stretch the antennae, and try to get back in touch with the great events that were in the wind. It was not ten minutes after Stratton had the station set before something happened—Eiffel Tower called Nauen.

This was the first time since the last of August, 1914, that there had been any communication direct between Eiffel Tower and Nauen. The message itself was a long string of gibberish, divided every fifth letter by a space, and signed by Erzberger, the head of the Armistice Commission. It was quite evidently code. Our efforts to decipher were vain, but it very likely gave the terms demanded by Marshal Foch, and asked if they could be accepted. In fifty-five minutes an answer came back from Nauen to Eiffel, also in code, and very short.

Messages of this type continued to circulate back and forth during the night. I had three radio operators on in relays that evening. There was no topic discussed save "Will there be an armistice?" Some officers seemed to think this another German trick. After the brilliant retreat to the Meuse, with the first hand evidence we had of the still excellent morale of the enemy, as shown by the negligible losses of artillery and materials he had suffered, it seemed to us that he could have resisted for many, many months along the Meuse and through the difficult mountain country between ourselves and Germany. We had been fooled so often before about the war coming to an end, and about victory being in sight, that we were not going to fly into raptures until the last shell had exploded.

That night was a beautiful moonlight one—not a cloud in the sky—unexcelled bombing weather. Buzancy was a most excellent target for the German eggs, as had been proved for several nights past by destruction of houses. That night, I believe every man in Buzancy sought himself out a fine bomb-proof dugout. No one wanted to be killed the last night of the war!

In brigade headquarters we had become pretty much case-hardened to bombers, yet every officer went down into the cellar and located a shelter for himself. True enough, about eight o'clock came the familiar drone of the enemy plane, and we all made a dive for the dugout. They passed over, however, without touching us up, and dropped their bombs elsewhere. There was the normal amount of firing that evening, both "*arrivée*," and "*departée*." In the distance were the faint sounds of batteries in action.

The last night of the war, as it finally proved to be, was no different from those we had experienced during the last three months. There was the same tremendous tension, and fear of possible mishaps, always present in war. About four o'clock in the morning

came a final message from German G. H. Q. to Eiffel Tower.

Then at five o'clock came the most momentous message which ever traveled the ethereal waves. It was in French, announcing the armistice. It was addressed to German G. H. Q., telling them that at five o'clock an Armistice had been signed by Marshal Foch and the other allied commissioners with Herr Erzberger, General von Winterfeldt, and one other German envoy, for the cessation of hostilities. At eleven o'clock the next morning the war was to cease. There was to be no fraternizing. The Germans were to withdraw a distance of two kilometers, but were not to be molested. Several other details were included, but the terms themselves were withheld. Of course, as soon as this message came in, every one dressed and began to discuss it. Even yet we could not believe that the war was at an end. It might be that this talk of an Armistice was simply a trick to lull us into a sense of security while the Germans made another terrific attack and won back what they had lost.

The hours from 5 A. M. until 11 A. M. were about the longest we spent in France. It was a matter of waiting to find out whether the announcement was a trick or the truth. As the morning proceeded, and no official confirmation came to division headquarters, it began to seem likely that it had been a mistake after all. About ten o'clock some heavy barrages were laid down by both sides. At ten-thirty an intense artillery preparation seemed to be taking place and as the hour of eleven approached this became even fiercer. There was no apparent plan to it—it was merely the individual efforts of the individual batteries.

The truth of the matter is that every gunner on the front was trying to fire the last shell in the war. One of the batteries of the First Division had sent the initial American shell on its way, but there must have been thousands which departed a few seconds before the stroke of eleven. It was really comic to listen to these harbingers of peace—first the scream of the shrill-voiced *soixante-quinze*, then the deeper toned resonance of the medium howitzers. Long after their echoes died away there came the deep bass bellow of the railroad artillery far in the rear. I dare say a thousand artillerymen are now treasuring in their souls the honor of having fired the last shot in the war.

There was wild jubilation back in Paris, according to papers we received later. The streets were filled with a crowd intoxicated with the joy of peace.

There was no jubilation at the front among the fighting troops. The tales which were told back in the States by romanticist war correspondents of the wild enthusiasm with which the news of the end of the war was received at the front were mainly bunk.

I remember that, while the armistice was being discussed in a dazed sort of way, the mail clerk came to the door with a heavily laden pouch trailing behind him. *Then* came the transports of joy, the dancing around!

After we had read and re-read our mail again and again, we turned our attention to the war once more, or rather, this time, to the peace, and the stillness which passed all understanding. That evening, for the first time since our arrival at the front, we left the boards off the windows; no more fear of German eggs.

On the hillside not far away I watched a wondrous sight—a campfire, about which hundreds of soldiers were crowded. It was a defi to the bomber, the first sign of realization of the armistice. Parties of bucks ranged the town, gathering up scraps of wood to throw on the blaze, which cast a cheery red glare all about. Several boxes of rockets had been opened, and we had a fireworks display without the answering barrage. It was the first time that the rocket and flare were used as in childhood—for pleasure, and not to call the guns to send down shell to protect us from the enemy.

At last the fact of the armistice was soaking in. The men were mainly silent—one or two found some hidden source of supply and whooped with a joy hard to simulate. I cannot say that I blamed them; it was in truth a fitting time. For the war was really over; these windows were shining forth, and we were burning up their shutters, which we hoped would never more be needed.

DIKKON'S DOG

By DOROTHY LUNDT

THE distinguishing trait of Grubbins was his unexpectedness. Grubbins was Dikkon's dog.

All the cats in the old regiment could have told you that the time it was least safe to try to slip by Grubbins was when he sat gazing across the plains, apparently oblivious of everything on earth but the progress of a mule-train just fading off the distant horizon. The young and untaught kitten who attempted, at such times, to glide, with shadowlike swiftness and silence, behind Grubbins's meditative back, had a never-to-be-forgotten vision of lanky yellow legs lengthening themselves in a leap, bristling yellow hair, and glaring yellow eyes; and, if that kitten got off with the loss of his ear or two-thirds of his tail, he was congratulated by his more experienced fellows.

Private McAllison was new to the old regiment, which explains his premature assumption that Grubbins was too soundly asleep to resent his tail being stepped on by a friend hastily crossing the barrack-room, or to identify that friend for purposes of reprisal. McAllison was in his stocking-feet; so that his howls, when Grubbins's teeth met through the end of his heel, were louder than they otherwise might have been. Private Mooney, his neighbor of the right-hand cot, gave up in disgust his latest attempt to get sufficiently sound asleep to forget the dismal downpour that was making out-door life impossible, and casting an untimely chill over the twilight of Christmas Eve.

"Hould up yer yellin', can't ye, ye Scotch omadahn?" said Private Mooney. "Shure it's only Grubbins's way!"

"Ma certie! It's a way wull lead Maister Grubbins to the grave that's too lang been awaitin' him; if not by meelitary execution by the Colonel's orders, then by preevate assassination!" Thus McAllison, with the polysyllabic solemnity of his nation, nursing his wounded heel, and glaring at Grubbins, who had tranquilly returned to his interrupted slumbers.

"I reckon Grubbins's grave ain't dug yet, nor the man ain't born that'll send him to it; not while my name's Dikkon! Grubbins, ain't that so, honey?"

The gaunt yellow dog was alert and on his feet at the first syllable of his name spoken in the master's voice. He shambled heavy-footedly across to the bench where Dikkon sat, just in from a bit of fatigue duty at the stables, toasting his soaked and odorous cowhide boots at the low fire in the barrack-room stove. Grubbins laid his rough, grizzled muzzle on his master's knee, and Dikkon's brown and knotted hand fell affectionately on the dog's head. The two sat looking at each other with a look of perfect understanding and full companionship. As they sat thus, there was a curious likeness between man and dog. Dikkon's close-cropped hair was of the same dusty yellow as Grubbins's scraggy coat; chronic malaria and long exposure to every weather had brought Dikkon's complexion to much the same hue that was Grubbins's by birthright; the faded eyes of the man had an expression oddly akin to that which from the dog's eyes looked up at him—a latent gleam through a mist as of habitual drowsy apathy.

"Thet's so; ain't it, honey?" drawled Dikkon again; and Grubbins rapped his stumpy tail in fervent affirmation. "'Pears to me yo' haven't took 's much exercise as common to-day, Grubbins," went on his master. "Don't yo' feel like racin' down a cat or suthin', so's to get up a moughty good appetite fer yer Christmas grub?"

The men chuckled. The idea of Grubbins's appetite requiring a tonic was a deeply humorous one. Dikkon opened the door, and Grubbins, with a short, approving sniff of the freshening air, trotted loose-leggedly across the soaked parade.

"Shure it's an appetite we'll ahl be

needin' for our Christmas grub," said Private Mooney, stretching his brawny arms with a cavernous yawn. "The mule-train's overdue, and divil a thing for Christmas Day but bull-beef an' hard-tack, wid likely a redskin bullet for sauce wid it!"

"Redskin bullet! Bosh! In mid-winter!" Thus Corporal Perkins, newly from the Northwest.

"Corporal, me joy, it's forgettin' ye are that down in this suburb av Tophet there's niver a winter at ahl, and the redskins dishport thimsilves as loively at Christmas as on the sacrid o' July! Shure I niver pass that clump o' brush beyant the ould shtables on a black night—an' it's black nights a plinty we have, as see the wan that's a shuttin' down like a box-lid this blissid minnit—widout falin' me schalp-lock a-wigglin' wid spirituous terrors!"

"But the sentries?"

"Faith, it's happined before that the divil led his own by ways onseen o' the righteous—manin' Uncle Sam's senthries, that last—an' he'll do ut agin! I say agin, a redskin bullet's the Christmas prisint likeliest to come the way av us poor sinners."

"Dikkon, ma lad!" Thus McAllison, stopping by Dikkon's bench to put on his rough overcoat, his injured heel well greased, and his Scotch equanimity apparently restored. "I've nae ill-will tae the bit beastie, an' forbye he but defendit the richts o' his ain tail. But I'll gie ye a hint for a Christmas gift; it was the Colonel himself was sayin' but the nicht's nicht, that the next complaint of Dikkon's dog that came tae his ears, the beastie wad haw a bullet an' a ditch, an' nae mair said!"

Dikkon sprang to his feet. A dull flush kindled under his yellow skin; the gleam in his faded eyes shone keen through their dulled indifference.

"He will, will he?" There was a savage snarl in the man's voice. "An' what mought he be, that's been with the old regiment only six months, an' not half the use to it then or now that my old dog——"

"Hold hard, Dikkon!" "Whisht, me boy! It's the short cut to the guard-house you're takin'!" There were grunts and exclamations of remonstrance on every side. Dikkon looked about him with a sort of bewilderment. The momentary flush and gleam were gone. He sat down again, quietly enough, and put out his feet to the fire.

"Bedad, the Colonel's bark is a dale worse nor his bite, we ahl know!" Thus Mooney, pacifically. "It's only whin his pepper-pot av a timper gits a rough shake that he's onsafe to play wid. An' Grubbins is tryin' at times, his bist frinds know. Take ut lasht shpring, whin the Colonel paid the saints know what ahl for thim seeds from the North, an', whin they was comin' up umbrageous, in sails Grubbins, scoutin' afther a last year's bone he'd misrimimbered where he'd buried, an' in tin minnits the Colonel's vigitible garden was ploughed up more complate than the field before wan av our batteries at Chattanooga, four years back."

"But that didn't rile him for coppers with Grubbins's gobblin' up little Miss Marion's taffy." Thus Corporal Perkins, picking up his cap, in the general exodus toward the parade. The rain had stopped for a moment. A wild wind was angrily driving the clouds in frightened masses before it; the freshness of the outside world was good to feel, after the stuffy and smoky atmosphere of the barrack-room. "Miss Marion she's the apple o' the Colonel's eye an' the light of it; an' I pity dog or man that sets her cryin' many times as she cried the other day when Grubbins caught on to her taffy the cook had set out to cool, an'——"

"There they go now! See 'em?" Thus one of the men at the window. There was a general turning of heads.

"Faith, it's shmall blame to the Colonel,"—from Mooney—"for it's a sunbame little Miss Marion carries in the eyes of her an' the heart of her; an' she kindled it from the wan that wint away wid her mother whin they laid her, an' the ould Colonel's heart wid her, in her grave a year gone!"

And indeed three-year-old Miss Marion was a winsome sight to see, as in her wee blue-hooded rain-cloak, a golden-haired kobold, she danced across the parade by her soldierly grandfather's side, smiling up confidently in the face that never was stern for her, and leading tenderly, by a ribbon as blue as her rain-cloak or her eyes, a tiny terrier, also blue-blanketed, and min-

cingly remonstrant at the wet grass that brushed his dainty paws. The men approved of Miss Marion, but the terrier was not regarded with favor in barracks. "For whin I want a dog, I want a dog," said Private Mooney, voicing the general sentiment. "An' whin I want a ladylike rat, I don't want him pritindin' to be a dog, an' ixpictin' to be rispicted accordin'!"

The men were making their way out for a whiff of fresh air before retreat should sound. Dikkon alone had not left his place by the fire. As Mooney, last of the men, was opening the rough door, he was arrested by Dikkon's voice, sounding musingly, and as if unconscious that he spoke aloud.

"It's a moughty queer world," Dikkon said, "where an old yaller dog will stand to one man for what a pretty little baby does to another!"

With an Irishman's involuntary sympathy for a guessed sorrow, and an Irishman's quick appreciation of a chance to gratify a long-baffled curiosity, Mooney soundlessly closed the door, threw down his cap, and crossed toward an empty chair. After a pause:

"Manin' yersilf an' the Colonel?" said he.

"Meanin' just that. Ol' Grubbins is about as much to me, I reckon, as little Miss Marion yon is to the ol' Colonel. Fer th' same reason. All that's left to me o' somethin' I loved."

Mooney stuffed the tobacco deep into his pipe, and diplomatically waited. There was a momentary break in the heavy clouds, and a late, pale yellow light shone tremulously through.

"I reckon I never told ye how I met up with Grubbins? I was in the Tennessee mountings, when we wor down there with Grant. That was in '64, years back, when I wor a volunteer. Nigh where we wor camped there wor a cabin. A girl lived thar, all alone. Her dad an' five brothers had gone into the Union army, and they never come back. Her name wor Marcella. She had right pretty blue eyes, an' a cough. I punched a man oncet for tryin' to make free with her, an' Grubbins chawed him up afterwards. Grubbins wor her dog; a five-yer-old, then, an' 's ornery's he is now. We got to be right good friends, she'n I; afterwards, more. I hadn't nary a red but my pay; no more she. But I promised ter kem back an' marry her oncet the fightin' wor over."

Both men smoked for a time in silence.

"'Twas in May, '65, I got back there. It was a moughty purty day, with clouds like gold. The cabin do' was tight shet. An' the windows. Ez I kem up I heard Grubbins howl. Reckon ye never heerd a yaller dog howl?

"The neighbors hed jest took care o' her an' left her, an' gone back ter get the coffin. She had changed considerable—thin as a shadder. She hed wound grass round my ring to keep it on her finger—it wor a hoss-hair ring. I braided it from my hoss's tail.

"I stayed for the fun'ral. Grubbins an' I sot by her all day an' all night. When the grave wor filled in, Grubbins he turned an' reached up his big yaller paw ter me, an' his eyes said, 'Reckon it's we two now, ol' man?' An' I shuk his paw, an' I says, 'Yes, Grubbins, 's long as we both live.' An' when I 'listed ez a reg'lar, Grubbins 'listed 'long o' me."

"An' wid ahl his ecsyncrasities, Grubbins is a cridit to the ould rigimint!" There was a sympathetic choke in Mooney's voice. "An'—saints be good! Phwat's that?"

It was a wild commotion on the parade ground. There were growls and snarls and doleful squeals; rushing footsteps, thwacking blows, a child's sobs, a stern and angry voice. "Take that dog away, and—" a short, enraged howl in Grubbins's unmistakable accents.

Dikkon and Mooney were in the middle of the parade. In little Maid Marion's arms, pressed close to her tear-stained face, was a squealing huddle of very muddy blue blanket, with a pathetic pink stain oozing out here and there. Grubbins, his yellow eyes afire, a stout cord round his neck, was in the grasp of a soldier who was vainly trying to combine holding the dog with a respectful salute to his colonel. The Colonel's face was gray with rage, his eyes blazed under their shaggy brows. Through the sudden silence, Marion's sobs came piteously clear.

"Take away that nasty beast—do you hear?" Thus the Colonel, tensely, between his teeth. "I've overlooked his

tricks hitherto, because his master is an old soldier and a good one. But when it comes to killing my granddaughter's pet on the open parade——"

"Shure the little baste isn't dead at ahl, sorr!" Mooney had gently taken the small blue bundle, separated chewed-up blanket from chewed-up dog, and held the squealing terrier out with one hand, the other at salute; his eyes clouded and anxious. "He's just dis—disfracshured a bit, in shpots, sorr, but a strip or two o' plashter 'll make him as good as iver he was, sorr,—an' that's no good at ahl!" jerked Mooney, confidentially, back from his teeth to his throat. "An' Grubbins mint no harm, sorr. He'd niver sane the loike before, an' was just investigatin', an' when he found it wad bite——"

"Hold your tongue, Mooney!" thundered the Colonel, recovering the breath that the Irishman's unparalleled audacity had taken away. "Take charge of that dog!" Mooney mechanically took from the soldier the leash at whose other end Grubbins was wildly straining to reach his master. "He has done his last mischief. You will have him hanged within an hour. Not a word, I tell you!" as Mooney's lips opened in a gasp. "Come, sweetheart." The stern and angry voice fell to a caressing whisper; the Colonel lifted Marion, dog and all, and set her on his stalwart arm. "Hush, hush, dear! The bad dog shan't hurt little Fido any more. Come home, baby; come and find Christmas." As he turned, he stopped abruptly. Dikkon stood squarely facing him. The man's sallow face was dully purple with passion; his eyes gleamed tigerishly.

"Take back that order, Colonel," he raved. "Give me back my old dog! Give him back I tell you! or I'll——"

"Arrest that man!" At once Dikkon was in the grasp of a dozen ready hands. There was that in his eyes, as they turned on the Colonel, that had sent the men's hearts to their throats. "Clap him in the guardhouse. He's probably drunk or mad. The court-martial can decide which."

The Colonel turned on his heel and strode off through the blackening twilight with the frightened child on his breast. As he went, there followed him the howls of a half-choked dog, as Grubbins was dragged in one direction, powerless to reach the master who was being marched off in the other.

The Colonel was in what his sister and housekeeper called a most un-Christmas-like temper throughout his dinner. "Confound the fellow!" he muttered, pacing restlessly to and fro, when dinner was done. "Why need he have given me that madman's talk? Mooney would have found a way to keep the beast safe till the men could send in a petition, and—then—of course—it being Christmas, and all ——" He looked abstractedly out into the inky darkness. "Dear, dear! I believe I'm half a madman myself when Marion comes into a question. More than ever, since there have been those Apache rumors. I can't leave to carry the child North; and if, while she was here, the Indians——" He put up his hand to his forehead, suddenly damp with the starting sweat.

There rang out through the windy darkness the long-drawn howl of a dog, followed by a sharp, sudden shot, and another and another; shouts, wandering lights.

"What is that? Martha, bar the doors and windows," shouted the Colonel, hoarsely. He caught up his sword and buckled it as he ran.

Mooney had come to kindle the smoky lamp in the guard-house cell. The figure lying face downward in the bunk had stirred at sound of his heavy footsteps, and turned toward him a bloodless face, and eyes of dumb, agonized entreaty. "Shure I wud if I cud, ye poor sowl!" said Mooney; yet Dikkon had spoken no word.

"It isn't to let him live. I heard the Colonel's orders. God send him such torment as he's sent me! But, Mooney, Grubbins is a soldier's dog. Yo' won't hang him? Oh, for the love o' God, for the sake of Christmas, say yo' won't hang him! Yo'll give him a bullet?"

Mooney gripped his hand with a firm quick nod.

"I'm in fo' a term in the military prison, sho'. Grubbins is gittin' older every day, and' he'd be onery missin' me, an' likely to git kicked 'round, 'mong the men. He mought as well go befo' I do. But—yo're a good shot,

Mooney, but yo'll stand close, an' not let him need but one bullet?"

Another nod. Mooney shut the door softly, and went out into the dark. Left alone, Dikkon threw himself down again in his bunk, his face hidden in his arms.

"I'd like to say good-by to yo', Grubbins." The man was sobbing thickly, dryly, without tears. "I'd have liked to ask yo' to a told Marcella——"

The long-drawn howl that the Colonel had heard at his window came to Dikkon's ears as he lay in the guard-house bunk. At the shot that sharply followed, the man sat upright, his face gray. "He's gone! The old dog's gone!"

Another shot.

Dikkon leaped up as they say men leap who take a bullet in the heart.

"Mooney! Yo' crazy blunderer! Yo' had to shoot *again!* Oh, my God! O Grubbins! *Grubbins!*"

He flung himself face downward on the floor. He ran his fingers hard into his ears. So he lay, half-unconscious, agonized, hearing nothing more.

The Colonel stood just without the door of the stables, all the men of the little garrison around and before him. At his feet, across the threshold, lay the body of an Indian, the face taking ghastly cleansing of its war-paint from the thin stream of blood that trickled from its temple. Three other Indians, bound hand and foot, crouched sullenly in the midst of their guard. A trooper was, with many half-choked grunts of discomfort, examining his shattered knee. The faint far echo of galloping ponies was dying away, through the wind, over the plain.

"Let me understand this," said the Colonel. He spoke somewhat unsteadily. He was looking down at the dead Indian, at whose belt there dangled a child's scalp. It could not have been taken many months ago. The child had had golden hair.

Corporal Perkins stepped forward, saluting. "It was like this, sir. The half-breeds had probably told them Christmas was a good time to attack, the men being jolly and careless-like. They must have crept up through the brush behind the stables. There was a board loose at the back o' the stables; this fellow"—he indicated the dead Indian—"crept through it. Their scheme was to stampede the horses first, so there'd be no way of escape. It'd ha' worked well if——"

"Well?"

"If Grubbins——"

"Grubbins?"

"Yes, sorr!" It was Mooney, now standing sheepish, at the salute. "Yer orders was to hang the dog in an hour, sorr; but when the min was a thrimmin' the barrick-room clock wid Christmas grane, sorr, they shtopped it intoirely, sorr, an'——"

"Grubbins was in the stables? The dog gave the alarm?"

"Yis, sorr. An' he hild this divil past mischief, sorr, till the senthry——"

"Where is the dog?"

"Shure he's waiting his doom, sorr, like his mashter in the guard-house beyant. It's quare they're both in throuble togither"—Mooney was apparently addressing the universe in general, since he never would have ventured such discourse to his colonel—"for says Dikkon to me, this afthernoon, says he, 'Grubbins is to me,' says he, 'what the shwate little lady up yonder is to the Colonel,' says he—an' little did he think that but for Grubbins, this night, them divils that's gallopin' away yon might ha' been—this blissid minnit——"

Apparently by accident, Mooney's foot touched the golden hair that fluttered from the dead Indian's belt.

"Release Dikkon!" said the Colonel briefly. There was a queer look in the Colonel's eyes. He was very white. "Send him up to me to report. We shall want all our available men before we can round these rascals up."

"Yis, sorr. An' Grubbins, sorr?"

The Colonel looked hard in silence at Private Mooney. Then, "Don't you know how to treat the dog that saved the garrison?" said he.

"Yis, sorr. I think so, sorr," said Private Mooney.

The smoky lamp had almost burned itself out.

When a man has his fingers run hard into his ears, how is it any sound can come through? When his eyes are pressed hard against the floor, how can

he see great mountains? Great mountains, with clouds drifting, majestic, above them. And a homely garden across which the cloud-shadows play. And a girl standing in the garden, with pretty, timid blue eyes upturned. And an old yellow dog, whining for notice, and importunately licking a man's clenched hands and tear-drenched, hidden face—licking and whining and shambling eagerly all about a man who lies prone in the dust, on the guard-house floor.

"Now I'm loony, for sho'!" Dikkon whispers to himself through closed teeth. "Or p'raps it's his ha'nt. I didn't know dogs had ha'nts. They say ha'nts go away if you speak. I won't speak. I won't open my eyes. It's most as good as 'f they hadn't shot him. His tongue's *warm*. His paw's *rough!* His nails kin *scratch*. O Lord A'mighty! Take him away! Take him away! I can't bear anythin' to be so *like* Grubbins, when it's only a ha'nt!"

But the wet tongue caresses. The rough paws plead.

There are footsteps in the room, and lanterns. A dozen comrades are catching at his hand. He has no choice but to sit up and open his eyes.

"Wuz it becos the angels didn't have no wings to fit yo', Grubbins, that they fixed yo' up that-a-way?" said Dikkon.

There, in the full lantern-light, stood an old yellow dog. His neck was hung with Christmas greens. A small American flag was wired to his tail, and was wiggling joysomely. His eyes met his master's. With one mighty leap he was in his master's arms, against his master's breast.

"Come away, b'ys," said Private Mooney. "Grubbins 'll be wantin' to exhplain matthers to Dikkon, and, begorra! we'll be in the way."

THE ELFIN HILLS

O, I shall go up to the Elfin Hills,
Heather, and heath, and stone,
'Neath the cold red drift of the sunset cloud,
For Folk in Housen are hard and proud,
And ever I'll pipe alone.

For O, I went down to the Folk in House,
Bold in the russet dawn,
Drawn to the bone by the mortal call,
The pink, and the white, and the rose, and all
Of the sweet flesh they have on.

I met three children wi' berry pails,
Bound for the tangled briars
Over the moors, and I piped a tune,
Gathered their laughter an afternoon;
They fled with the first lit fires:

The wonderful fires the Folks in House
Scatter like daffodils,
Streaming in light from the ragged thatch,
Rosy and warm by the lifted latch,
And gay in the long gray hills.

'Twas over the fires I met my love,
Piped to her soft and low,
Sweet was the glint o' her milk-white feet,
Threading the fields, and the meadow-sweet
Like pearl in the afterglow.

Ever I piped, and ever she came,
But when my piping ceased,
She fled from me with a startled cry,
The little old moon toiled up the sky
From out of an empty East.

Empty of heart, and empty of hand,
'Twas only the pipe they heard!
Maybe my eyes they are too cold,
The Fairy blood may be too old
To mix with the blood it stirred.

I will go back to the Elfin Hills,
Wander and pipe alone,
Answer the call of the peewit's note
Where sunshine wavers, and gray clouds float
Past heather and heath and stone.

Elizabeth MacKinstry

KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

By
ERNEST BROOKS

CHAPTER IV

Ernest Brooks, Photographer to the British Royal Family, in his flying kit. This was snapped just before the author of these memoirs made a flight over the Turkish lines at Gallipoli. His first service was with the Navy during the disastrous campaign against Turkey.

UPON my return to England after the Indian tour I had started a small photographer's business in Buckingham Palace Road. Among the distinguished people who came there to be photographed, were Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria. I had spent no small amount of money and care in having my studio rooms decorated, and I was a very proud man when Princess Victoria, on her first visit, remarked how charming the interior was.

It pained me very much to learn, when I joined the Army, that my beautifully decorated premises had been taken over by a fish-monger!

On the outbreak of the war I was accepted by the Anti-Aircraft Corps—the Tom Cat Brigade as they were facetiously termed, because of their all-night vigils on the house-tops. I had been serving for a little over three months at Honor Oak Gun Station when I learned, through Lord Burnham, that an Official Photographer was required for the Dardanelles operations.

I was very anxious to secure this post, and, following an interview with Sir Graham Greene at the Admiralty, I was appointed first official photographer of the war—with the naval rating of an A. B. Had I known then what I

learned later, I should have stipulated at once for an honorary commission, with its advantages, but I was too excited at the prospect to think of so small a matter as that.

To the Dardanelles I went on H.M.S. Nile, reporting, according to instructions, to the Vice-Admiral of the Queen Elizabeth, the ship that was to be my headquarters.

I felt a thrill of pride, I confess, that I was to have such a magnificent thunderer as the Queen Elizabeth for my headquarters; but very soon I realized that headquarters on that ship were worse than they might have been on the old trawler that steamed constantly up and down the coast, carrying messages.

I had practically no privileges, and, such was the entanglement of red tape, that I had to develop my pictures in a lavatory where I was never really sure of freedom from interruption.

Very soon I realized that I was not really a free lance, but an A.B. under discipline. At the first possible opportunity I went ashore with my camera. I had no sooner landed than a terse signal came that I was not to proceed without the written permission of the Vice-Admiral. I fretted around for three whole days before I received the magic slip of paper entitling me to enter the gates of war.

I shall never forget my first experiences ashore; the terrific bombardment from the Turkish guns was a nightmare until I became hardened to it.

My first day ashore with the official permit was at Helles, and taught me a little of what I would have to face in the future. I had been less than half an hour on land when an officer sternly reproved me for wearing white duck trousers, informing me that I was a good range-finder for the enemy.

With a Tommy's borrowed overcoat I sought to render myself less conspicuous only to be arrested by a couple of officers of the Royal Naval Division, and incarcerated in a dug-out. They could not understand, for the life of them, why any one should come out there to take photographs, and so they naturally disbelieved my story.

I finally demanded to be taken to the 8th Corps headquarters, and here matters were adjusted to my satisfaction. I have often thought that a picture of the Official Photographer being marched off under escort would have provided a good "scoop!"

From Helles to Anzac and Suvla I traveled in the afore-mentioned decrepit trawler, getting such pictures as I could. I found my work seriously handicapped because, on board ship, I was seldom given adequate time for the development of the photographs I succeeded in taking. More often than not, when I applied for leave to go ashore, the officer of the watch would refuse it, and order me on to some task or other.

I put up with this for a time until, in despair, I determined to take matters into my own hands. I decided that promotion was the only means of insuring comparative freedom from officious superiors. So I borrowed an officer's uniform one day, and, arrayed in this, I presented myself to the Chief of Staff, and to the Vice-Admiral.

It was an audacious move, but it came off. Fortunately for me, my daring struck them both humorously. They were amused at my masquerade, and, when I had aired my grievances, were sympathetic and allowed me to remain a self-promoted lieutenant.

One of the most charming men on the Queen Elizabeth was Commander Ramsay. In his cabin one day I observed a photograph of Princess Patricia. He pointed to it and said banteringly: "There, Brooks, that is the way you ought to take photographs. You couldn't do one like that to save your life!"

"But you forget, sir," I replied, "that that is a studio portrait, and its subject is one of the most beautiful women in the world."

At that time I had no knowledge that Commander Ramsay was to become engaged to Princess "Pat." It was when the engagement was announced that, recalling our conversation, I wrote to the Commander, offering my congratulations and requesting that I might be permitted to come to the wedding. His reply was brief and to the point. "If you come to my wedding, Brooks, I'll shoot you!"

That threat, however, did not deter me. I saw the Duke of Connaught, the bride's father, and, through him, was enabled to be present to take some pictures after the ceremony. I was wait-

ing in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace, everything in readiness to photograph the bridal couple, when I heard the Duke's voice say to some one, "Go into the other room. You will find Brooks in the torture chamber."

That was the first intimation Commander Ramsay had that I was going to take the photographs, notwithstanding his warning. As he entered he laughed. "You young devil, so you are here after all," was his comment.

But, to return to the war, one of the worst shocks I received in Gallipoli was when H. M. S. Albion ran aground, and the Canopus was ordered to get her off. I thought that a photograph of the operations from the foretop of the Canopus would be interesting, so up I mounted.

Just then the Turkish guns began a bombardment, their observers having tumbled to the fact that one of our ships was aground and would make a fine target. Naturally, since the Canopus was so close to the grounded vessel, the shell came in our direction also.

When the shelling began to make every one thoroughly uncomfortable, I made a closer inspection of the foretop in which I had placed myself. I knew that this part of a ship was usually plated with steel. To my alarm, I found that my perch was not armor-plated in any way. That settled the matter; I could not get down for fright and had, perforce, to remain cooped up in that foretop until the Canopus eventually, obeying orders, moved out of the danger zone, her work accomplished. I was the most relieved man on board when the ship steamed out of range.

Somehow, the story of my plight came to the ears of the King, and, a long time afterwards, at a shoot when I was present, he referred to me as the man who climbed up the mast of the Canopus and couldn't get down again. He seemed quite amused.

I have no desire to write of the tragedy of Gallipoli. Every one in Britain knows of its poignancy only too well. I remained there until the evacuation of the Peninsula, and, after a short spell at Salonika, I was eventually transferred to General Headquarters in France, as the first Official Photographer with the British Army on the Western Front.

There was a furious squabble, I believe, between the naval and the military authorities as to which arm of the service would have me. The Admiralty would not let me go, but eventually my transfer was completed, and I received a notification to attend at the War Office, where I was interviewed by Sir Reginald Brade, the Permanent Secretary. I was informed that I should be granted an honorary commission as second lieutenant, but, at the same time, warned that it might be well if I were to defer obtaining my uniform as it might later be decided to make me a brigadier!

However, it was as a second lieutenant that I crossed to France and presented myself at G. H. Q. A saloon Daimler car was at once placed at my disposal, and I proceeded to St. Omer to report to the Intelligence Department.

I was in hot water not long after landing. My initial work as official photographer was taking, by order of a certain Staff General, groups of officers, and I found I had really little time to myself, as I was fully occupied printing post cards for this general and his friends. The officers so photographed appeared to be under the impression that the War Office had specially commissioned me to go to France for the purpose of supplying their wives, sweethearts and friends with snapshots of the men who were winning the war—at General Headquarters.

About this time King George made his first visit to the war zone, and, on its completion, I journeyed to England with the Royal party to develop the pictures I had taken during the visit. On the voyage to England, His Majesty asked me to supply him with a complete set of prints of all the pictures I had taken in France, and, naturally, I included the groups of officers which formed the bulk of my collection.

On my return to St. Omer, I chanced to remark to my Colonel that the King was very pleased with the photographs I had given him, whereupon that officer flew into a violent rage. His passion was, however, hardly comparable to that of the General who had ordered me to take these charming mementos of life at G. H. Q. I was told

that if such a thing happened again I should be court-martialed!

As I have indicated, in those early days I was more or less at the mercy of any highly placed official, and, on one accasion, I remember nursing a secret rage when I was sent to Boulogne in a motor-car to get a bottle of hair oil for a General.

Eventually I commenced real work in the danger zone, and I managed to secure some very effective shell-burst pictures with my first negatives. Having previous good cause to recollect the vigilance of some officers who suffered from "spy-fever," I asked for a "protection" officer. Thus it came about that I was always accompanied by a Captain when I went on camera expeditions. But my escort and I had always to report at Corps or Divisional Headquarters before entering any part of the line.

There came a day, however, when, for some reason or other, I ventured forth without my Captain. It was at Messines near the German lines, in Ploegstreet, I think, that I was arrested for being in possession of a camera, cameras being, of course, strictly forbidden.

My captors refused to look at my identity papers, and I was hustled off to Brigade Headquarters, where a telephone message was sent requesting the Assistant Provost Marshal to come and take me away. Since no A. P. M. arrived to claim me, after a good lapse of time, I felt that it was up to me to get myself out of the predicament. I was granted leave to telephone to one of the officers of the Division. The moment I got the man I wanted, I told my captor that he was required to speak. There were no others in the room, and, while he was engaged on the telephone, I tip-toed out and made my way back to G. H. Q. by car.

I related my experience there with gusto, only to be told that these "monkey-tricks" would land me in certain trouble if I were not careful.

Until early 1916, my job was

Queen Mary's favorite photograph of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.

quite enjoyable, with very little danger attached to it. There was little of interest to photograph in the lines, every one being below ground most of the time. But I badly needed some new pictures, and so I went to the Canadian Bombing School, and arranged with the Commanding Officer to stage a mimic attack, with slabs of guncotton exploding, and men cutting their way through barbed wire entanglements. I got some excellent pictures, vivid and realistic, and I thought they were just perfect for propaganda work. They quite deceived the General Staff Officer. He was only enlightened when, after reading over the day's report of operations, he discovered that there had been no such action recorded. He was very amiable, but firmly observed that I was to take no such pictures in future. Many months later, I learned that fake pictures had been taken for an official film. A curious experience brought this matter to my knowledge.

I had gone to the Trench Mortar School at St. Pol to photograph officers in training. A soldier approached me, and, after saluting, made what was to me a remarkable statement.

"I am the man who fell dead at the battle of the Somme," he said. "And I was wondering if you could give me a picture of it."

He looked sane enough, yet I wondered what rot was this he was talking! Probably a shell-shock case, I thought, and I looked around to summon some one to take charge of him.

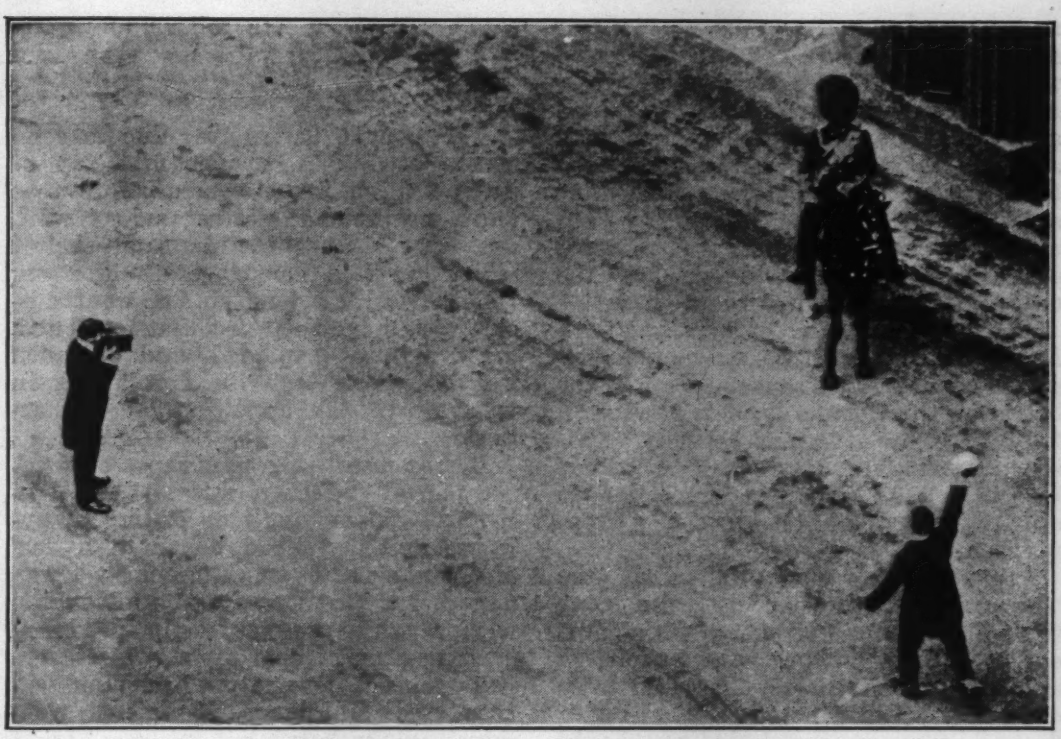
Then the man explained. Part of the official film of the battle of the Somme had been faked, and this man had been engaged with others in that part of it. It had been his duty to fall, as though shot dead. Now he wanted a print from the film as a memento, and thought I could furnish one.

From about the middle of 1916 onward, even in my job, there was no lack of excitement. One day I was very anxious to make records of shell bursts, and, accompanied by a Staff Captain, I found a brisk bombardment in progress in a certain section of the line. Shells were bursting about 300 yards away. We approached nearer to get better results. I became thoroughly absorbed by the task, for I knew I was getting very effective pictures.

Suddenly I remembered the Staff Officer, and, turning to speak to my friend, I found him lying on his back with his arm half removed by a piece of shell. I managed to get him back out of the danger zone without further mishap, at the same time thanking Providence for my narrow escape. Had I been a few yards in the rear I should in all probability have been laid out.

I had another and rather more grisly experience of shell fire when I was taking a Colonel from the War Office to see Château Thiepval. We had

King George on his favorite mount, Delhi.



The difficulties of taking the King of England's photograph, shown on the opposite page. The man on the right is waving a handkerchief to make the horse prick up his ears.

barely reached our objective before the guns began to roar. One shell, exploding unpleasantly near us, blew the Colonel into a dugout. My chauffeur was badly hit in the face, while I, walking only ten yards farther ahead, received not even a scratch. On our way back, the shelling increased in volume, and the members of our small party were strung out along the roadway. At one second Brigadier General Howell was walking in front of me, and at the next his mutilated body was lying on the roadway; he had been cut in two by a shell. That was the one time during the war when I felt really shaken.

Until July 15, 1916, I was the only British Official Photographer in France, and, as I had to record the doings of the whole of our Army, it was a difficult task. Eventually, Lord Beaverbrook obtained permission for a photographer to be attached to the Canadian contingent, who felt they were not getting justice in the way of photographic publicity. Then the Australians and the New Zealanders each decided to have a photographer to themselves. These newcomers were made captains straight away.

These appointments were followed by the formation of rules for photographers, rules that proved very irksome in some instances. We were each to keep to our own sectors, and, if we happened to stray into another contingent's territory, no camera was allowed.

Another rule stated that no British photographer was to be allowed in the dark-rooms. The man who developed the plates was a corporal, and was empowered to keep us out of the dark-rooms. Only a photographer can realize what this meant to us, for a man who takes his work seriously likes to handle the picture through every stage of its progress.

All manner of stupid regulations, typical of British officialdom, were laid down. Most of my negatives taken early in the War were smashed, leaving no record whatever. The War Office regretted this later, more than I did. Pictures I took of the first tanks were placed in sealed tins and locked up,

and I was ordered to take no more of such photographs. Yet, at the same time, French officers were openly taking photos of the tanks being detrained at Maricourt. No British papers were allowed to publish pictures of the tanks until the Americans had done so. The apotheosis of stupidity was reached in the injunction that pictures of cavalry were forbidden, lest the Germans should know we had horses!

I spent quite a lot of my time with Mr. G. H. Malins, the only cinematograph operator in France. Prior to the battle of the Somme he and I were in front of Hebuturne, and actually garrisoned seven hundred yards of front line trench by ourselves, in order to obtain pictures of the big shells dropping on the Boche lines.

We had gone forward before the bombardment commenced, and our front line troops had been withdrawn out of danger. We remained alone in that front line trench. There was little danger of a German attack then, but it flashed across my mind that we should be in a pretty pickle in the event of that happening.

A few days later commenced the great battle of the Somme. The "movie" man and I attached ourselves to the 29th Division with which unit I had lived in Gallipoli. General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston himself was good enough to indicate on a relief map the best position for our work, at the same time warning us that we should have a very hot time.

We entered the trenches at Jacob's Ladder, Beaumont Hamel, spending our first night in the "Flying Pig" dugout. About eleven o'clock that evening I went outside to try to get a picture of the continuous stream of Verey lights that were lighting up the sky.

I fixed my camera in position, and after an interval of ten minutes, which exposure I estimated would be suitable, returned to fetch it and replace the dark slide. I found that I had omitted to remove the lens cap! I was remedying this when a sentry challenged me. Probably because I did not reply quickly enough, he thought I was a spy. In any event, he ran at me with fixed bayonet, and in grating tones jerked out, "Speak you———, who are ye?" He was a Highlander, and quite sincere!

CHAPTER V

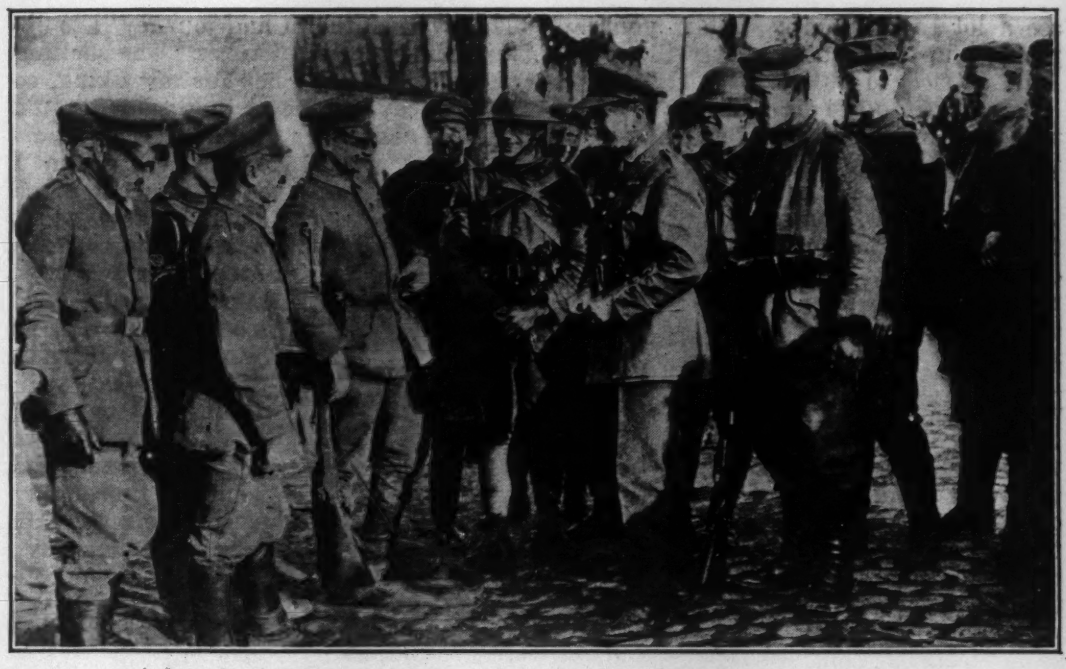
The Somme action was due to commence at 7.30 A. M. the first day of July, and, a few seconds before that hour, my friend Malins was at work operating his machine in a small shelter which we had constructed. Moisture collected on his lens, and I went outside to remove this. At that moment a gigantic mine exploded, and our men went over the top—the first attack in what proved an appallingly costly action.

It was my first real glimpse of what manner of fighting was to come in France. I saw our men falling everywhere and my blood boiled at a dastardly piece of German treachery I witnessed. A Red Cross party advancing with a white flag suddenly produced machine-guns from dummy stretchers and opened a devastating fire. Wounded from the Middlesex Regiment were signaling for help, but no one dared venture into the bullet-swept area to bring them in. They were there the following morning and in November, when our troops took the place, their remains still lay there, silent testimony to a gallant if unsuccessful advance.

In the Fricourt district to which I next proceeded, I saw a vastly different sight, the havoc having been wrought on the German forces. Had I liked I could have taken hundreds of pictures here. In my instructions about this time I was ordered to "get a good many pictures of troops moving up to the front; also scenes of corpses, etc. on the battlefield after an advance."

My camera certainly was very busy at this point. In my search for subjects I came across one very dramatic tableau in a German dugout. A German officer had been surprized by a British soldier in the act of rising from bed. The German had one leg in his trousers and his body was propped up into a sitting posture by a rifle and bayonet, the point of which had transfixed his heart. At his feet lay the dead body of the Briton, one outstretched hand still touching the butt of the rifle.

Soon after the Somme action began, I was joined by Lieutenant J. W.



A breach of the terms of the armistice on the morning of November 11th. English soldiers, contrary to orders, talking to German infantrymen.

Brookes, D.C.M. Until then, I had been the solitary official photographer in France. Together we passed through some very exciting times. Although we had been warned that the Official Photographers should "not expose themselves unnecessarily" that did not deter us from risking our skin to get something worth while in the photographic line.

What we were very anxious to secure were pictures of the Germans in their trenches. All manner of dodges were adopted without success. We even went the length of having a board whitewashed and inscribing on it in German lettering, "Would any German soldier like to be photographed? If so look over the top." This was held up over the parapet of a front line trench but brought no response. I don't think I should have cared to obey the request either had I been in the other trenches!

We had no luck at all, but eventually a Belgian war correspondent and photographer had success. By what means he achieved it I cannot say, but the fact remains that he got the only picture of its kind during the war.

It was during the great German retreat that I got ample scope for numerous fine photographs. The cinema man and I had crossed the river at Villiers Carbonnel by means of a small boat, which we borrowed (without the permission of the owner). We were away for some time, and, on returning, a Colonel of the Connaught Rangers greeted us with the remark, "Where the devil have you sprung from?" He was more mystified than polite, although the reason for his surprize was not apparent to us at the moment. Then he mentioned that his Battalion happened to be the front line of our attacking party! We reported "all clear" and the Battalion advanced.

During the following night, we both went forward again, unofficial scouts, and slept in the village of Bovington. It is difficult to describe the delight of the civilian inhabitants when they first espied us. One would have thought the millennium had come. It was rather a foolish move on our part, advancing in front of our Battalion, but we found it good fun. That night two uhlan patrols passed within eight yards of the house in which we had slept.

The following day was devoted partly to a look around for souvenirs. There was always some high Staff officer or other who would come up to me and remark, "I say, Brooks. You

see a lot that I don't. See if you can pick me up a few souvenirs, will you?" And I tried to oblige.

We were quite ignorant of booby traps—then. We learned that the village school had been used as a headquarters by the Hun and we hunted through it for abandoned spoil. We were unlucky, however, in our search, although we were lucky in another way, for, during the next night, the whole building suddenly blew up. No one was hurt, fortunately. I am convinced, however, that in our search we had disturbed some electrical connection with a a mine, and only the fact that the explosion had been timed so far ahead saved our lives.

The author distributing newspapers to the civilian inhabitants of Lille, immediately after the capture of that city by the British.

The Official Photographers, as I have mentioned, were generally looked upon by G.H.Q. officers as official souvenir collectors. I remember I was once offered an extra "pip" if I got a good Prussian Guard helmet for a certain Colonel. I got the helmet but not the promised "pip."

With this demand for souvenirs always being expressed, I was particularly pleased when, in company with others, I lighted upon a disbanded German store train which contained a most astonishing variety of articles. One box was full of brand new helmets for officers. We were in the act of opening this case when a famous General strolled upon the scene. We felt that we were "in for it."

"What is in that case?" he asked, sternly.

"German officer's helmets, sir," I replied.

In a moment his manner changed. "Ah, just what I have been looking for." He stooped, picked out four, and walked off without another word, greatly to our relief.

I only once encountered a German soldier face to face. That was near Thiepval whither I had journeyed to obtain some special pictures. The shelling was becoming too hot for my liking, so I took cover beneath a disabled tank. When my eyes became accustomed to the half-gloom I saw that I was not alone and that a few yards from me was a German clutching a revolver. Apparently he had not shaved for weeks, and this fact, coupled with the revolver and the expression on his face, made him look a thoroughly desperate man. He was quite harmless, however, more scared than I was, and allowed himself to be taken prisoner readily enough; indeed, it was for that reason that he had come so close to our lines. He had volunteered to be one of a raiding party two nights previously, and had come over with the fixed resolve not to return.

After a trip to Italy with the 2nd Army, I was again in France prior to the final advance in March, 1918. In Italy, as in France, I met the Prince of Wales, and took many photographs of him. His courage, coolness and complete *sang froid* in the face of danger were astounding, and when I say that I am not in the least exaggerating.

The Prince almost seemed to court danger, and I am sure that he caused Lord Cavan, his General, much anxiety. Without warning, H.R.H. would disappear from G.H.Q., and, on an old bicycle, would proceed a certain distance towards the danger zone. Storing the cycle, he then would reconnoiter on foot.

If a village were captured one day, it was almost a certainty that the Prince would be prospecting around it the next.

It was during the earlier days of the war that he had one of the narrowest escapes from death. Leaving his car at one point he had barely traversed fifty yards on foot when a shell exploded

beside the car, utterly destroying it and killing the chauffeur.

Once when the Prince, along with some brother officers, was traveling by car just behind the lines, they were held up by a "red cap" who demanded the names of the party. All complied with the exception of the Prince.

When he was asked for his name the Prince replied, "Well, you ought to know."

"I don't know, but I wish to know, sir."

"My name is Wales," responded the Prince with a smile. The A. P. M. looked sharply at him for a moment, then saluted and the car proceeded.

Few people are aware that H.R.H. held a peculiar appointment on the Staff just prior to the cessation of hostilities. He was the official synchronizer of watches, an important although tedious occupation. It was the Prince's duty to see that officers' watches synchronized so that there should be no hitch when concerted action was at hand, and, to this end, time signals were flashed over the telegraph lines to all units, in a manner similar to the present broadcasting method.

There was much less risk in the Italian operations, and I think it was with a sigh of relief that the Staff officers learned the Prince was going out there on a visit.

In Italy, at Lugo, the Prince was in the habit of taking his turn as "duty officer," with the rest of the Staff. One day, being rather urgently in need of some photographic material, I had occasion to telephone headquarters. I asked if I might speak to the Staff officer on duty. Instantly came the reply over the telephone in a cheery voice, "Prince of Wales speaking, Brooks. What can I do for you?"

I made known my need, and H.R.H. had the package of materials sent on to me, after initialing the wrapper with his signature "Edward P." That wrapper, bearing the Prince's initials, now lies in the Imperial War Museum along with my camera.

There was little real liveliness in Italy. At times the front was so quiet that I was piloted out two hundred yards in front of our line. The Prince must have found things dull, too. As a diversion he went up in a plane on a bombing expedition and released the bombs himself. Captain Barker, V.C., was the Royal pilot and Lord Claud Hamilton kept close at hand in another plane, probably consumed with anxiety lest something should happen to the Prince.

From Padova I moved, with our troops, to Vicenza. I was stationed about forty kilos from the front line and lack of transport hindered my work greatly. The grant made for car-hiring purposes was totally inadequate and I decided to protest against it.

In this connection a Colonel Mitchell evolved a brilliant plan to aid me in my trouble. Obtaining a donkey, we hung it about with developing dishes and various other photographic accessories. I then mounted the animal with my camera, and a good snapshot of me

A tank and crew waiting to begin the "big push" that defeated Germany. A few hours later this great moving fort had been destroyed and the soldiers who manned it killed.

astride this weirdly-decorated animal was taken. The Colonel sent this snap to the War Office with the title, "The Official Photographer's Only Means of Transport on the Italian front."

There was an amusing sequel to this. Some time later a telephone call came for me, to the effect that the authorities in London had agreed to a weekly grant of twenty-five pounds for car hiring purposes. I could scarcely believe the news, but the telephone message had been received in my absence, and stated definitely that a telegram was awaiting me at headquarters containing such an authorization.

I immediately proceeded to the Fiat Company's works at Turin, not to hire a car, but to buy one! I felt that I could pay off the cost in practically no time with such a generous allowance. Before the car arrived, however, I was obliged to cancel the order. The original authorization was waiting for me on my return from Turin. Twenty-five shillings, not twenty-five pounds, was the amount of the grant I was to receive.

It was about this time that I was sorry to learn my successor in France had had a leg blown off on his second day's work. The knowledge that, had I remained, this unpleasant experience might have been mine, was a little consolation for the more or less uneventful life I was spending in Italy.

The Austrians were poor fighters and apparently suffered greatly from lack of food. This one fact probably had a bearing on the other. Many of them deserted in order to obtain better diet as prisoners of war. One Austrian private who walked into the arms of a patrol declared that he was servant to a Major in the Artillery and that he had been sent over to our lines to say that the Major himself was following the next night. To confirm this statement he had brought his officer's kit.

Surely enough, the Major turned up. He had been a waiter at the Monico, in London, and was very anxious to get back to his old job.

Staff officers evolved all manner of things to counteract the monotony of the life. The great event during the time I was out there was a spider fight. One captain had caught a couple of very large spiders, which were named "Kate" and "Old Bill." Their bodies were about as large as a shilling piece. They were ugly and fierce, since they had been specially fed to that end.

Formal invitations were issued, and officers came from all parts by motor to see the fight which ended in a victory for "Kate," who vanquished "Old Bill" in record time. That little entertainment must have cost the Government about £50 for petrol.

I was really glad when I was recalled to France for the Big Push of 1918. When the Germans fell back there was the greatest competition among the photographers to be first into the big towns. Mr. Bartholomew of "Cablephoto" fame, who was in charge of the photographic staff, had the distinction of being the first man in khaki to enter Lille, where he was met by the Mayor and citizens in the square, presented with more bouquets than he could carry and kissed by as many women as could approach close enough for the operation. There was even more competition among us after that!

Following in the trail of the retreating forces, we entered Enghein where the Burgomistress, who was nursing two of our airmen who had crashed near-by, gave us the information that the last German patrol was but four kilometers off. Here was a good chance to get an interesting picture.

We caught up with the beaten enemy quite rapidly, but, as the chauffeur, a very canny man, firmly refused to approach closer than one hundred yards, I was obliged to cover the intervening distance on foot. The German soldiers I saw constituted a sorry spectacle. One particularly woe-begone and disheartened lot were sprawled by the roadside.

Forgetting for the moment that one of the clauses in the armistice prohibited the photographing of retreating German forces, I mounted a lorry, leveled my camera, and took a picture of "Germany's Dejected." The cinema man, too, was working away at the handle of his machine, when an infuriated German General bounced upon the spot.

His language was sulphurous, and, brandishing a heavy stock whip, he created a terrific uproar. A violent scene ensued, in which my friend's camera was wrecked!

Burgomaster Max of Brussels receiving the cupid which was saved from the wreck of the famous Cathedral at Ypres.

We reported the matter at headquarters, and received a good dressing-down instead of the sympathy we had expected.

A few days later I had the pleasure of lunching with Sir Douglas Haig on his special train, and I related the story of the incident to him. He asked if I knew the name of the General.

Before my service as Official Photographer terminated, I went with the Army of Occupation to Cologne, and thence to Berlin. Before our services were dispensed with, notification came from the War Office that all official photographers and cinema men were awarded the medal of the O. B. E. When being presented with it, we were somewhat tactlessly told that many brave telephone girls had been awarded the same decoration, and that we should be just as proud, in receiving it, as we would have been had we worn the King's uniform overseas!

This, too, after a couple of us, Lieutenant Brookes and myself—the "Blooming Brookeses," as we were called—had been four times recommended for the M. C.

This similarity of names once led to an amusing mistake being made in the delivery of a message intended for me. I had arranged that this message should be sent to me through G.H.Q. whenever a certain event took place at home.

In transcribing the message the telegraph clerk inserted an "e" in the spelling of my name, with the result that my friend Brookes received a message which read something like this: "Your wife gave birth to a daughter on Monday. Both are well."

No one would believe his protestation that "there must be a mistake somewhere," with the result that, by the time I learned of the affair and realized the message was intended for me, poor Brookes was nearly frantic.

In the December chapter, the author tells how Charlie Chaplin attempted to use the Prince of Wales to secure newspaper publicity and how the attempt was prevented by a U. S. Secret Service agent.

"I have a sweetheart, a horse and a sleigh"

A GIRL, A HORSE AND A FLAG

A True Adventure

By HERMAN BERNSTEIN

AS a correspondent I had a number of thrilling experiences and narrow escapes during the war and the Russian revolution. My adventure in Finland, on my way to Soviet Russia, was quite out of the ordinary. It was a dangerous trip, so full of dramatic incidents that it stands out clearly above numerous more important episodes which I experienced during those eventful times.

Finland was in the throes of civil war. About one half of the country was in the hands of the White Guards, composed of the bourgeoisie and the farmers, while the other half, near the Russian boundary, was controlled by the Red Guards, the proletariat. The conflict between them was bitter. The little land was torn into two hostile camps, which fought each other stubbornly and mercilessly. The Reds were helped by the Russian bolsheviki, and the Whites were supported by the Swedes and the Germans.

On my arrival in Stockholm, I discovered that it was extremely difficult to secure the Soviet visé for my American passport. The American Minister to Sweden, Ira Nelson Morris, told me that the Soviet representative Vorovsky, who held the key to Russia, had declined to visé American passports. Only the day before I had reached Stockholm, a secretary of the American Embassy in Petrograd, who had come to Sweden for a few days, applied for a visé in order to return to his post and was told by the Soviet Minister that unless the American Government granted permission to Soviet envoys to enter the United States he would refuse visés to American citizens, especially to officials. The American secretary pleaded with the bolshevist diplomat. He told him that it was extremely important for him to return to his post, that most of his clothes remained in Russia, that he had not brought his evening clothes with him, and that he was thus greatly embarrassed. But all his pleas failed to move the Soviet Minister. Vorovsky only smiled and reiterated the conditions upon which he would allow him to return to Russia.

I was informed of this incident at the American Embassy and was told that it would be quite impossible for me to proceed to Russia. But I have learned that it is wiser not to take things for granted. So I decided to convince myself whether it was really impossible to secure the previous Russian visé.

I went to the the Soviet Legation. Men, women and children, with baskets and bundles, crowded the waiting room. From their conversation I learned that a party of Russian emigrés was to leave for Petrograd by boat on the following day. I sent my card in to the Secretary,

and was informed that he was very busy and that I would have to wait about half an hour. To my surprize, however, he returned shortly and asked me to come in to the Secretary's room. As I entered the adjoining room, the Secretary rushed over to me and clasped my hand, with an exclamation of joy and surprize. I was more amazed than he was.

I recognized the Secretary of the Soviet Legation, Mr. Zimmerman; I had met him in New York about two years before. He was then a Russian actor without a job and I gave him a letter of introduction to a moving picture producer who employed him for one of his screen productions. Mr. Zimmerman was now glad of the opportunity to show me his gratitude and he did it most graciously. Mr. Zimmerman was not only the Secretary, but the brother-in-law of Vorovsky, the Soviet Minister, the only man in Europe who at that time had the authority to grant Russian visés. Zimmerman viséed my passport without delay. I then asked him to visé also the passport of the American diplomat who had made such desperate but futile efforts to secure a permit to return to the American Embassy in Russia. Zimmerman hesitated at first, but finally induced Verovsky to grant that request too.

Armed with the Rissian visé, I went to the Finnish Minister for his permit to cross Finland. To my keen disappointment I was informed that, owing to the civil war that was raging in Finland, he could not visé any passports, as it was extremely dangerous to cross the military front.

After two weeks of conference with the Finnish Minister, I finally succeeded in convincing him how urgent it was for me, as a war correspondent, to get into Russia without delay. At last he said:

"We will visé your passport on one condition. You will have to sign a paper that you are traveling through Finland at your peril. We will mark your passport distinctly so that, if anything happens to you in Finland, you will have no claim against our Government. I must tell you frankly, you are taking your life in your hands by going through Finland now."

The Finnish Minister made this statement with a solemn air, and prepared a paper for me to sign, waiving all claims against his Government if any mishap should befall on the journey. I signed the document, secured my visé and started for Haparanda, the Swedish frontier town, bound for Russia by way of Finland.

Upon my arrival at Haparanda, I found a telegram from the American Minister at Stockholm, informing me that Americans were advised not to enter Russia at that time. With great difficulty I reached the American Minister by telephone and asked him whether he could explain to me the meaning of his telegram. He said:

"As a friend I urge you not to go to Russia now. As the American Minister I advise you to wait."

"Is the situation in Petrograd so critical?" I asked.

"I cannot give you any details over the telephone, but the situation there is extremely grave," answered Mr. Morris.

I thanked him for his kindness and thoughtfulness, but explained that under these circumstances it was my duty as a journalist to proceed to Russia with as little delay as possible.

I crossed the frozen river in a sleigh and reached Torneo, at the Finnish frontier. The Finns examined my baggage, scrutinized my passport and the visé, and repeated the warning that I was traveling at my own risk.

"The visé of the White Guards may

"We crossed the front without knowing it." An outpost shelter on the border.

get you into trouble with the Reds as soon as you cross the front," one of the older officials cautioned me.

But I was determined to go ahead notwithstanding all these warnings. I had supper with a group of American YMCA men who were waiting impatiently for their visés at Torneo. They were aware of the dangers in crossing the front and yet were ready to brave it. But their military permits had not yet arrived. Some of these men looked with envy upon my permit. One of the local consular officers, however, made an earnest effort to dissuade me from proceeding to Russia.

It was a stormy night. The snow was falling heavily. The wind was howling. My room was large and cold, dimly lighted by a small candle casting weird shadows on the bare walls. The British vice-consul, whose acquaintance I had made that evening, came to my room, sat down near my bed and talked about the dangers in store for me. He spoke of couriers who risked their lives crossing the front, who never reached their destination, who died on the way, frozen to death, or robbed and murdered in the forest. Then he added:

"Not for a million dollars would I undertake this trip now. It means almost certain death."

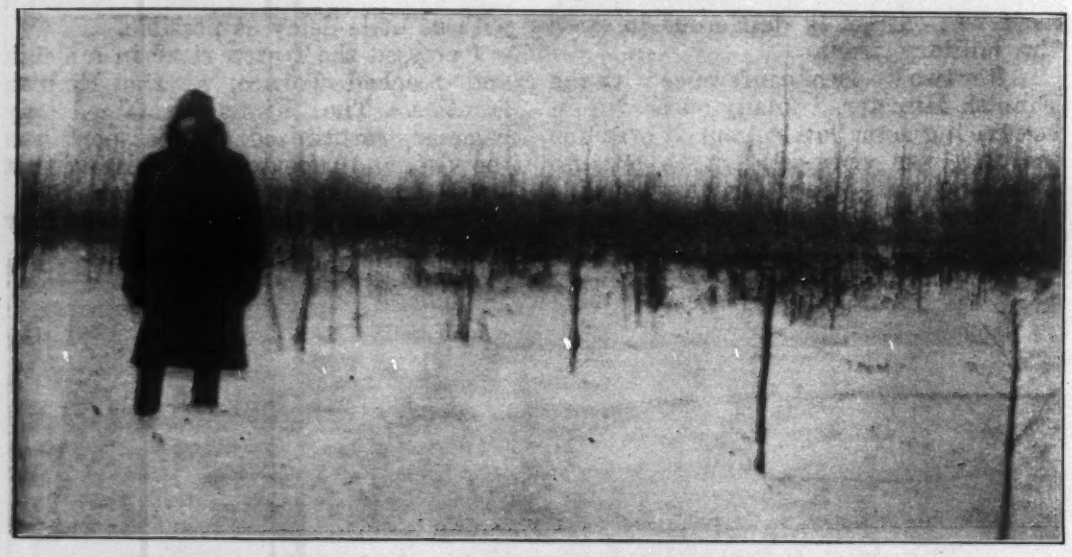
I was tired and sleepy and I do not recall when the consul left my room that night.

My train was to start at sunrise. I had asked the innkeper to wake me in time. I was roused by a loud knock at my door. It was dark and very cold. The storm had subsided. Without breakfast, I started for my train, carrying my suitcase in one hand and my typewriter in the other.

At the station I found a large crowd waiting for the train. Men and women, young and old, wearing white bands on their sleeves, armed with all sorts of weapons of various sizes, soon hurried into the cars and occupied the wooden benches. Some of the men carried old-fashioned guns, others carried axes, daggers and crowbars. These were the White Guards leaving for the front—to fight their own brethren who had turned Red, emulating the example of the Russians. Their faces were solemn, as though they were at a prayer meeting; their eyes looked cold and determined. They spoke but little throughout the journey, and whenever they did speak, their voices were subdued.

Thus we traveled, stopping at every little station, taking on new White Guard recruits, whose only distinguishing mark was the white band around their sleeves. The cars were cold and uncomfortable. The stations were empty, and it was very difficult to get anything to eat on the way.

On the third day, after several transfers, I reached St. Michel. Beyond that point I could not go with the White Guard permit. The railroad line



"The White Guard farmers stopped us."

"Towards evening we noticed a farmhouse."

was torn up a little distance beyond. At St. Michel I learned that the only way in which I could cross the front was to hire a horse and sleigh, display an American flag conspicuously, so as not to be fired upon by the Red Guards, and showing my credentials to the Red Guards, ask them for a permit to continue my journey to Petrograd.

My efforts to find a Finn who would take me across the front in his sleigh proved of no avail. The Finns looked at me in astonishment when they heard that I wanted to cross the firing-line.

"For you it means taking a great risk, but for any one of us it is sure death!" they said. "If any one of us should be caught, he would be shot as a spy on the spot. None of us will risk his life for any amount."

Then I learned that a Finnish sea captain who was staying at the same hotel was anxious to meet me, as he had a suggestion that might be helpful. The hotel keeper told me that the captain had visited California and New York some years before and spoke English fluently. I wasted no time in finding him.

The captain was a short, stocky man of about thirty-eight, with red cheeks, light hair and blue eyes. He said that he had heard of my predicament, and, calling me to his room, confided to me that he, too, was planning to cross the front, and that his destination was Viborg, which was held by the Red Guards.

"You see," he said in broken English, "I am not alone. My girl—my sweetheart—is here with me. I fell in love with her and proposed to her. She is much younger than I. Oh, she is a fine girl—beautiful and smart. She says she loves me too, but she insists she will not marry me unless her mother is present at the wedding. And her mother is in Red Guard territory. My own people also live in Viborg. So here I am. My sweetheart is willing to marry me, but the firing-line is in the way. I have the sweetheart, a horse and a sleigh, but to undertake the journey across the front means to risk our lives —to risk *her* life!"

He paused a while, then added:

"But if you have an American flag, we might try it together. Your flag may save us all. I would gladly offer you a place in my sleigh, free of charge."

I had no flag with me, so I suggested that we make one.

"Your sweetheart can make an American flag. I will show her how to do it," I said.

While we were talking I heard a sweet voice singing a plaintive song in one of the adjoining rooms.

"That's my girl singing," he said

proudly, his face beaming. "She sings beautifully. Don't you think so? She sings Finnish folk songs. She can sing also Russian and Gipsy songs. She is a wonderful girl!"

We listened a while in silence. Suddenly he hurried out of the room, apologizing, saying that he wanted to talk the matter over with his sweetheart.

Several minutes later he returned, all smiles, saying that his girl liked the plan, and was anxious to start. We met in the dining-room and discussed the making of the American flag.

Her name was Margaret. She was slim and fair, with wavy hair, blue eyes, and a voice full of carefree laughter. She was enthusiastic over the idea of making an American flag, although she had never seen one, except in books and pictures.

I described to her the color scheme of the Stars and Stripes and then the three of us went out to the market-place in search of red, white and blue ribbons. While we were looking for material for the American flag in the center of Finland, the main street of St. Michel was dark with mournful figures who came out to watch the funeral of the White Guards who had fallen in the battle the day before. A long line of wagons was moving slowly. The dead lay covered with coats. The snow was falling lazily. The church bells were tolling plaintively. We watched the funeral a while; then resumed our search for ribbons for the American flag.

After visiting practically every shop in St. Michel, we finally found the ribbons we wanted. We hastened back to the hotel and the girl commenced to work on the flag. She sang as she worked; she stitched for hours, sewing on the white stars, and finally completed the improvised American flag made of fine silk ribbons.

"That's what I call a beautiful flag!" exclaimed the Finnish girl ecstatically. "It's a poor job, but it looks fine anyway," she added in Russian. The captain's sweetheart knew no English, but she could speak Russian, while the captain did not understand the Russian language. Thus I had to speak English to him and Russian to her.

Next morning we brought bread and milk, placed our baggage behind our seat in the sleigh, and started on our journey. The captain was driving.

As soon as we passed beyond the outskirts of St. Michel we fastened the flag to a stick, hoisted conspicuously upon our sleigh, and drove on. The children of the farmhouses came running after us, asking questions about the flag and where we were going.

At every junction of the road we were stopped by White Guards who scrutinized our permits. Finally we came to an open snow-covered field. The captain remarked that we were out of the White Guard territory and were nearing the "front."

Thus we drove on for another hour, when, passing a farmhouse, we suddenly heard a shot. We stopped short. The captain could hardly control the little horse, it was so frightened by the shot. To the right of us I noticed three tall men in long white coats, in white caps, leveling their rifles at us.

The girl motioned to them, leaped out of the sleigh, and asked them in Finnish what they were doing.

"What the devil are you up to?" cried the captain when he noticed them.

The peasants lowered their guns and one of them shouted:

"Take down that red flag, or we'll fire!"

"This is not a red flag. This is an American flag. It belongs to this man who is an American citizen," exclaimed the girl.

"We have never seen an American flag. Take it off or we'll fire! It looks to us like a red flag!"

The girl burst into nervous laughter. But she quickly controlled herself and commenced to explain to them excitedly that they were making fools of themselves by their ignorance in mistaking the American flag for a Red flag. She pointed several times to the stars and stripes and said something about their significance.

The White Guard farmers were trembling as they exchanged glances among themselves. One of them mumbled in Finnish, "Another moment and I would have killed you!"

Regaining his composure, the captain asked the White Guards how to go to Lake Saima, but they refused to give any information. They shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, while one of them kept repeating:

"Another moment and I would have killed you!"

We started slowly, looking back from time to time. We were not quite sure that they were convinced by our explanation. We felt relieved only after we had turned to a side road and could no longer see the White Guards.

The girl began to sing in Russian, "My soul is like a charmed castle—" Her voice quivered with deep emotion. The little horse was running fast. The captain was silent, looking back now and then, with a grin.

The roads and the fields on both sides were dazzling white. The pines looked diminutive in the distance. For hours we did not pass a human being or a hut on the way.

Towards evening we noticed a farmhouse, to our great delight. We asked the people to let us stay there overnight. The farmers, suspicious at first, became friendly after they had received answers to the numerous questions they asked. Then they prepared supper of black bread, butter and milk. They said that they would be glad to accommodate us for the night but they had no beds. So we slept on the floor, which was perfectly clean.

Next morning we arose at about eight o'clock, breakfasted on bread, butter and milk, hitched the horse and resumed our journey.

Just as we drove out of the gate we saw on the road two women, wrapped in huge shawls. One of them was carrying a baby. They stopped and said something excitedly to the captain.

The women told him that they were coming from the neighboring village, which we were to pass, and that the Reds were bombarding it. They advised us not to go in that direction. Nevertheless we proceded, thinking that they were merely repeating a rumor.

About half a mile away from the farmhouse where we had spent the night, we noticed a long slowly-moving line of sleighs, crowded with refugees, men, women and children. A priest, a Red Cross nurse, and a physician led the procession. A number of young men and women were on snow shoes. The priest and the doctor warned us not to go any further. They repeated the story we had heard from the women a little while before. They said the Reds had entered the village at night and were now bombarding the church. The entire village was evacuating. They added that if we were caught by the Reds we would be forced into the Red Army and compelled to fight the White Guards. The priest repeated his warning several times, emphasizing that to go to the village now meant imminent death.

We waited until the procession of sleighs had passed us. The girl translated to me into Russian what the priest and the doctor had said. The captain was pale, though the smile had not yet died away from his lips. Suddenly he looked at me wide-eyed and said in English:

"Well, I am not going any further. It means sure death."

He paused and looked at his sweetheart.

"Margaret," he said, "what do you think we ought to do?"

She was silent, absorbed in thought.

Then he turned to me and said:

"If we go there, they are sure to force us into the Red Army, and then I am done for. Good-bye, sweetheart! Good-bye, wedding! You are an American—they may let you pass. But I am not going any further."

So there we were, at the front, far away from St. Michel, stranded somewhere in Finland, unable to go ahead or to return.

The captain paused again, then turned to me and said:

"I'll tell you what I am willing to do. I'll let you have the horse and the sleigh, and you go ahead yourself. They won't do anything to you if they examine your papers. When you get to Viberg, you can leave the horse with my people there and give them our regards. You could tell them about our plight. We'll come over as soon as we can."

I thanked him for his generosity, but explained that without the knowledge of the Finnish language it would be foolhardy for me to proceed alone, for before I could explain things and show my papers to the Red Guards, they would shoot me. I suggested that we stop at the nearest farmhouse, consider the situation coolly and then decide what to do. The captain whipped the horse and we soon reached a farmhouse.

On the way the girl asked me in Russian what I thought would be the wisest thing to do under the circumstances. I said that in my opinion it would be best to go ahead, for I believed that the flag and my papers would save us all, and that, if they remained where they were, they might fall into the hands of the Red Guards anyway. For they could not return to the White Guard territory without arousing suspicion there, and would be treated as spies.

We sat down at a large table and talked in a whisper. The captain kept explaining how dangerous it was to proceed. He was pale and agitated.

Suddenly the girl said with an air of strong determination:

"I have decided that we go ahead, come what may! We are between the devil and the deep sea! If we go ahead now we may manage to get through. Later, if they find us in this vicinity, they will surely treat us as enemies."

"We are going!"

"Of course, if you insist, we are going!"

So we soon started out again. The captain knew the map of Finland intimately. We turned towards Lake Saima at a rapid pace; we zigzagged over the lake and drove through forests. Several times our sleigh was overturned, and all of us were thrown into the snow. Notwithstanding the uncertainty, the girl was laughing and singing most of the time. The captain was silent. We spent the night in a farm schoolhouse, sleeping on the floor. The teacher asked us many questions and from her inquiries we realized that the people of that vicinity knew little of what was actually going on in Finland. There were no newspapers there and practically no communication with the outside world, except through an occasional passer-by. She had heard all sorts of wild rumors, but did not know how far the front was from that farmhouse.

We started out next morning at sunrise and again traveled through forests.

Towards evening we stopped in front of a large estate. An old woman and two little girls came out on the porch and looked at us with fright and suspicion.

We entered the house and asked for something to eat. They gave us bread and tea. She questioned us guardedly. At last she confided to us that her son, upon noticing us, had fled to the forest, believing that we were White Guards.

Thus we learned that we were on Red Guard territory, having crossed the front without knowing it, without seeing any troops.

On the following day we reached the outskirts of Viborg. The captain brought me to the railroad station. He refused to accept any money from me for any share of the expense on the trip. I bade them farewell and they started towards the farm of the captain's parents near the city.

On the train I spoke Russian to the guard, and afterwards, when I was asked for a Red Guards' permit, I merely showed them my American passport and explained that I was an American journalist bound for Russia. They authorized me to go to Viborg. On the way I learned that the Germans were expected to enter Russia then at any moment, as Trotsky had refused to sign the Brest-Litovsk Peace Treaty. I resolved that it was the better part of wisdom to wait for developments in Viborg.

Viborg was at that time held by the Red Guards. The streets were filled with men and women carrying all sorts of rifles, red ribbons on their guns and on their arms. The women, carrying huge Russian guns on their shoulders, looked grotesque in their short skirts and their parti-colored stockings, as they marched up and down the main street coquettishly.

Three days later I learned from the Russian newspapers that the Bolsheviki had signed the Brest-Litovsk Peace Treaty with Germany, which meant that the Germans would not seize the city. I proceeded to Petrograd. The Allied ambassadors had left the capital and were awaiting developments in Vologda.

Shortly after my arrival in Petrograd, I received word from the American consul that he had received an important message for me from the War Department. He delivered the message to me in person. It appears that the War Department had received information that three bolshevist agents had gone to Russia from the United States, and that they were planning to kill me,

on account of my criticism of the Soviet régime. The instructions from the War Department were to the effect that I go to Vologda, to the American Embassy, in order that I might be protected there. I thanked the American consul and asked him to convey my gratitude to the War Department for its thoughtfulness, but explained to him that I could not act upon his advice, since it was my duty to the newspapers I represented to remain in Petrograd to study conditions there, regardless of the dangers to which he called my attention.

I proceeded with my work and thought no more of the warning. Many people were killed secretly in Petrograd in those days, yet nothing happened to me.

Four days after my conversation with the American consul, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, there was a loud knock at my door in the Hotel Europe. As I opened the door, I saw Margaret before me, pale and agitated.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"A misfortune!" she said, adding nervously and rapidly, "My fiancé is in prison. They may shoot him any moment. The Reds say he is a spy. They searched us when we came into Viborg from the farm, and they found in his pockets some of the red, white and blue ribbons that were left over after I had made the American flag in St. Michel. They say this is proof that he is a spy. They found out that we crossed the front and they believe he was using white ribbons in the White Guard territory and red ribbons on this side of the front. I have tried to tell them about the American flag, but they don't believe me. You must help me save him. You must give me a letter to the British consul in Viborg. You must explain how the captain got those ribbons."

I described the incident in detail in a letter to the Consul, and the Finnish girl hurried away, mumbling:

"I hope it's not too late!"

I never heard from Margaret after that. It was difficult to communicate with Viborg at that time, and the Finnish authorities gave no information about political prisoners. Some time afterward I learned that the captain's life was saved by his bride who brought the letter in time.

NIGHT-PIECE

From the Mountainy Singer

Fill me, O stars,
As with an olden tune.
Look through your cloudy bars,
O summer moon;
Look through, and drench in silver light
My soul this night.

O brief enchanted dream
Of sea and sky;
Of ploughland, meadow, stream,
And twilight loth to die;
Of fire and dew—
My soul is one with you!

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

A Question of Identity

By Sapper

THE reputation of Mason, Cartwright, and Mason is too well known to need emphasizing. To do so would be rather like alluding to the solvency of the Bank of England. Mention them as your solicitors, and no further reference for a business deal is necessary. Yet it is, nevertheless, a fact that John Mason, senior member of the firm, did, on one occasion, wittingly and with full knowledge thereof compound a felony. And it is a further fact that his doing so has never caused him one sleepless night, nor is it ever likely to. Neither Peter Mason, his son, nor Edward Cartwright, his partner for thirty years, knows anything about it. It is his own private secret and it will go with him to the grave. And this was the way of it. . . .

It was in the year 1835 that William, tenth Earl of Orford, being dissatisfied with his lawyer, transferred his affairs to John Mason's father. It was doubtless an honor and a compliment, but it was not altogether an unmixed blessing. Like all the Orfords the tenth Earl had the devil of a temper, and since—again like all the Orfords—his ideas on expenditure with regard to income were a little optimistic, John Mason's father had sometimes been heard to express a profound wish that the honor had been bestowed elsewhere.

He died in 1850, did the tenth Earl, twelve years before John Mason was born, so that the latter's first acquaintance in the family was Richard, the eleventh holder of the title. And he was twenty-five when his father, who was getting on in years, took him down to Orford Towers to introduce him to the Earl.

"My young hopeful, Lord Orford," said the old lawyer. "We've got to have a Mason in the firm, and another few years will see me through."

The Earl shook hands with a grip that made John Mason wince, though he was a rowing man of no mean repute.

"Glad to meet you, my boy. And I hope you'll look after our affairs as well as your father has done. But you'll find it difficult."

"I'll do my best, my Lord," John answered, and then the other two plunged into business.

It was always the same, as he found out afterwards—the place. With Richard, Orford Towers was an obsession. It was his religion, almost his very soul. And for an hour that morning John Mason sat and listened while the other two went into facts and figures. Once or twice the imperious will of the Earl flashed out when his father raised objections, only to be succeeded immediately by a charming smile and "You're right, old friend, as usual."

And then, just as they had finished, the door opened and a boy of ten came into the room. No need to ask who he was; the likeness to his father even at that age was amazing. The same keen eyes and firm chin; the same look of inflexible pride. It was the little Viscount Carslake, the future twelfth Earl and his father's only child.

At the moment, however, any thought of the future was relegated to the background by the very obvious present. A cut under one eye, some bleeding knuckles and a large tear in his shirt proclaimed the fact that there had been trouble.

"What have you been up to, young fellow?" said his father quietly.

"I found Joe Mercer hitting his puppy," answered the boy, "and I told him to stop. And he wouldn't."

"So you fought him, did you?"

"Well, of course I did, father," said the boy simply.

"Did you beat him?"

The boy nodded.

"He said he'd had enough, and

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promised he wouldn't hit the puppy again."

"Good boy," said the Earl. "Now go and tidy yourself up before your mother sees you."

The door closed behind the child, and the Earl turned with twinkling eyes to the other two.

"Young Mercer is twelve and big for his age. *'Nil timeunt'*—eh! what. *'Nil timeunt.'*"

"They fear nothing," the motto of the Orfords. And that was the other half of their religion. Never mentioned, naturally, merely accepted as a matter of course. *"Nil timeunt."* Once in years to come when John Mason had relieved his father, he happened to go one day into the portrait gallery. They were all there—all the men of the line of Orford—staring down from the walls; all, that is, save one. And where his portrait should have been there was a gap. Without thinking he asked the obvious question.

"It is put away somewhere," said the Earl. "A pity, because it is the most valuable of all as a painting. But we have indisputable proof that he was guilty of cowardice at the time of the Civil War."

And that was enough; the blank space marked the unforgivable sin. Libertines, gamblers, drunkards—all were represented; but for a coward there could only be the oblivion of an attic.

It was during the Boer War that Richard died, and Viscount Carslake became the twelfth Earl. He was in South Africa at the time, a subaltern in the early twenties. And as John Mason wired him the news he breathed a silent prayer that he would pull through all right. For five hundred years the title had descended from father to son, and now there was a chance of the line being broken. Broken badly, too, for the new Earl's nearest male relatives were second cousins.

There were two brothers—Spencer by name—and John Mason had hardly been aware of their existence till they turned up at the funeral. The elder, Harold, was a very decent fellow; to the younger, Stephen, he took an instant dislike. He was a shifty-eyed, ferret-nosed young man with an unhealthy-looking skin, and he habitually spoke with a slight snuffle. However, even if the worst happened in Africa, Stephen would not come into the picture; and Harold, though not a true Orford, would make a very fair substitute. And John Mason was a very exacting judge. More and more as the years passed had he become wrapped up in the family. In fact he was more like an elder brother to the youngster at the front than a legal adviser. And the new Earl wanted an elder brother pretty badly at times. He was a wild boy, bubbling over with life and spirits, a true Orford; and there had been one or two awkward scrapes. One at Eton touching a little matter of gambling; and another at Sandhurst concerning breaking bounds and an unlawful supper party at one of the local hotels.

It was touch and go in the latter case as to whether he would be expelled, and his father was furious.

"An Orford," he roared, "sneaking out like a damned footman to drink bad port with fifth-rate chorus girls. By God, sir! I never thought I'd say it, but I'm glad your mother is dead."

It blew over and they patched it up, but things were never quite the same again. Their wills were both too imperious, and the atmosphere at Orford Towers stifled the boy. Not that he didn't love the place, but it was only natural that he couldn't feel for it at his age in the way his father did. He wanted freedom and big spaces. Orford Towers could come later. He wanted Life with a capital L; not the comparative stagnation of a great country seat.

And so when he returned to England, the war over, John Mason was not altogether surprized at his decision. He heard it while they were sitting over the port at the end of dinner. A day of business lay behind them, and once or twice from little remarks he had guessed that something of the sort was coming.

"You know I've sent in my papers, John. No peace soldiering for me."

John Mason sipped his wine.

"What do you propose to do?"

"Get out of England," cried the other. "Man, there are a million places in this world that I want to see; a million things to do. Life's all too short as

it is, so why waste another moment? But I'm not going as the Earl of Orford in a de luxe suite on a P. & O. I don't mind sticking to Hector, since it's my name, but from to-morrow onwards yours truly becomes Hector Latham."

"And all this?" asked John Mason with a little wave of his hand round the room.

"Can wait. I'll come back to it in time, John; never fear about that. But first I've got to live. Lord! old man, yarning with some of those irregulars out there, I've just marveled at the life most of us live."

"And supposing you don't come back?" said John Mason quietly. "Then what about all this?"

"It will go presumably to that fellow you told me about—Harold Spencer," answered the other. "I've never seen him but you say he's a decent fellow. I know what you're driving at, John. You want me to marry, and have an heir. But if I do that how the devil can I go off and do what I want to do? I'll marry when I come back, old man; there will be plenty of time then. And you can look after the place for me. I won't have it let. I love the old pile too much for that. And if I want any money I'll cable you from time to time. But I'll not want much."

And so a few days later Hector, twelfth Earl of Orford, disappeared, and, in the log of a wind-jammer bound from South Shields to Sydney, the fact that one Hector Latham had booked a passage by nominally signing on as second steward was duly entered.

From then on for ten years John Mason heard from him periodically. From South America, China, New Zealand there came short messages. Sometimes, not often, there was a request for money to be cabled; generally it was just a notification that he was still alive. And it was in June, 1912, that he received a cable which brought a smile of satisfaction to his face.

"Wire hundred pounds. Leaving for home Bellonia."

And it had been handed in at Auckland.

The hundred pounds were duly despatched and preparations were at once started at Orford Towers to welcome the returning owner. The end of July, reflected John Mason, should see him in England again; and on the second of that month the Bellonia was reported lost with all hands on board.

At first he could hardly grasp it; he just sat in his chair staring dazedly at the paper in his hands. Then feverishly he rang up Lloyds. Yes, he was told, as far as they could make out it was only too true. The whole thing at the moment was wrapped in mystery, and they really knew no more than he did. She had apparently encountered the most fearful weather, and had got into difficulties. Her S. O. S. had been picked up by three other boats, but when they reached the place indicated there was no sign of her. Moreover, the last S. O. S. had broken off abruptly in the middle of the message.

He got hold of a passenger list, hoping against hope that Hector might have changed his mind at the last moment and not traveled on the Bellonia. But a glance at the names confirmed his worst fears. Evidently, since he was coming home, he had decided to travel under his real name, for the Earl of Orford was at the top of the column.

So he hadn't come back as he said he would. Fate had decided otherwise. The unbroken line would have to be severed. Of course there were legal formalities as to presumption of death; months dragged by before they were concluded. But in no one's mind was there the slightest doubt as to what had happened. Not a word came to break the silence; it was just one of those mysteries of the sea, which, in this world, will never be explained.

And so in due course Harold Spencer became the thirteenth Earl, with a singularly charming young wife as his Countess. They had been married about a year, and a son had just appeared on the scene, when the war in France broke out. And the first batch of Kitchener's army included Harold; it did not include his brother Stephen. That ferret-faced gentleman preferred to fight from an office stool, and succeeded in wangling it successfully. He even gave a watery snuffle when Harold was ripped to pieces by a machine gun at Loos; and felt aggrieved when a dry-eyed woman, holding a baby boy of a year in her arms, called him a coward to his face.

The fourteenth Earl of Orford—that baby boy. Stephen the shifty-eyed found strange thoughts coming into his tortuous mind. Just supposing the child died, and children do die, he would be the Earl.

It would be very nice to be the Earl of Orford—very nice indeed. Sometimes, as he polished his chair, he almost forgot the dangers he incurred from Zeppelin raids, in the wonderful train of thought that the idea conjured up. Stephen, Earl of Orford——

But the baby didn't die. It grew into a sturdy straight-backed little boy. And John Mason, rising sixty himself now, watched the child with discerning eyes, even as in days gone by he had watched Hector. He felt if anything a keener sense of responsibility towards the house of Orford than ever before; it was his job to see that the spirit of those keen-faced men was carried on, just as if the line had not been broken.

And the mother helped him wonderfully. She too seemed to realize the bigness of the issue, and the place her son had to fill in the world.

He was eight years old when she took him to see the gap on the wall in the picture gallery. And he listened to her with wide open eyes as she told him why there was no picture.

"But what did he do, mummie?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I don't know quite what he did, darling," she answered. "Perhaps Uncle John can tell you next time he comes down. Anyway, he was a coward, and that's a terrible thing."

"Daddy wasn't a coward," said the child proudly.

And with a little cry she caught him up and kissed him.

"Of course he wasn't, my pet," she whispered. "And you've got to be like daddy—never afraid of anything."

"Uncle Stephen is afraid," announced the boy gravely. "He was afraid of Rollo when he barked at him the other day. I don't like Uncle Stephen, mummie; he looks at me so funnily sometimes."

"Don't think about him, darling," said his mother.

"Do you like Uncle Stephen, mummie?" he pursued.

"Not very much, old man; but we won't talk about him."

"He didn't fight, did he, Mummie, in daddy's war?"

"No, darling, he didn't fight in daddy's war. He was afraid."

"So he was a coward like that gentleman whose picture is hidden?"

Involuntarily she smiled; but much as she disliked Stephen the conversation was becoming dangerous with an outspoken young man of eight. So she frowned reprovingly.

"Yes, but you must never tell him so, old chap, because that's rude. And you musn't be rude to people older than yourself."

They went off to play a game, but those few words lingered in her mind—"He looks at me so funnily sometimes."

It was true; she had noticed it herself. It was very rare that he came near them; even Stephen's rhinoceros-like hide was not impervious to the icy contempt she felt for him. But on the last occasion it had seemed to her that his face had worn a peculiar gloating look—as if he was in possession of some secret which boded ill for her—and her Robin.

She realized, of course, as well as he did, that he would become Earl if anything happened to Robin; but, unpleasant specimen though he was, she did him sufficient credit to believe that he would never attempt to harm the boy. In the first place he was far too much afraid for his own skin. Still, she felt vaguely worried, and one day she went so far as to mention the matter to John Mason.

"Perhaps it's foolish of me, Uncle John, and yet there are times when I can't help being uneasy. All his life Stephen has been a wrong 'un. Harold always used to admit it openly, and wonder where the kink in him came from. And when I realize that it's only Robin's life that stands between him and all this——"

"But, Marcia, my dear, what could he do?" said John Mason reassuringly. "This is a civilized country, and nothing short of killing the child would be of any use to him."

"Oh! I know, I know. Put it down to the illogical woman's brain if you like. But what I feel is that the wish is there, and if the opportunity came who knows what would happen? I don't say that it's likely to, but it

might. After all, children have been kidnaped before now."

She paused and stared over the great park, and John Mason saw a strange look come into her eyes—the look which in days gone by he had seen so often in the faces of men and women who had lost their all in France—the look of a great pride.

"I'm proud of this place," she went on slowly. "Heaven knows how proud. It's not for me myself; it's for Robin. I know we're not the direct line, but that can't be helped. And I've tried to make him worthy of the name. I've put my whole soul, my whole life into it. Harold was worthy. Those fierce men upstairs would all say that. And Robin's going to be; he is now. But Stephen! Why, the hidden picture in the attic would cry aloud if he came here. It's all that as well as the fact that he's my baby."

They were strolling through Copthorne Spinney, their feet making no sound on the soft turf, when suddenly John Mason clutched her arm and dragged her behind a clump of undergrowth.

"Look!" he muttered. "Don't move; don't let them see you."

And had the woman not been engrossed in the scene in front of her, she would have noticed that every vestige of color had left his face.

In a little clearing in front of them stood a tall sunburned, black-bearded man, holding a struggling small boy in each hand, whilst facing him was Robin.

"Not two to one," he said in a deep pleasant voice. "That's not fair. Now who are you, young fellow?" he asked Robin.

"I'm Lord Orford," said Robin. "And I'll thrash them both if you'll let them go."

The big man stared at the child curiously. Then he laughed.

"Of course you'll thrash them both," he agreed. "But one at a time. Take this one first."

He propelled a wriggling victim forward, and Robin set on him furiously.

"Well done," said the man gravely, as after about a minute the boy turned and ran away, "Now the other."

Once again Robin fought like a young tiger-cat, but this time it was a longer affair. Robin was getting tired, and the other boy was bigger. And it was only John Mason's restraining hand that prevented the devoted mother from hurling herself into the fray.

"Now then—stop it, both of you," remarked the big man at length. "Shake hands. That's quite enough."

The two children shook hands sheepishly, and the man solemnly helped Robin on with his coat.

"You cut off out of it," he said to the other boy, who did so with alacrity. "Well, young fellow, so you're Lord Orford, are you? What's your other name?"

"Robin. They were teasing me about it, calling me a bird," he announced. "That's why I fought."

"Quite right," agreed the man. "*Nil timeunt.* Has any one ever told you what that means?"

"Of course," answered the boy proudly. "They fear nothing. That's our motto. And my mummie always says I must never be afraid. None of the Orfords ever are. My daddy wasn't afraid, and he was Lord Orford before me. He was killed in the war."

"Was he?" said the man quietly.

"But my Uncle Stephen was a coward. He didn't go to daddy's war. He was like the man in the picture at home who isn't allowed to be there because he was a coward too. I asked Mummie what he did, but she didn't know."

"I'll tell you what he did, young fellow," said the man. "There was a King in England called Charles the First. And the King was hiding from a man called Cromwell. And the man in the picture knew where the King was because the King trusted him. And then to save his own life he went and told Cromwell, so that the King was very nearly caught. So that's why we put his picture in the attic, Robin."

He broke off as a tall and graceful woman came out into the clearing. Robin with a cry of "Mummie" had run to her and over the child's head their eyes met.

"Who are you?" said the woman slowly. "You seem to know a lot of the Orford history."

"It is a fairly well known one, madam," he returned gravely. "May

I congratulate you on the present holder of the title?"

She frowned a little: the appearance of this stranger was not altogether prepossessing.

"Uncle John," she said, turning round, but John Mason seemed to have disappeared.

"I suppose you know you're trespassing?" she went on abruptly.

The black-bearded man smiled.

"Please forgive me," he said. "At any rate I got Robin a fair fight."

"The road is through there," she remarked, haughtily, and still with the same faint smile the stranger turned and left her. Again she looked round for John Mason, but there was no sign of him, and at length she led Robin back to the house.

"He suddenly came, mummie, off the road, just as we were fighting. Wasn't he a nice man?"

"I don't want you to go so far away, darling, when you're by yourself. There are all sorts of tramps and nasty people about."

She hardly heard his indignant defense of his new friend. All sorts of vague fears were darting through her mind. Ingratiating strangers who enticed children away, Gipsies—— Come to think of it, he had looked like a Gipsy. And was it mere coincidence that Stephen was now paying one of his rare visits to Orford Towers? A tutor—she'd have to get a tutor. Robin was getting too old to be left any longer to his own devices.

And even as she hurried Robin back to have arnica applied to his bruises, John Mason and Hector, Earl of Orford, met face to face.

"It can't be, but it is!" said John Mason, and his voice was shaking.

"Aye! old John, it is, right enough," answered the other quietly. "I told you I'd come back, didn't I? I wonder you recognized me, for I'm altered more than you."

"I think it was seeing you with Robin, Hector. The first time I saw you you'd just licked Joe Mercer. D'you remember.

"I remember," said the other. "The beginning of one's life—and now the end."

"What do you mean, Hector—the end? You're only forty-eight."

"Is that all? I suppose it is. For all that, John, it's the end. I've got about six months at the most to go."

John Mason laughed incredulously, and then grew silent. For there was that in the eyes of the man to whom he spoke which forbade disbelief.

"Tell me," he said at length. "I know nothing."

"There's not much to tell, John," said the other. "You thought, of course, that I went down when the Bellonia sank. Well, as you can see for yourself, I didn't. She struck something during that appalling storm—possibly a derelict—and sank in two minutes. And I found myself with three of the deck hands clinging to some superstructure that had carried away. Mercifully the water was warm, because we were adrift for three days. Gradually the sea went down, the pitiless sun came out, and we began to wish that we'd died quickly like the others. And then one of the other three went mad, and dived overboard. It lightened the load a bit, but beyond that it didn't help, because anyway we had no water. I think we were all just about following his example when we sighted land. It was an island, John, with a few peaceful natives on it. I think they'd only seen a white man once before. Later on we managed to talk to them a bit. And the island was miles out of the beaten track."

He leaned back suddenly against the tree and seemed to fall asleep, and John Mason stared at him in amazement.

"What's the matter, Hector?" he cried.

With an effort the other opened his eyes.

"That's what the others died of," he said, heavily. "It's a sort of sleeping sickness, I suppose. The natives die of it too, but they're more or less immune. Water or something on the island. John, I *must* sleep."

He sat down on the ground and rolled on his side. And for over an hour did John Mason sit beside him waiting. It needed no expert now to see that he spoke the truth; the gray tinge of his face told its own tale. He woke as suddenly as he had fallen asleep.

"How long was I asleep, John?" he demanded.

"Over an hour," said John Mason.

"You'll come straight up with me to a specialist, of course."

The Earl of Orford smiled faintly.

"I don't think so, old man," he answered. "I'll die in peace, thanks. It saps one's vitality, one doesn't want to do anything—except sleep. It'll be two hours soon, John, and a shorter time between the bouts. And at last one will never wake up. I've watched it in those others. And, when the first boat in ten years did come, I almost decided to let her go without me. But there was one thing stronger than this cursed germ; my will to see the place again. To die here, John, and to see my successor. For I can't do the other thing I told you I would—marry. It's too late for that. But I wouldn't want a better kid anyway than Robin, so what does it matter? It's not for long, and they needn't turn out. I'll leave you to explain it to Robin's mother."

His eyes closed again, but he pulled himself together with an effort.

"An element of humor in being ordered off my own ground, John!" he laughed. "But a fine woman. Let's go to the house. I want to see it, John, I want to see it. It bored me in the old days, but now it's my life or what's left of it. And we'll get down some one to put my face on canvas. Shave off this beard, buy some decent clothes, and die like an Orford. Come on, old friend. I want to set foot in my home again. Great Scott! Who's this?"

For the shifty-eyed, ferret-nosed youngster with the unhealthy skin had developed true to type, and the Earl of Orford watched Stephen Spencer taking his morning walk much as a man watches a noisome insect. Stephen Spencer glanced curiously at the big black-bearded man in such deep conversation with John Mason, and for a moment paused as if to speak. Then he seemed to think better of it, and with a little nod to the lawyer he shuffled on and disappeared.

"Who the devil is that?"

"He's Robin's uncle, and your heir should anything happen to Robin," said John Mason. "What's the matter, Hector? What are you looking like that for?"

"You say that he would be the heir if anything happened to Robin," said the other slowly.

"Certainly," answered John Mason. "He's Robin's next of kin in the male line."

"Then what was he doing talking to the most villainous-looking ruffian a mile or so down the road there? I passed him this morning, though he didn't see me. He was too much engrossed in his conversation."

"Are you sure, Hector?" cried the other.

"Of course I'm sure," snapped Lord Orford. "You can't mistake a man with a face like that. John, little sportsmen who climb trees and run wild—can easily break their necks. In a big place like this who is to tell? A broken neck can always be made to look accidental."

"My God!" muttered John Mason and his face was white. "But we've got no proof, Hector."

"And a damned lot of good the proof would be once it's happened. Don't be a fool, John, don't be a fool."

For a while they fell silent, pacing up and down over the soft turf.

"Granted you're right, Hector," said the lawyer at last, "or even supposing you're wrong, it doesn't alter things. In fact, now that you've come back it makes them easier. Any designs that Stephen may have on Robin are useless now. He gains nothing from the death of the boy. You've got to do it. You've got to see a specialist. Don't you see that you must marry. Marry and have a son. When Marcia knows you're back—that it's *you*—she won't mind. She feels in a sense just a steward for the Orfords."

Lord Orford nodded gravely.

"We could not ask for a better. She must continue."

"But how can she, Hector?" cried John Mason irritably. "Don't you see——"

"I see nothing, John, except one thing. And that is that for me to have a child would be a crime, suffering as I am from this disease. And in any event I might not succeed before I died or it might be a girl. And what then? We have only postponed things. Robin would still be threatened by the same danger."

"You mustn't assume on that," said the lawyer. "Just because you saw him talking to a tramp——"

"I'm not risking it," remarked the Earl calmly.

"You'll have to," answered John Mason. "You can't shut the boy up."

And the other's deep-set eyes gleamed strangely.

"True, John, you can't shut the boy up. But there are other ways of killing a cat than by drowning it."

He smiled grimly as if amused by some sudden thought and John Mason stared at him gravely. Only too well did he know the futility of argument once the other had made up his mind, but he made one final attempt.

"What is the use of all this discussion?" he cried. "Come back to the house now with me, and make yourself known. And if you want to you can put the fear of God into Master Stephen."

And then he shrugged his shoulders despairingly. The other wasn't even listening.

"It's a difficult proposition, John, very difficult," he remarked slowly. "Even with a reptile of that type one would like to have some proof. And I, as you say, have none."

"And what if you could get proof, Hector? What would you do then?"

"The removal of Stephen would assist matters," answered the Earl calmly. "I feel certain no one would miss him."

"But, good heavens, man," spluttered John Mason, "you're in England. And I'm not anxious to see the Earl of Orford ending his days on the gallows."

"You won't, John. I can promise you that. We've died most ways, but never by hanging so far. And I don't propose to start. No, John, there shall be no disgrace, if by any chance I find that what I suspect is the truth. Only I mustn't be recognized—that's vital. I'm a wanderer, John, a tramp—and tramps may do what the Earls of Orford may not."

"But, Hector—" protested the other feebly, only to be silenced with an imperious wave of the hand.

"Your word, John, your word of honor that you will not divulge to a living soul that you have met me this morning, until you hear further from me."

And John Mason gave his word.

"Good. Come back here at three, and wait for me. I'm going to find that man. So long, old friend."

And at three o'clock the lawyer returned, his mind made up. All through lunch his determination had strengthened to insist upon being released from his promise. If Hector was dying, then it was undoubtedly his right to die at Orford Towers.

"Now it's my life or what's left of it."

He had heard the note of yearning in the wanderer's voice as he spoke. Besides it was absurd, it was illegal, it was out of the question. John Mason slashed viciously at a nettle with his stick. Fanciful too—just because Stephen had spoken to some tramps. He'd watched him snuffling over his food at lunch. There was no nerve in that quarter for conspiracy. The thing was ridiculous.

And yet—was it? What had Marcia said to him only that morning? Was it so ridiculous after all?

"All his life Stephen has been a wrong 'un."

Her words came back to him as he sat with his back up against a tree waiting for Hector. Supposing—just supposing . . . And at that moment he heard the sound of two shots, fired not far away.

At first he took no notice—a keeper after rabbits or something. And then a hoarse shout brought him scrambling to his feet.

"Help! Murder."

With pounding heart he ran in the direction of the cry, forcing his way through the undergrowth. And it was Jenkins the keeper, white in the face and shaking, who saw him and shouted again.

"Mr. Mason, sir. Come here for God's sake."

"What is it?" gasped the lawyer. "What's happened?"

"It's up there, sir, behind them bushes," stammered the keeper. "And I seed the whole thing as clear as I sees you now. Mr. Spencer was a standing there talking to a man, talking very earnest like. And I wondered to myself what he could be saying to a dirty-looking tramp like that. Then suddenly the bushes parted behind them, and a great big black-bearded man stepped

out. And then I give you my word, sir, it all 'appened so quick that I'm all mazed still. This black-bearded man, he 'it the tramp on the point of the jaw, and the tramp 'e fell like a log. Then he drew a pistol and shot Mr. Spencer through the 'eart."

"I heard two shots Jenkins," said John Mason quietly.

"I'm coming to that, sir," cried the man. " 'E shot Mr. Spencer through the 'eart and then 'e walked back a few paces and stared for a moment or two at the house, over yonder. And then he blew his brains out."

There was only one possible verdict of course. It was true that the tramp's evidence was unsatisfactory, but he was a man of low mentality and the topic of the conversation he had been having with Mr. Stephen Spencer was really immaterial. In fact what little interest there was in the case centered round one point. And it was to John Mason that the coroner addressed himself in his endeavor to elucidate it.

"Owing to the manner in which this man killed himself he is, as you know, Mr. Mason, unrecognizable. Now from what Lady Orford has told me you saw him on the very morning of the tragedy."

"That is so," assented John Mason.

"Then can you throw any light on the question of his identity?"

And John Mason's reply came without hesitation.

"I never saw the man before in my life."

THE WILD GEESE

Low across a crimson sun
  Setting in a crimson sky,
And across a crimson lake
  The Wild Geese fly.

Hark! the poet on the bank
  Pipes a reedy tune,
Piping to the rising wind
  And the silver moon.

"I have neither house nor barn,
  Kith nor kin have I,
But I know the Elfin Folk
  When the Wild Geese fly.

" 'Neath another crimson sun
  On a ruddy strand,
I have piped a wilder tune
  In an eerie land.

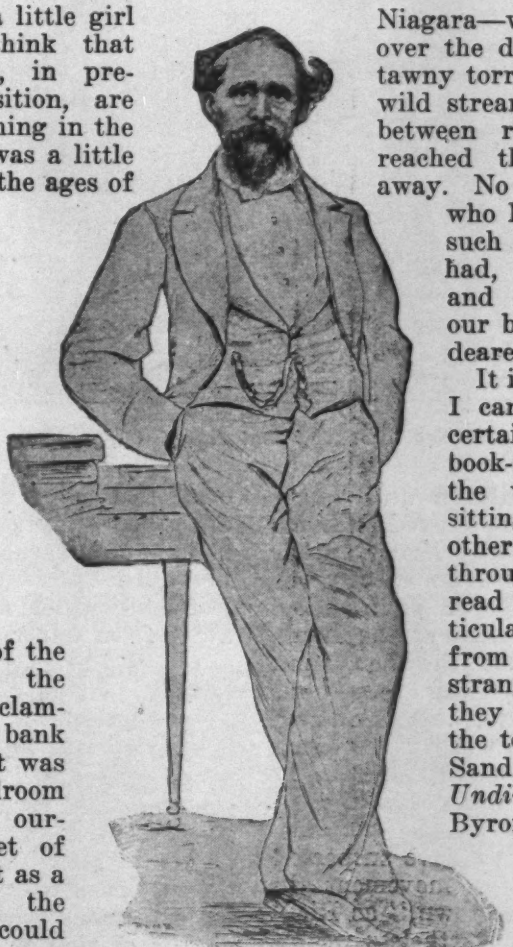
"Here, and there, and back again
  Bid the music ply,
When across the crimson lake
  The Wild Geese fly!"

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

A CHILD'S JOURNEY WITH DICKENS

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

WHEN I was a little girl (I always think that these words, in precisely this juxtaposition, are six of the most charming in the language)—when I was a little girl I lived, between the ages of six and sixteen, in a small village in Maine. My sister and I had few playmates, but I cannot remember that we were ever dull, for dullness in a child, as in a grown person, means lack of dreams and visions, and those we had a-plenty. We were fortunate, too, in that our house was on the brink of one of the loveliest rivers in the world. When we clambered down the steep bank to the little cove that was just beneath our bedroom windows, we found ourselves facing a sheet of crystal water as quiet as a lake, a lake from the shores of which we could set any sort of adventure afloat; yet scarcely three hundred feet away was a roaring waterfall—a baby Niagara—which, after dashing over the dam in a magnificent tawny torrent, spent itself in a wild stream that made a path between rocky cliffs until it reached the sea, eight miles away. No child could be lonely who lived on the brink of such a river; and then we had, besides our studies and our country sports, our books, which were the dearest of all our friends.



Charles Dickens. "His hands were plunged deep in his pockets—a favorite gesture."

It is a long time ago, but I can see very clearly a certain set of black walnut book-shelves, hanging on the wall of the family sitting-room. There were other cases here and there through the house, but I read and re-read the particular volumes in this one from year to year, and a strange, motley collection they were, to be sure! On the top shelf were George Sand's *Teverino, Typee, Undine,* Longfellow's and Byron's *Poems, The Arabian Nights,* Bailey's *Festus, The Lamplighter, Scottish Chiefs,* Thackeray's *Book of Snobs, Ivanhoe,* and the *Life of P. T. Barnum.* This last volume, I may

say, did not represent the literary inclinations of my parents, but had been given me on my birthday by a grateful neighbor for saving the life of a valuable Jersey calf tethered on the too steep slopes of our river bank. The *Life of Barnum* was the last book on the heterogeneous top shelf, and on the one next below were most of the novels of Charles Dickens, more eagerly devoured than all the rest, although no book in the case had escaped a second reading save Bailey's *Festus*, a little of which went a very long way with us.

Betsey Trotwood and David Copperfield.

It seems to me that no child nowadays has time to love an author as the children and young people of that generation loved Dickens; nor do I think that any living author of to-day provokes love in exactly the same fashion. From our yellow dog, Pip, to the cat, the canary, the lamb, the cow, down to all the hens and cocks, almost every living thing was named, sooner or later, after one of Dickens's characters; while my favorite sled, painted in brown, with the title in brilliant red letters, was "The Artful Dodger." Why did we do it? We little creatures couldn't have suspected that "the democratic movement in literature had come to town," as Richard Whiteing says, nevertheless we responded to it vigorously, ardently, and swelled the hero's public.

For periodical literature we had in our household *Harper's Magazine* and *Littell's Living Age*, but we never read newspapers, so that there was a moment of thrilling excitement when my mother, looking up from the Portland *Press*, told us that Mr. Dickens was coming to America, and that he was even then sailing from England. I remember distinctly that I prayed for him fervently several times during the next week, that the voyage might be a safe one, and that even the pangs of seasickness might be spared so precious a personage. In due time we heard that he had arrived in New York, and had begun the series of readings from his books; then he came to Boston, which was still nearer, and then—day of unspeakable excitement!—we learned that he had been prevailed upon to give one reading in Portland, which was only sixteen miles away from our village.

It chanced that my mother was taking me to Charlestown, Massachusetts, to pay a visit to an uncle on the very day after the one appointed for the great event in Portland. She, therefore, planned to take me into town the night before, and to invite the cousin, at whose house we were to sleep, to attend the reading with her. I cannot throw a more brilliant light on the discipline of that period than to say that the subject of my attending the reading was never once mentioned. The price of tickets was supposed to be almost prohibitory. I cannot remember

the exact sum; I only know that it was mentioned with bated breath in the village of Hollis, and that there was a general feeling in the community that any one who paid it would have to live down a reputation for riotous extravagance forever afterward. I neither wailed nor wept, nor made any attempt to set aside the parental decrees (which were anything but severe in our family), but if any martyr in Fox's *Book* ever suffered more poignant anguish than I, I am heartily sorry for him; yet my common sense assured me that a child could hardly hope to be taken on a week's junketing to Charlestown, and expect any other entertainment to be added to it for years to come. The definition of a "pleasure" in the State of Maine, county of York, village of Hollis, year of our Lord 1868, was something that could not reasonably occur too often without being cheapened.

The days, charged with suppressed excitement, flew by. I bade good-bye to my little sister, who was not to share my metropolitan experiences, and my mother and I embarked for Portland on the daily train that dashed hither and thither at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. When the august night and moment arrived, my mother and her cousin set out for the Place, and the moment they were out of sight I slipped out of the door and followed them, traversing quickly the three or four blocks that separated me from the old City Hall and the Preble House, where Dickens was stopping. I gazed at all the windows and all the entrances of both buildings without beholding any trace of my hero. I watched the throng of happy, excited, lucky people crowding their way into the hall, and went home in a chastened mood to bed—a bed which, as soon as I got into it, was crowded with Little Nell and the Marchioness, Florence Dombey, Bella Wilfer, Susan Nipper, and Little Em'ly. There were other dreams, too. Not only had my idol provided me with human friends, to love and laugh and weep over, but he had wrought his genius into *things;* so that, waking or sleeping, every bunch of holly or mistletoe, every plum pudding was alive; every crutch breathed of Tiny Tim; every cricket and every singing, steaming kettle had a soul.

The next morning we started on our railroad journey, which I remember as one being full of excitement from the beginning, for both men and women were discussing the newspapers with extraordinary interest, the day before having been the one on which the President of the United States had been formally impeached. When the train stopped for two or three minutes at North Berwick, the people on the side of the car next the station suddenly arose and looked eagerly out at some object of apparent interest. I was not, at any age, a person to sit still in her seat when others were looking out of windows, and my small nose was quickly flattened against one of the panes. There on the platform stood the Adored One! His hands were plunged deep in his pockets (a favorite gesture), but presently one was removed to wave away laughingly a piece of the famous Berwick sponge cake, offered him by Mr. Osgood, of Boston, his traveling companion and friend.

I knew him at once!—the smiling, genial, mobile face, rather highly colored, the brilliant eyes, the watch chain, the red carnation in the button-hole, and the expressive hands, much given to gesture. It was only a momentary view, for the train started,

Little Nell

and Dickens vanished, to resume his place in the car next to ours, where he had been, had I known it, ever since we left Portland.

When my mother was again occupied with her book, I slipped away and entered the next car. I took a humble, unoccupied seat near the end, close by the much patronized tank of (unsterilized) drinking-water, and the train-boy's basket of popcorn balls and molasses candy, and gazed steadily at the famous man, who was chatting busily with Mr. Osgood. I remembered gratefully that my mother had taken the old ribbons off my gray velvet hat and tied me down with blue under the chin, and I thought, if Dickens should happen to rest his eye upon me, that he could hardly fail to be pleased with the effect of the blue ribbon that went under my collar and held a very small squirrel muff in place. Unfortunately, however, his eye never did meet mine, but some family friends espied me, and sent me to ask my mother to come in and sit with them. I brought her back, and fortunately there was not room enough for me with the party, so I gladly resumed my modest seat by the popcorn boy, where I could watch Dickens, quite unnoticed. There is an Indian myth which relates that when the gaze of the Siva rested for the first time on Telletonea, the most beautiful of women, his desire to see her was so great that his body became all eyes. Such a transformation, I fear, was perilously near to being my fate! Half an hour passed, perhaps, and one gentleman after another came from here or there to exchange a word of greeting with the famous novelist, so that he was never for a moment alone, thereby inciting in my breast my first, and about my last, experience of the passion of jealousy. Suddenly, however, Mr. Osgood arose, and with an apology went into the smoking-car. I never knew how it happened; I had no plan, no preparation, no intention, no provocation; but invisible ropes pulled me out of my seat, and, speeding up the aisle, I planted myself timorously down, an unbidden guest, in the seat of honor. I had a moment to recover my equanimity, for Dickens was looking out of the window, but he turned in a moment, and said with justifiable surprise:

"God bless my soul, where did you come from?"

"I came from Hollis, Maine," I stammered, "and I'm going to Charlestown to visit my uncle. My mother and her cousin went to your reading last night, but, of course, three couldn't go from the same family, so I stayed at home. Nora, that's my little sister, stayed at home too. She's too small to go on a journey, but she wanted to go to the reading dreadfully. There was a lady there who had never heard of Betsey Trotwood, and had only read two of your books!"

"Well, upon my word!" he said, "you do not mean to say that *you* have read them!"

"Of course I have," I replied, "every one of them but the two that we are going to buy in Boston, and some of them six times."

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated again. "Those long thick books, and you such a slip of a thing."

"Of course," I explained conscientiously, "I do skip some of the very dull parts once in a while; not the short dull parts, but the long ones."

He laughed heartily. "Now, that is something that I hear very little about," he said. "I distinctly want to learn more about those very dull parts." And whether to amuse himself, or to amuse me, I do not know, he took out a notebook and pencil from his pocket and proceeded to give me an exhausting and exhaustive examination on this subject; the books in which the

Steerforth.

dull parts predominated, and the characters and subjects which principally produced them. He chuckled so constantly during this operation that I could hardly help believing myself extraordinarily agreeable, so I continued dealing these infant blows, under the delusion that I was flinging him bouquets.

It was not long before one of my hands was in his, and his arm around my waist, while we talked of many things. They say, I believe, that his hands were "undistinguished" in shape, and that he wore too many rings. Well, those criticisms must come from persons who never felt the warmth of his handclasp! For my part, I am glad that Pullman chair cars had not come into fashion, else I should never have experienced the delicious joy of snuggling up to Genius, and of being distinctly encouraged in the attitude.

The Marchioness.

I wish I could recall still more of his conversation, but I was too happy, too exhilarated, and too inexperienced to take conscious notes of the interview. I remember feeling that I had never known anybody so well and so intimately, and that I talked with him as one talks under cover of darkness or before the flickering light of a fire. It seems to me, as I look back now, and remember how the little soul of me came out and sat in the sunshine of his presence, that I must have had some premonition that the child, who would come to be one of the least of writers, was then talking with one of the greatest; talking, too, of the author's profession and high calling. All the little details of the meeting stand out as clearly as though it had happened yesterday. I can see every article of his clothing and of my own; the other passengers in the car; the landscape through the window, and above all the face of Dickens, deeply lined, with sparkling eyes and an amused, waggish smile that curled the corners of his mouth under his grizzled moustache. A part of our conversation was given to a Boston newspaper next day, by the author himself, or by Mr. Osgood, and a little more was added a few years after by an old lady who sat in the next seat to us. (The pronoun "us" seems ridiculously intimate, but I have no doubt I used it, quite unabashed, at that date.)

"What book of mine do you like best?" Dickens asked, I remember; and I answered, "Oh, I like *David Copperfield* much the best. That is the one I have read six times."

"Six times—good, good!" he replied; "I am glad that you like Davy, so do I—I like it best, too!" clapping his hands; and that was the only remark he made which attracted the attention of the other passengers, who looked in our direction now and then, I have been told, smiling at the interview, but preserving its privacy with the utmost friendliness.

"Of course," I added, "I almost said *Great Expectations*, because that comes next. We named our little yellow dog Mr. Pip. They told father he was part rat terrier, and we were all so pleased. Then one day father showed him a trap with a mouse in it. The mouse wiggled its tail just a little, and Pip was so frightened that he ran under the barn

and stayed the rest of the day. Then all the neighbors made fun of him, and you can think how Nora and I love him when he's had such a hard time, just like Pip in *Great Expectations!*"

Here again my new friend's mirth was delightful to behold, so much so that my embarrassed mother, who had been watching me for half an hour, almost made up her mind to drag me away before the very eyes of our fellow passengers. I had never been thought an amusing child in the family circle; what then could I be saying to the most distinguished and popular author in the universe?

"We have another dog," I went on, "and his name is Mr. Pocket. We were playing with Pip, who is a smooth dog, one day, when a shaggy dog came along that didn't belong to anybody, and hadn't any home. He liked Pip and Pip liked him, so we kept him, and named him Pocket after Pip's friend. The real Mr. Pip and Mr. Pocket met first in Miss Havisham's garden, and they had such a funny fight it always makes father laugh till he can't read! Then they became great friends. Perhaps you remember Mr. Pip and Mr. Pocket?" And Dickens thought he did, which, perhaps, is not strange, considering that he was the author of their respective beings. Mr. Harry Furniss declares that *Great Expectations* was Dickens's favorite novel, but I can only say that to me he avowed his special fondness for *David Copperfield.*

"Did you want to go to my reading very much?" was another question. Here was a subject that had never once been touched upon in all the past days—a topic that stirred the very depths of my disappointment and sorrow, fairly choking me, and making my lip tremble by its unexpectedness, as I faltered, "*Yes; more than tongue can tell.*"

I looked up a second later, when I was sure that the tears in my eyes were not going to fall, and to my astonishment saw that Dickens's eyes were in precisely the same state of moisture. That was a never-to-be-forgotten moment, although I was too young to appreciate the full significance of it.

"Do you cry when you read out loud?" I asked curiously. "We all do in our family. And we never read about Tiny Tim, or about Steerforth when his body is washed up on the beach, on Saturday nights, or our eyes are too swollen to go to Sunday School."

"Yes, I cry when I read about Steerforth," he answered quietly, and I felt no astonishment.

"We cry the worst when it says, 'All the men who carried him had known him and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold,'" I said, growing very tearful in reminiscence.

We were now fast approaching our destination—the station in Boston—and the passengers began to collect their wraps and bundles. Mr. Osgood had two or three times made his appearance, but had been waved away with a smile by Dickens—a smile that seemed to say, "You will excuse me, I know, but this child has the right of way."

"You are not traveling alone?" he asked, as he arose to put on his overcoat.

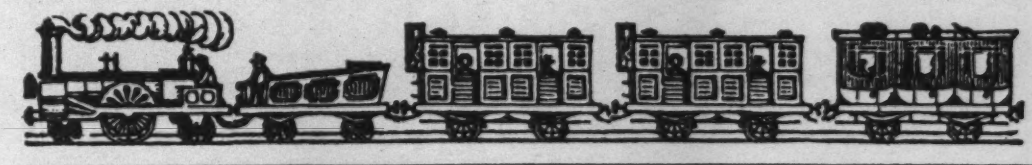
"Oh, no," I answered, coming down to earth for the first time since I had taken my seat beside him. "Oh, no, I had a mother, but I forgot all about her." Whereupon he said, "You are a passed mistress of the art of flattery!" But this remark was told me years afterwards by the old lady who was sitting in the next seat, and who overheard as much of the conversation as she possibly could, so she informed me.

Dickens took me back to the forgotten mother, and introduced himself, and I, still clinging to his hand, left the car and walked with him down the platform until he disappeared in the carriage with Mr. Osgood, leaving me with the feeling that I must continue my existence somehow in a dull and dreary world.

That was my last glimpse of him, but pictures made in childhood are painted in bright hues, and this one has never faded. The child of to-day would

hardly be able to establish so instantaneous a friendship. She would have heard of celebrity hunters and autograph collectors and be self-conscious, while I followed the dictates of my countrified little heart, and scraped acquaintance confidently with the magician who had glorified my childhood by his art.

He had his literary weaknesses, Charles Dickens, but they were all dear, big, attractive ones, virtues grown a bit wild and rank. Somehow when you put him—with his elemental humor, his inexhaustible vitality, his humanity, sympathy, and pity—beside the Impeccables, he always looms large! Just for a moment, when the heart overpowers the reason, he even makes the flawless ones look a little faded.



An amusing incident occurred when Mr. Dickens was returning to Boston last week from his visit to Portland. A little girl about eleven years old, whose parents reside in Hollis, Maine, was on board the train. Upon being informed that she was riding in the same car with Dickens, she evinced the most intense curiosity, and wanted to pay her respects, and a good opportunity offering soon after, she was permitted to do so. Dickens received his little admirer on this occasion with great cordiality. She was pleased to express her approval of his writings in flattering terms, saying "I have read all your works, and like them very much." "Ah," said Dickens pleasantly, "permit me to inquire which you like best?" "*David Copperfield,*" promptly answered the little girl. "Good, good," exclaimed Dickens, "so do I!" The interview was somewhat prolonged and seemed eminently satisfactory to both parties.

From the Boston Herald, April 5, 1868.

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child; because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.

Charles Dickens: *Letters of Charles Dickens*

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

THE BO-TREE OF ANURADHAPURA

By JOSEPH KAYE

The bo-tree of Anuradhapura, "now a twisted and deformed old tree, its branches weighed down by more years than are known by anything else in the world, save the earth and sea."

STANDING alone in worshipful isolation, with the monuments of a dead city for companionship, is the oldest living thing on this globe, the sacred bo-tree of Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, India.

Banked by many terraces of earth, supported by pillars, it still stands to-day in the same spot where it was planted 288 years before the birth of Christ. Then it was a small cutting; now it is a twisted and deformed old tree, its branches weighed down by more years than are known by anything else in the world, save the earth and sea.

To gain a graphic idea of the age of this miracle, consider that it had already attained the half century mark when Hannibal crossed the Alps, a time when England was as yet a semi-jungle. It was a hundred and fifty years old when great Carthage was destroyed by the Romans. It had already seen two and a half centuries of the world's history when Caesar cried, "And thou, Brutus!" And it had reached the patriarchal age of three hundred when Christ began to preach the gospel. Yet it stands to-day, green and healthy, still shedding the leaves that are picked up tenderly by pilgrims and reverently treasured.

The wonder about this tree increases when it is known that the original cutting was taken from the tree under which Buddha received the revelation

which sent him out into the world to found a new religion. It is thus a direct living object actually connecting the now legendary personality of the Eastern prophet with our own day. It would almost seem as if this tree were endowed with supernatural properties and that it were living out the prediction made by the priests who planted it, that "it will flourish green forever."

That its age is authentic is not denied by even the scientists. There is actual documentary proof. Throughout the ancient chronicles of India this tree, by its native name "Mahawansa," is recorded in all detail, from its planting to almost modern times.

The history of the Anuradhapura bo-tree, which, aside from its miraculous endowment, is a species of fig tree, known offiically as *Ficus religiosa* because of its association with Buddha, is as colorful as any story devised by a fiction writer. It begins about 500 B. C. when a noble Hindu lady had ten sons and one daughter. A soothsayer prophesied that the daughter's son would one day usurp the throne that belonged to the ten sons. Upon hearing this forbidding prediction the ten brothers locked up their sister in a tower and kept her there a prisoner.

But love laughed at bonds in those days as it does to-day. In some way a lover got into communication with Chita, the sister, and the brothers, considering that he was of very high rank and might cause them trouble, agreed to allow him to marry the girl, providing the male children of the two were handed over to them. The couple agreed, but when an heir arrived the mother exchanged him for a baby girl and the new-born boy was sent away into another part of the country.

When the boy grew to be a young man the uncles discovered the deception that had been practised upon them and sent out men to assassinate him. The boy's friends, however, told him of the conspiracy and he secreted himself in a hollow tree while his enemies were searching for him.

A procession of the devout to the sacred bo-tree of Ceylon, "the goal of pilgrims to-day as it has been throughout the centuries."

Thus he escaped and, actuated by a burning desire to be revenged on his murderous uncles, got up an army and defeated all but one. That one thought it expedient to abdicate and so this child of a prophecy became king. His name was Pandukabhaya and it was he who founded Anuradhapura.

About two centuries later, when Buddha had received his divine inspiration while musing under a fig tree and had established Buddhism in India, Mahinda, the son of the mighty King Asoka, set out on a mission to convert Ceylon to the new creed. With him came his sister, the Princess Sanghamitta, carrying with her a cutting of the Buddha tree which she had planted in a golden vase especially cast for it.

The royal missionaries came to Anuradhapura. They were received with open arms by the King, who had heard of the new faith and was willing to be converted. Thereupon a great ceremony followed, of which one of the main features was the planting of the cutting as a consecration of the conversion.

With the passage of centuries Anuradhapura declined in power and finally ceased to be. The coming of the white man brought with it scientific research and the ruins of the ancient city were dug out. To-day Anuradhapura almost rivals Pompeii in the magnificence of its uncovered ruins of palaces and monuments. And, amidst all these skeletons of an ancient civilization, stands the sacred bo-tree, the sole living survivor, the goal of pilgrims to-day as it has been throughout the centuries.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

—Thomas Carlyle

THE GYPSY BABY

Illustrated by Elizabeth Mac Kinstry

A ring of great red poppies
  Swayed in the golden corn,
And there I lay beside the van
  And heard the larks at morn.

And like a small, far picture
  The distant town rose pink,
And little streams flowed round it
  With daisies at their brink.

And little trees grew in it
  All soft, and round, and bright;
A wandering sun sailed in the sky
  Too brilliant for the sight.

Years and years it sailed the sky
  And like a ball it set,
Near, and big, and sad, and red,
  And all the grass was wet.

— *Elizabeth Mac Kinstry*

THE LEPRECAUN

Illustrated by Elizabeth Mac Kinstry

Oho! The Elves of Ireland,
They dance so hard at night,
They dance their very shoes away
In splendor and delight.
God bless their Elemental souls,
You cannot see them for the holes!

The only Elf in Ireland
That has a trade at all
It is the cobbler Leprecaun
Who makes and mends them all,
The shoes they dance away by night
In green and moony demi-light.

He is the first of cobblers
And best of craftsmen too.
For why? He works at happy things
By gayety worn through.
God send us each a Leprecaun
To mend the heart of us at dawn!

He's caught the secret of the Earth,
Sun, wind, and summer rain,
To better happy things that pass
Or build them up again.
They're few of mortal men that look
So far into the Great Green Book.

If you can catch a Leprecaun
And steal away his cap,
You'll maybe get a Pot o' Gold
In an exchange, but hap
The Leprecaun has never told
His secret, what's a Pot o' Gold?

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

MERLIN

Illustrated by Elizabeth Mac Kinstry

When Nemuë built for Merlin
A tower of the air,
She wove the blue of Heaven
In azure fabrics fair,
Aerial, ethereal,
Clear, crystalline, and rare.

She lapped him in it deeper,
With rod, and bell, and book,
Than ever fly in spider's web,
Beside the inglenook,
Or cocoon in his cradle hung
Above a running brook.

Aerial, ethereal
And crystal clear as glass,
Or mirrored surface of the pool
Before the storm clouds pass,
The elfin charm drave up the air
And scarcely stirred the grass.

The elfin charm drave up, and up,
As swallows wheel and poise,
And ever as the charm went up
It made a small sweet noise,
As if the winds were whispering
Like children to their toys.

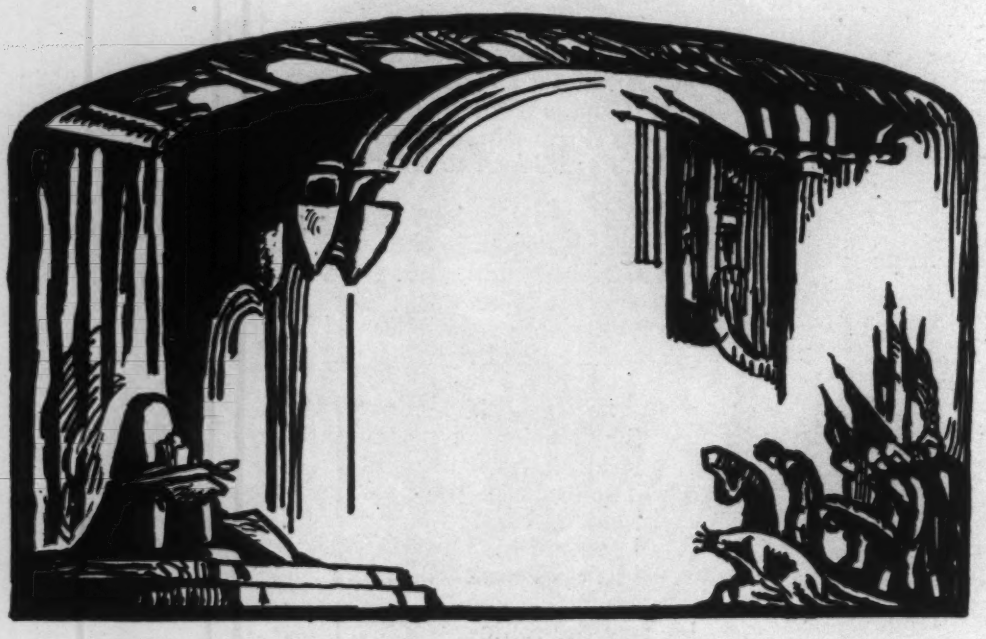
When, looking in the wizard globe,
You see the magic scene
So small, so bright, thus Merlin lay
The elfin walls between;
His hair and beard o'erflowed his book,
His mantle was bright green.

II

Sir Cawdore came at sunset,
Belated, belted knight,
The last rays took his hauberk and
Danced back in points of light
From off his blue-tipped white ash spear;
His eyes were wild and bright.

He saw the rolling, wooded hills,
The pine tree's ruddy stem,
The fallen needles burned to brown
About the far pool's hem,
The pointed glossy osier twigs;
A faint wind harried them.

The silver-tinted clouds uprose
About the pallid moon,
The rosy west lay to his back,
Before him lay the gloom;
His mortal eyes saw not the wall
Which stopped him of that room.



But like the voice of Dryads all
Complaining round a pool,
Or Pan pipes scarce articulate
Where forest ways are cool,
He heard a voice without a form
Said, " Stand a while, thou fool!

" What news of royal Arthur? Speak! "
" He sleeps in Avalon."
" How went the battle in the west? "
" The steel-clad hosts are gone,
Are scattered as the dry red leaves
The first blast blows upon.

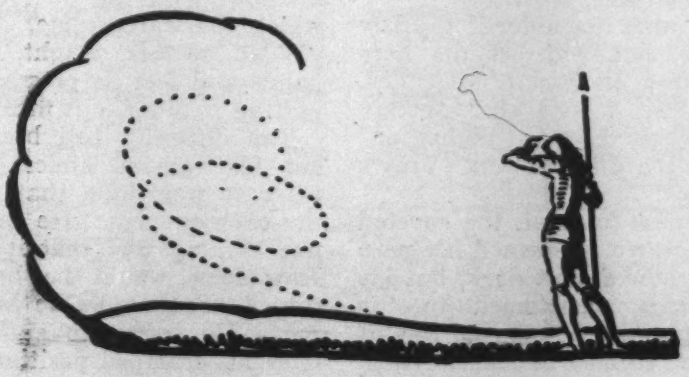
" The Holy Grail has left the land,
By minster, weir, and lock
No book, no bell, no angel's wing;
The coming shadows flock;
All, all are broken in their pride,
A wave upon a rock."

"And Guinevere?" "At Almsbury
Her glory and her gold
Are shaken as a cup upheld
In palsied hands, and old,
Before the altar of God's wrath
In some dark chancel cold.

" But who art thou that speakest thus?
Between the setting sun
And yonder pallid rising moon
The wold lies cold and dun;
I hear a voice speaks in mine ear,
But presence there is none."

Aerial, ethereal,
Athwart the gleam and glow,
The airy charm wheeled slowly up,
And slowly, and more slow,
"Lo, I am Merlin," spake the voice,
"And thus our glories go!"

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*



HE SAVED THE LEVEE

FOR days the river had been rising. The levees above were gone for miles and miles, and the mad waters had swept over the banks, carrying fortunes and even lives before them.

On one of the big plantations opposite Shreveport every effort was being made to withstand the flood. Hands were collected from every cabin and recruited from all the adjoining places to strengthen the water-soaked levees, which shook on the pressure of a man's foot.

It was almost dusk, but the men, who had not rested for days, worked with the strength of fresh vigor as the voice of Tom Aiken, the planter, directed them and cheered them on to the task which seemed so hopeless, as the water crept steadily and steadily higher. But for the fact that every one was busy with his work, a little negro boy, who suddenly dropped his spade and stole away betwixt the wheels of the big sand wagon, might have been seen as he scurried away around the curve in the embankment.

He ran quickly along for a full quarter of a mile without looking back, down the narrow, slippery road that was left between the cotton rows and the levee. The boy slackened his pace when he became convinced that no one was in pursuit of him, and as he did so he heard the loud cheery voice of Tom Aiken back at the break:

"All work together, boys!"

"Huh! All work togedder," the boy said. "Yessir, but you bet dis here nigger done tired er workin' togedder. Ise gwine to sleep, I is; I ain' shet my eyes for two whole days an' nights, an' I gwine round the p'int to Aun' Viny's an' go to sleep."

In his eagerness to reach the coveted goal the little negro quickened his pace again. It was now almost dark, but his eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom. He could see the curving line of the levee, which seemed to tremble with a premonition of its own inadequacy; he could see all the waterpools in the road. His little legs had measured perhaps a mile more when the ominous roar of the river made him stop and peer over the levee at the rushing waters.

As he scrambled up the slippery bank a clod of loosened earth fell heavily into the road below, and through the orifice which it left a little stream of muddy water trickled. The boy caught his breath quickly when the water ran over his hand.

"Lordy!" he exclaimed. "Dere's gwine to be a break right here. Lordy! Lordy! what I gwine do!"

He stopped to reconsider. There was still another mile before he could reach the point, and he knew there were only a few old women in the cabins there, and he could get no help from that source. It was more than a mile back to where the men were working, and he was afraid to show himself there after having run away. Besides there was not a moment to lose; what was to be done? The boy knew that a great responsibility rested upon him. If the little opening were not stopped immediately it was only a question of a few moments before the levee would be swept away.

He stood up and looked about him. There was no one in sight. He thought he might find a bag of sand dropped by a passing wagon, but there was none. With a sudden purpose he turned and sat down over the little crevice through which the water came. The soft earth yielded to his weight, and with his hands and feet he pressed it about him, patting it to make it firm.

The difficulty had been solved without his volition almost. It was only after it was done that he thought of the consequences. He calculated in his unreasoning way that it was 8 o'clock. How long would he have to remain there? For aught he knew till morning. He began to suffer by and by from his cramped position, but he dared

not move even the least bit lest the crevice open again.

He began to get drowsy; his limbs were almost numb. He wondered what would become of him if he should go to sleep. If the waters should rise up over the levee and drown him and ruin the cotton, would it make any difference then that he had tried to save it? He was inadequate to the problem, the like of which has puzzled graver heads than his. The hooting of the owl grew less and less frequent, the swishing of the waters fainter and fainter, and the pain in his back easier.

He must have slept some time. Sundenly he was awakened by the gallop of a horse on the road below. He was too weak to move. His voice was almost gone, but, as the horse and rider approached, he cried out with all the strength he could summon:

"Marse Tom!"

Mr. Aiken drew rein quickly and turned his big lantern in the direction of the voice.

"Who is it, and where are you?" he asked, dismounting.

"It's me, boss," answered the boy.

"What the mischief are you doing here, Pete?" inquired Aiken, peering into the boy's begrimed face. "Why, you are almost buried alive!"

"I runned away from back yonder," the boy answered. "I seed the levee er breakin' here, so I stopped."

"Why, bless the boy," said Aiken, "you must be nearly dead. What is to be done? Can you stand it till I ride back and get help to fill the break? It will open as soon as you move."

"Yessir; but hurry boss," answered the boy.

As Aiken turned to remount he heard the sound of boat-wheels around the curve and the whistle sounded out hoarsely.

"By George!" exclaimed Aiken, "there's a boat and three more inches of water will top the levee here and then all is lost."

In a few moments the boat rounded the curve and the big lights shone out across the water.

"The Marsden," Aiken said, as he saw the two smokestacks, "with Morton at the wheel; I shall have to fight for it."

So saying, he picked up his gun from where he had dropped it when he dismounted, and strode on up-stream to meet the boat.

"Steer for the other side!" he called out when the boat was within hailing distance.

"I'm running this machine," responded the coarse voice of Morton, "and I guess the river is free."

Aiken could see the little tongues of water as they overlapped the banks above. If the boat did not turn she would send the water over the levee lower down where the boy was, and he and the whole embankment would be sucked in. There was no time to be lost.

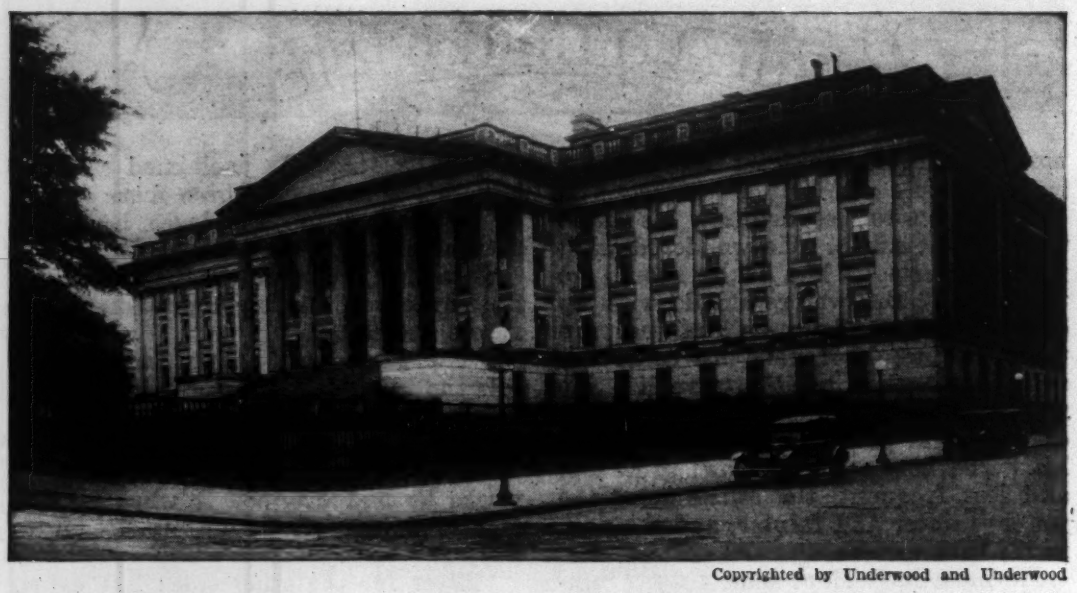
Swinging his lantern above his head so Morton might see him, he flung his rifle to his shoulder and called back:

"Come another foot nearer to this shore and you are a dead man."

Morton knew what manner of man he had to deal with. The wheel reversed, the boat tacked and grazed the opposite shore, which was already submerged.

"All right now, Pete," said Aiken gently, patting the boy's muddy pate. "I'll go on and be back in a few moments."

When they came by and by and put sand-bags in the hole Pete had been covering, the little fellow was too weak to speak or to stand, and Mr. Aiken took him up in his arms and himself carried him to the house.



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PUBLIC CONTRIBUTIONS FOR RAILROADS

By H. C. ANDREWS

FOR seventy-five years the American public has been mulling over its railroad problem without having at any time settled any phase of it.

All of the controversies regarding railroad consolidations—compulsory or permissive—are a part of the movement which will determine the status of the people who hold railroad stocks or bonds. Pending hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission on the "Potter Plan" are only one more effort to convert backward railroads into self-supporting and dividend-paying institutions.

Up to now the railroad security owner has been compelled to contribute, protesting loudly but, until recently, to little purpose. However, the long disregarded owner of the railroads is at last getting his face in the picture. The railroad problem is no longer being discussed solely in terms of shippers and freight rates, wages and upkeep, railroad executives and the railroad-using public. The man who furnishes the capital for the railroads and who for the past fifteen years has been giving the shipping public the free use of approximately $3,000,000,000 a year, is rebelling against being continuously cast in the role of contributor and is demanding a new deal.

At one time or another the American public has invested in excess of $20,000,000,000 in our national transportation system. Of this total eleven billion and some odd million represents funded debt, while approximately $9,000,000,000 is the amount which has been invested in railroad stocks. It requires only a very casual inspection of the stock reports carried in the daily newspapers to discover that there are scores of railroads which are not only failing to pay dividends on their common and preferred issues, but are likewise unable to meet the interest charges on their bonds.

Taking $3,000,000,000 as the average annual amount invested in the transportation business which has not paid any return at all, it is easy to estimate the contribution which railroad security owners have made. Three billion dollars at five per cent. means $150,000,000 a year. A loss of $150,000,000 a year for twenty years means a total loss of $3,000,000,000. Some contribution; and one which, if it had not been made by the private investor, would necessarily have been assessed against the general

public either in the form of increased taxes or increased rates.

After having swallowed his losses for so many years that he came to regard them as a part of the natural order, the owner of railroad securities has recently begun actually to hope for the day of deliverance. The railroads, he observes, appear to be coming back.

However, in coming back the railroads have served to emphasize the security owner's problems and claims. For, while the various transportation lines are coming back, they are not all returning at the same rate. The Southern group, for example, is earning at the rate of 5.7 per cent; the Northwestern lines are limping along with a return of less than 3 per cent; the Southwestern group and the New England group are earning approximately 4.3 per cent. Some of the lines centering around the great lakes are doing better than 5.5 per cent, while the lines in the Pocahontas coal region are earning at the rate of nearly 7 per cent.

These figures show that the fates which rule the transportation business are still playing favorites. Some owners of railroad securities are out in the clear, while others are still caught in the jam. Undoubtedly if transportation were a purely private business, the owners of the railroads which are failing to pay a reasonable return would raise their rates or go out of business.

The reorganization method of settling railroad problems, while eminently satisfactory from the ratepayer's point of view, is an injustice visited upon the people who advanced money—loaned it in fact—in order that the nation might have the benefit accruing from a transportation system. That is, of course, a point which many ratepayers will not concede. The capital tied up in the railroads, they contend, is a private investment and is therefore subject to the ups and downs of the market-place.

All of this changed the original setup. The private investor was no longer in a position to use railroads for the purpose of plundering the public, because the public maneuvered itself into a position where it could plunder the private investor. The public enforced rate schedules which kept half the railroads in the country midway between

(*Continued on page* 152)

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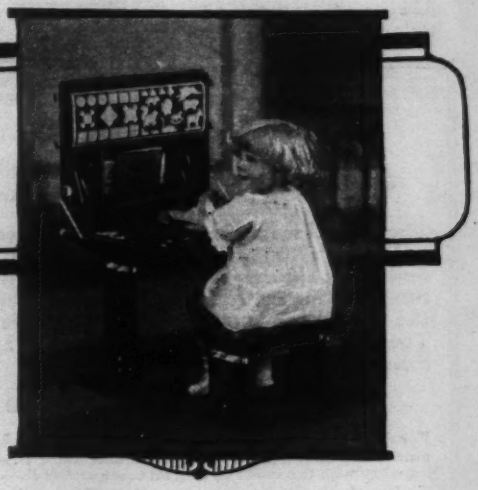

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hope and dissolution. So it came about that, as a result of an increased measure of public control, what was originally an investment in railroad properties became, for all practical purposes, as much a loan as money advanced to the state for the purpose of building highways or to the federal government for building canals or deepening rivers.

The ratepayer may not be inclined as yet to accept the loan theory. However, the investor at last holds a trump card. For, back of their present prosperous fronts, a great many railroads are concealing a number of vital needs.

Four years ago when they were contending for increased rates, railroad executives pointed out that in order to put our national transportation system into first class shape, an expenditure of at least $6,000,000,000 would be required. There is nothing in the record which shows that the profits ploughed back into the various lines since then, or the new moneys advanced, total any considerable part of $6,000,000,000. That the railroads need new capital is as certain as the fact the public wants lower rates.

It is right here that the railroad problem bumps into its financial fundamentals, just as it is right here that the situation strikes a snag so far as the security owner is concerned. Not all the security owners are riding in the same boat. Some of them are receiving very handsome returns. Others are getting nothing at all. The security owners who are not receiving any returns make the pertinent query of whether or not the road they own is an essential part of the transportation system. If it is essential, they ask, why should it be starved to death; why should a highway which serves a vital need be financed by private capital on a philanthropic basis? Any road which the public deems essential, says the investor, should be supported by the public. And the railroad investor further contends that, if the public declines to pay a reasonable return on funds advanced to the transportation business, there is only one thing for it to do and that is to use its own money.

However, it is quite possible to agree with the railroad investor in theory without being able to afford him relief

(*Continued on page* 158)

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Ibsen, Henrik

16 Ghosts
154 Epigrams
302 Wild Duck
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as a matter of actual practise. Rate experts are agreed that there is no such thing as a general rate structure which will give the so-called weak roads a living wage without at the same time yielding exorbitant profits to the strong roads.

What disposition is to be made of the weak lines? There are apparently only two ways of handling them: The weak roads can, as in times past, be made a charge upon the investor, or they can be made a charge upon the lines which are more than earning their keep. It is the latter course that is being urged upon the Interstate Commerce Commission by the advocates of the so-called Potter Plan. A majority of the carriers concerned have rejected this plan, but it persists in remaining in the field as an issue which must be met.

The Potter Plan calls for a horizontal five per cent. increase in rates in the Northwestern field. The proceeds from this increase would be pooled for distribution among the railroads whose earnings, under the general rate structure, fell below a given figure. No carrier receiving 5¾ per cent. on its property investment would participate in the pool, the proceeds being divided among the weak roads in proportion to their financial requirements.

The Potter Plan is designed to add to the income of the weak roads without at the same time increasing the revenues of the strong lines. Potter Plan advocates hold that, while the shipper and the consumer should not be unjustly taxed, neither should private capital be bludgeoned as a result of any disinclination upon the part of commerce to pay its way. The Potter Plan is, however, admittedly a stopgap, being intended to bridge the chasm between the present and the time when the intent of the Transportation Act regarding consolidation, the divisions of through rates and the recapture of excess railroad earnings for the benefit of the weak links in the transportation system shall all be facts accomplished.

But meanwhile the owner of railroad securities continues to present his claims to a hitherto ungrateful public. Although he is at the present time an innocent third party, all the railroad iniquities of the past have been laid at his door. He has been held responsible for managerial inefficiency although he has had no real voice in management. The security holder has owned the railroads but he has never controlled them. He has made a national transportation system possible but, as a class, he has never received an adequate return.

The security owner has not always been wise in his investments, but practically every mile of line which he has financed is now an essential part of our transportation system.

Railroads we must have. They cannot continue indefinitely either as a public or a private charity and maintain their efficiency; and neither can they be merged into a real national system so long as present inequalities are maintained.

The security owner—the greatest contributor of all time. That is one chapter of the story. The other chapter tells of the security owner who has received more than his share. Between the two there must be a sane middle ground. Rate structures, mergers and consolidations which condemn one essential railroad to perpetual poverty, while showering financial rewards upon some other railroad equally but no more essential, violate the rule of sanity. For public utilities cannot be advantageously financed if regulation plays favorites. Dollars invested in an essential public service are all entitled to a living wage. And the owner of railroad securities, if his tribe is to increase, needs a release from the menace of a forced levy, which is what happens when private funds are put to public use and denied compensation.

Railroad security owners view the efforts to build up sentiment in favor of the perpetual security idea with some misgivings. After having gone through a protracted period during which they have been "taken in" so far as returns on invested capital were concerned, they are naturally disinclined to grow enthusiastic about any plan for "taking them over" until the proposition has been worked out in detail.

However, as between perpetual securities paying an assured return and maturing securities which sometimes pay very little—and frequently pay nothing at all, the average owner of railroad securities might find it comparatively easy to reach a decision.

He has already given until it hurts.

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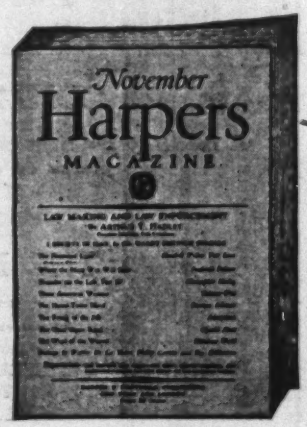
Phenomenal Success of the New HARPERS Magazine



The new Harpers Magazine has achieved an unqualified success. The September issue sold out completely in ten days, and from all over the country enthusiastic and wholly spontaneous letters continue to pour in praising the vigorous provocative spirit of the new magazine.

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In the November Number

LAW MAKING AND LAW ENFORCEMENT, *by Arthur T. Hadley*

I BELIEVE IN MAN, *by Dr. Harry E. Fosdick*

THE HOME-TOWN MIND, *by Duncan Aikman*

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, PART III, *by Christopher Morley*

WHERE THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR WILL START, *by Frederick Palmer*

THESE AMERICAN WOMEN, *by Rebecca West*

THE FETISH OF THE JOB, *Anonymous*

AMERICA'S POLITICAL DECLINE, *by Frank R. Kent*

THE PROMISED LAND, *by Hendrik Willem Van Loon*

THE WAYS OF THE WEEVIL, *by Henshaw Ward*

THE ONCE OPEN ROAD, *by Charles Merz*

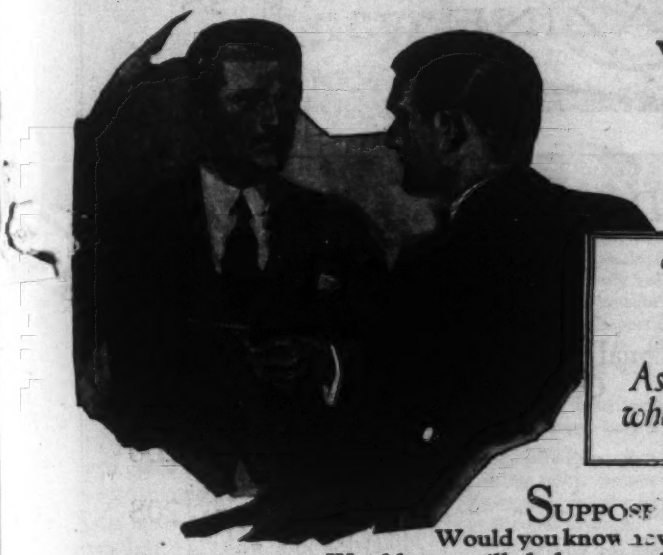
STORIES: *by Walter De La Mare, Roy Dickinson, Philip Curtiss.*

Harpers MAGAZINE

WILLIAMS PRESS, INC., NEW YORK — ALBANY

As the Salesman—

would you accept defeat ? . . . or ?



The prospect's emphatic tone and curt manner are unmistakable "I'm NOT Interested!" As the salesman facing this situation, what would you do? Accept defeat? Or?

SUPPOSE a man you called on greeted you in this fashion. Would you know how to remain completely the master of the situation? Would you still feel reasonably sure of an opportunity to tell your story?

It is no disgrace to answer "No" to these questions—to admit that this and similar problems have blocked your progress.

But, it *is* an injustice to yourself, a rank injustice, to continue indefinitely on the same path, when the means are at your command to handle such situations easily and surely—to use *deliberately* the successful methods which others use only once in a while, by chance or accident.

For—*mark this well*—there is a fundamental rule of action that teaches exactly what to do to win the confidence of the man who has just said, "I'm not interested."

Why "trust to luck" when—

"Back of every successful action in business there are guiding principles, unchangeable laws."

Naturally you ask, "If this is true, how can I quickly acquire these principles?" The answer is, simply thru training that deals in *basic* principles—training that brings within your grasp not merely cold facts, not merely a fund of information, but the live, vital forces that mark the difference between success and mediocrity.

The LaSalle Problem Method of training for salesmen (and for men in every other branch of modern business) deals in such essentials, and *only* in essentials. Intensely practical, it combines the best that has been learned by thousands of salesmen in the "school of experience."

How Are Big Incomes Earned?

Isn't it true that the difference between, say, the $50-a-week salesman and the $200-a-week man lies chiefly in greater ability to meet just such situations as we pictured at the top of this page? Think that over a moment. Then consider that many of the men who take LaSalle training are successful before they enroll. Yet within a few months after starting they report their earning capacity doubled, tripled and often quadrupled, while those without previous sales experience become pace-setters for the "old timers."

The secret, if it may be called a secret, is the fact that they learn to recognize the *causes* underlying success instead of blindly following the methods by which others have achieved success.

Learn the principle and method that turns "I'm NOT interested!" into a receptive attitude.

Ask yourself this simple question: "Have I the necessary knowledge of the science and strategy of selling to make of myself the fullest success of which I am capable?"

For example, can you put down on paper the basic laws underlying every successful sale, the violation of any one of which unfailingly reduces or destroys your chances to make the sale?

These four principles—together with *the plan* which has enabled thousands of men and women to double their incomes—are fully explained in the interesting booklet which will be sent *free* to any earnest man or woman interested in the science of selling.

Compressed into this booklet, which may be slipped into the pocket and read during odd moments, you will find the most inspiring and helpful matter you ever read on this great subject of salesmanship. An application of the fundamental laws which this booklet discloses will result in an immediate increase in your selling power.

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